The Saturday Evening
POST
October 5, 1957 — 15¢

OCT 1 '57

I CALL ON CLARK GABLE

By PETE MARTIN

Japan vs. Girard: The Inside Story

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
25-57
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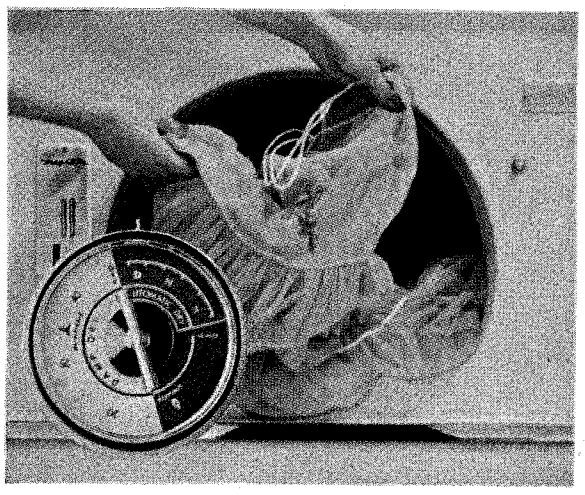
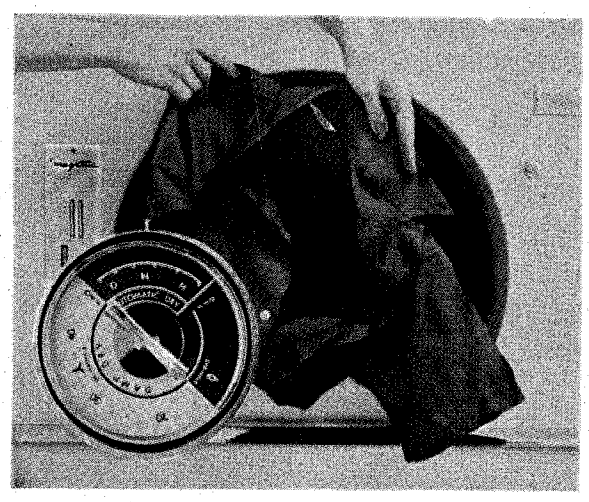
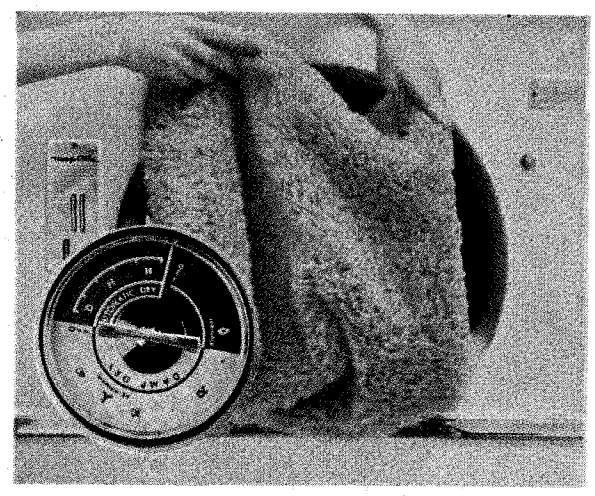


D is for delicates...precious silks and synthetics that will be perfectly dried in as little as 8 minutes . . . with never a worry about correct temperature or time! They'll be tumbled gently in the smooth porcelain basket until every piece is dried just right.



N is for normal loads . . . cottons and linens that you wash most often. High-speed, low-temperature drying will have the average load dry—smelling breezy fresh—in less than 35 minutes. And they'll be so smooth you'll iron less than ever.



H is for heavy . . . hard-to-dry loads. Bedspreads, rugs, loads of towels or heavy jeans dry perfectly—clear through—without watching or resetting the dial. And you'll marvel at the softness of chenilles . . . fluffiness of terrys . . . velvety-smoothness of corduroys!

New 1958 General Electric Dryer Gives You Perfect, All-Automatic Drying for All Washables!

Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes

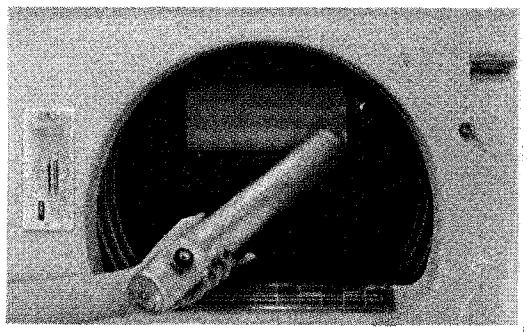
Model DA-920R General Electric Dryer illustrated about $2.80 per week.* General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Ky.

Automatically dries clothes so soft . . . so smooth . . . so wrinkle-free . . . you'll have much less to iron! Use on either 115 volts or 230 volts . . . the automatic control provides correct drying times and temperatures for every load. For high-speed drying . . . (times shown) . . . and automatic de-wrinkling of synthetic suits, use normal 230-volt installation.

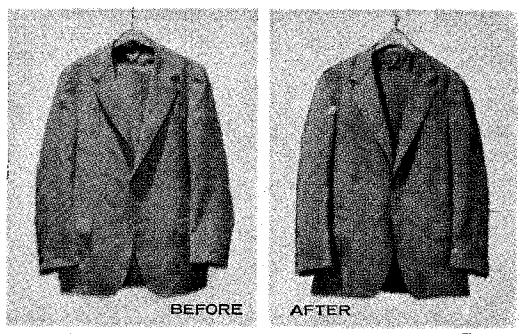
Other features, Foot pedal opens full-width magnetic door. Lint Guard catches all lint. Smooth, porcelain basket protects finest fabrics. In beautiful General Electric Mix-or-Match colors and white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

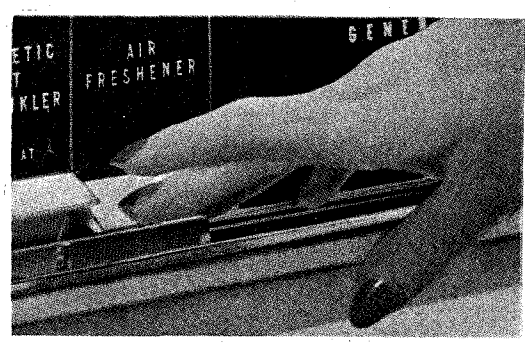
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Automatic Sprinkler... dampens shirts, dresses, starched pieces . . . has them ready for easy ironing in minutes.



Automatic De-Wrinkler "tumble-presses" properly tailored synthetic garments —even smooths out wrinkles caused by wearing.



Air Freshener releases a gentle fragrance into air stream—gives clothes a fresh, breezy-day fragrance.

**After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

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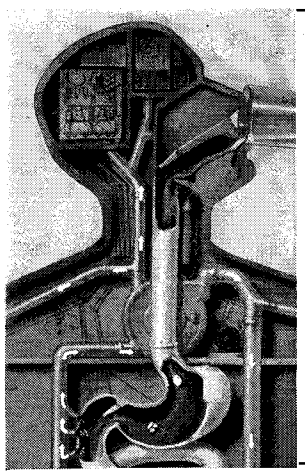
When you can't take time out...take BUFFERIN®

B-19

BUFFERIN acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain

Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. So . . .

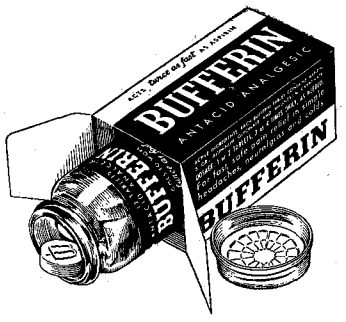
3. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

When pain makes you feel that you can't possibly go on, remember this:

Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin . . . to relieve headaches, painful cold miseries, muscular pains and other discomforts. (Diagram, left, shows why.)

What's more, Bufferin won't upset your stomach as other aspirin pain relievers often do. You can even take it in the large, continuous doses often needed for temporary relief of minor arthritic pain with no ill effects.

Ask your doctor about faster, safer Bufferin for your aches and pains. Many doctors recommend it.



If you suffer from the pain of arthritis or rheumatism, ask your physician about Bufferin.

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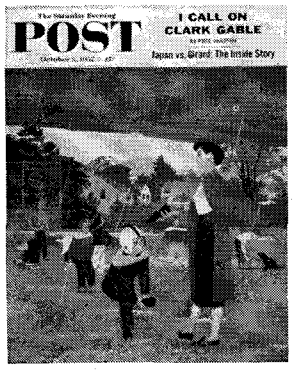

THE COVER

Women can be such a handicap sometimes—"Aw, ma, halfbacks don't wear rubbers. Next thing, you'll want me to make touchdowns with my poncho on. Next thing, you'll want me to run the end with an umbrella." To which mother replies, "James, football men obey the quarterback's signals or get benched. The bench is home. Now then, four, eleven, forty-four, hip—on rubbers!" Well, the maxim says that mothers know best, and if James catches cold by getting wet everywhere except his feet, let's switch to the maxim that only Monday-morning quarterbacks think of everything. This might have been some action picture if Dick Sargent hadn't rung in mother; yet let's settle for the maxim that when it comes to painting, painters know best.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 227 — The greatest star of the screen!

It isn't often that this column is privileged to cover a Hollywood Preview and in our selection of Elvis Presley's "Jailhouse Rock" as Picture of the Month, we base our judgment not only on what we saw—but what we *heard.*

★ ★ ★ ★

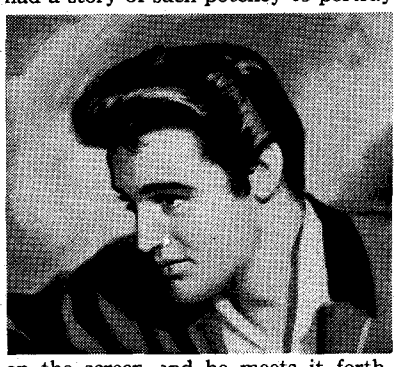
We wish all our readers could have been present at the Pico Theatre in Los Angeles when that audience registered, loud and often, its approval of what may accurately be described as the star's first big dramatic singing role.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock" is destined to attract not only this vigorous young singer's youthful audience but many others who will hear of its power as a dramatic entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Elvis Presley, rebel of song, has not yet had a story of such potency to portray



on the screen and he meets it forthrightly, weaving his many songs—some rock, some sock, some sentimental—into the fabric of a drama filmed by M-G-M in the stinging mood of that studio's famed "Blackboard Jungle."

★ ★ ★ ★

Elvis plays Vince Edwards. In jail for a crime of temper, rebellious young Vince comes out like a clenched fist, ready to punch his way to success, unrepentant and ungrateful for helping hands. Two remain steadfast to him.

★ ★ ★ ★

One is the strange ex-vaudeville performer who is his cell-mate and who helps him develop the talents he reveals in a prison show. This is another fine performance by Mickey Shaughnessy, the comic newcomer who stole so many scenes in "Designing Woman."

★ ★ ★ ★

The other who encourages and guides him is the girl who loves him, a part played by Judy Tyler. Dean Jones, Jennifer Holden are in a strong cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story takes many new, surprising directions when Elvis wins sudden fame, wealth, Hollywood—all in quantities that would quicken any pulse.

★ ★ ★ ★

In tempo with today are the songs, rich material for new hit recordings: "Treat Me Nice", "Young and Beautiful", "Baby, I Don't Care", "I Want To Be Free", "Don't Leave Me Now" and the title number "Jailhouse Rock".

★ ★ ★ ★

How does this unique personality fare on this first journey into demanding drama? Very well indeed.

★ ★ ★ ★

And he has been ably guided in this Avon Production in CinemaScope, by two of Hollywood's top craftsmen—producer Pandro S. Berman and director Richard Thorpe. Guy Trosper's screenplay is taut and hot. ★ ★ ★ ★

"Jailhouse Rock" is for *anyone* who has any interest in the *feel* of today and the sound of tomorrow.

—Leo

P. S. Famed artist Bradshaw Crandell painted the portrait of Elvis Presley that appears in this column.

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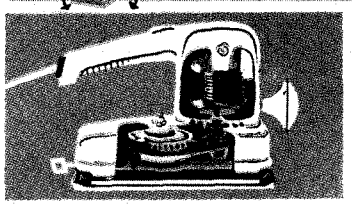

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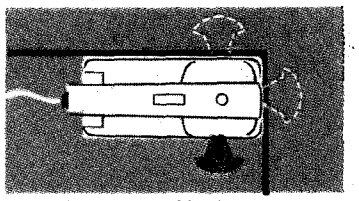

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Letters

The Unknown War

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN WAR by David Howarth [Aug. 3-31]. It is features like these which have kept me reading the Post for thirty years.

P. CONDON
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

In your August 10th installment, I found it heart-warming to read that an Eskimo could not shoot another human being because: "nothing in their upbringing had prepared them."

MRS. OLIVE TUTTLE
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I never thought I could become really interested in a tale of the Arctic, but I was so fascinated with this extremely well-written story that I could hardly wait for each chapter.

MARIETTA SONNENBERG
Rochester, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN WAR is most engrossing. The men who are its principal characters are vital, virile and real.

WALLACE T. ADAMS
Angola, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I wish that Mr. Howarth had not ended his article where he did because in September of 1944 the Germans were again encountered in Greenland. . . . The Coast Guard icebreaker Eastwind was called to the aid of the cutter Northland that was disabled with a broken rudder in the Arctic Ocean. While on the eastern side of Greenland the pilot of the aircraft aboard the Eastwind found the armed German trawler Externstein unloading men and supplies on Little Koldewey Island. . . . About fifty prisoners were taken and the trawler and men were brought to the United States. This all took place between September and December, 1944.

KEN NORGARD
Fargo, N. Dak.

They are Not Amused

Dear Sirs:

How our country's enemies must be chuckling at their good fortune in having a magazine of the Post's reputation publish a story ridiculing the FBI and poking fun at any security program in our defense plants. (TOP-SECRET MAN, by Jacob Hay, August 24 issue.)

Both the author and the editor who accepted his story should be forced to . . . apologize to the loyal Americans who read your magazine.

MAIDEE HOPPE
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Heaven defend America if the men of the Air Force even faintly resemble the male characters in the story of THE EVERGLADES BLONDE, by George Morse, August 31! Those characters are straight out of the Sergeant Bilko scripts; and the female is one of Clarence Budington Kelland's stereotypes. . . .

It couldn't be—or could it—that you are meaning to suggest that the brains of the Air Force have gone off somewhere else; into guided missiles, perhaps?

ROBERT H. ADAMS
Miami, Fla.

Crooner's Comeback

Dear Sirs:

I was getting sorta weary of those articles on great (?) movie stars, but it was like meeting an old beloved friend suddenly to find H. Allen Smith's article about Gene Austin [A CROONER COMES BACK, Aug. 31]. I was one of his ardent fans during his heyday, and today I never miss a TV program when he makes a guest shot. He does sound better than ever—and just as pretty too.

I hope Gene is successful in his new recording venture. You may be sure there will be a goodly number of his records amongst my teen-age daughter's collections. Bet she plays 'em, too!

MARY MITCHELL
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Now that us oldsters (I'm 63) have TV, tell Gene to get on TV (I saw him *once* accidentally). Yes, he is tops of tops, and let me state that the younger generation are not all moving into the rock-'n'-roll. They, too, love the old ones when Gene turns on the charm, and he still has it.

A. H. GIBBS
Kenner, La.

City-Slicker Possums

Dear Sirs:

Re. John Reese's possum article, [MR. POSSUM GOES TO TOWN, Aug. 24]. He's just now finding out what Southerners have known for many years, that possums do like city life. In 1904 I caught

the biggest one I ever saw under a house four blocks west of the State Capitol in Little Rock; later two more were caught. . . . 'Nother thing: possums can run; I've seen them gallop at a quite lively rate, but don't know how long they could keep it up.

GAY MORRISON
Hot Springs, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

As a native Californian, I have lived to see the transition of the possum from a dweller along the banks of the Rio Hondo and San Gabriel washes to the "city slicker" he is today.

My grandparents moved to San Gabriel Valley in 1896 and first leased and then bought ranches from E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin, the famous owner of Rancho Santa Anita. They told me that the possums were imported and let loose in this area by "Lucky" Baldwin, a native Kentuckian, to (Continued on Page 6)

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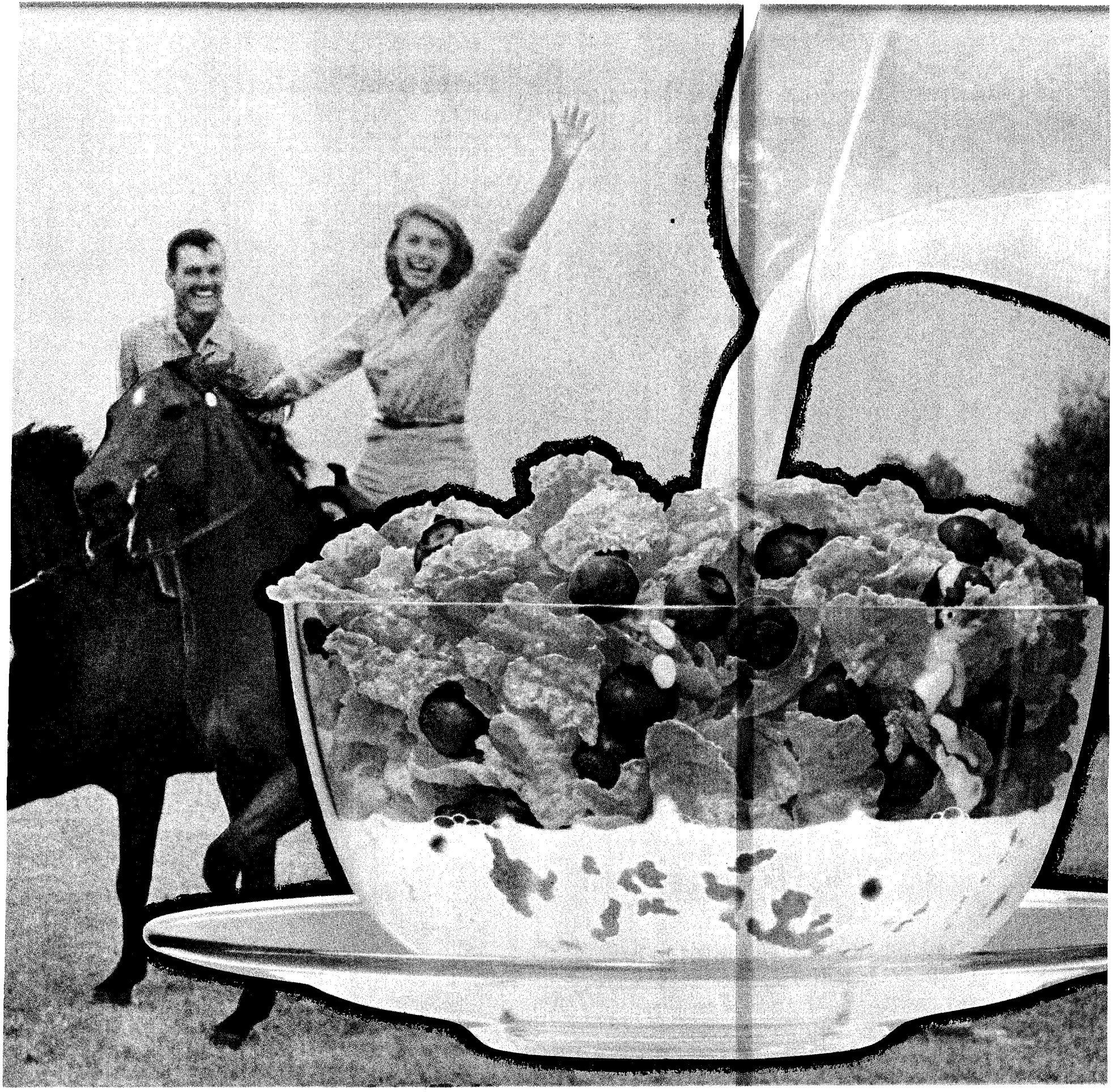

Energy gets a brand new taste!

New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties! Yes! Now there's an exciting *new* "Breakfast of Champions"—with a tantalizing new *naturally* sweet whole wheat goodness!

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New Wheaties still give you all the grown-in nutrition value that only *complete* whole wheat—wheat bran, wheat germ, wheat energy—can deliver!

New lasting crispness in milk

Crackling, crunchy crispness! Photo shows a new Radiant-Crisp Wheaties flake after soaking in milk. Still temptingly crisp and crinkly!

NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

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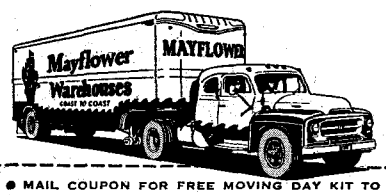

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

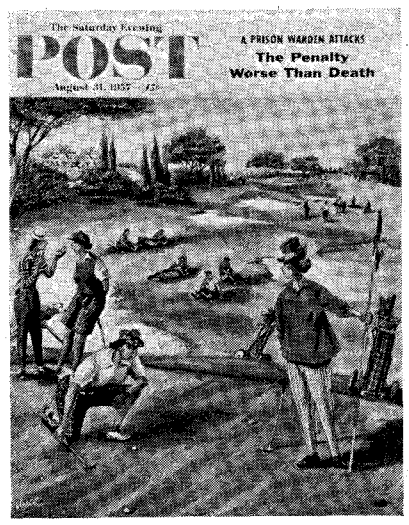
provide hunting sport for himself and his Southern, possum-loving ranch hands.

ROBERT F. AMBLER
San Gabriel, Cal.

Fairway Fashion

Dear Sirs:

The completely unrealistic golf cover [by Alajálov, Aug. 31] conveys to the general non-golf public the worst misconception of this generation! Rules on golf



are made by men for men—against women. The situation as portrayed could never be a reality:

1. Men never wait calmly;
2. Men continue right to the green;
3. Women never primp on the course;
4. Women never study putting so intensely;
5. Women graciously wave any faster player through.

PEGGY TOBIN
Casper, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

Your terrific cover was posted on the bulletin board of our Country Club. The gals out here are real considerate, but I had to take the opportunity to rib them a bit.

DAVE CLARK
Yorba Linda, Cal.

Cruisin' Down the River

Dear Sirs:

It was with a great deal of displeasure that the residents of Mount Carmel, Illinois, in general and members of the Wabash Valley Boat Club in particular, read the article [WE TOURED THE MIDWEST IN AN OUTBOARD, Aug. 24] by Arthur W. Baum, about his trip down the beautiful Wabash River.

What Mr. Baum could not and did not see, because of the high water, was one of the finest park and boating areas along the Wabash River which the Wabash Valley Boat Club has spent two years developing at a cost of about $35,000.

CARROLL C. RISLEY
Mount Carmel, Ill.

● *Author Baum replies: "I did see the boating-club grounds. There was no one there, and a complete absence of information which might help the passing stranger. There appeared to be no point in our stopping and attempting to find a telephone."—ED.*

Should the Lifers be Set Free?

Dear Sirs:

Re: THE PENALTY WORSE THAN DEATH, by Warden Douglas C. Rigg, August 31: I believe that the article is honest, true and clearly stated. Abraham Lincoln once said: "I never thought that it did a man much good to kill him."

Surely, it's not a humanitarian gesture to abolish capital punishment only to replace it with something worse.

CLAUDE L. MCCOY
Arntfield, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

This article might be considered a modern "classic" on capital punishment.

RICHARD LORCH
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rigg seems to lose sight of the fact that each of the lifers killed a person. In some cases the killing might be justified on grounds of provocation, but in other cases there was criminal intent. Certainly, in the latter cases, no amount of punishment can atone for the crime.

A. W. PAUL
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

If one believes that every man has an immortal soul, then the death penalty seems appalling beyond words, because it deprives a man of the time in which he may come to moral enlightenment and repentance, and be at peace with God when he does finally die.

The death penalty is an "easy out" for society, but is one that no longer satisfies our conscience.

MRS. MARGARET NORRIS
Binghamton, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Warden Rigg's sobs for his lifers leave me cold. We spend too much time weeping for the stranglers, rapists, armed burglars, and sadistic murderers and not enough weeping for their victims.

DORRANCE S. WHITE
Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

A man like Rigg should never have a warden's job. He should be perhaps a minister or a missionary in China.

JOHN E. REIG
Seattle, Wash.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19—Jacob Lofman. • 20—Jacob Lofman, John R. Wells, Jacob Lofman. • 21—Jacob Lofman. • 22, 23—Mac Conner. • 24—Globe. • 25—Culver, 20th Century-Fox, three from Culver; 20th Century-Fox, three from Culver; Warner Brothers, Culver, Sid Avery. • 26, 27—Robert Moore. • 28—Gene Lester, Penguin. • 29—Wide World, Copyright News Syndicate Co., Inc., Weegee (Photo Representatives), International, New York Daily News, Matthews News and Photo Agency. • 30—Lynn Buckham. 31—Bill Shrout. • 32—Two from Wide World; International. • 33—United Press, Wide World, two from International. • 34, 35—Joe DeMers. • 36—Jim Burns. • 37—Sam Bates. • 38, 39—Frank Ross. • 43—Ken Riley. • 104—Three anonymous; Larry Fried.

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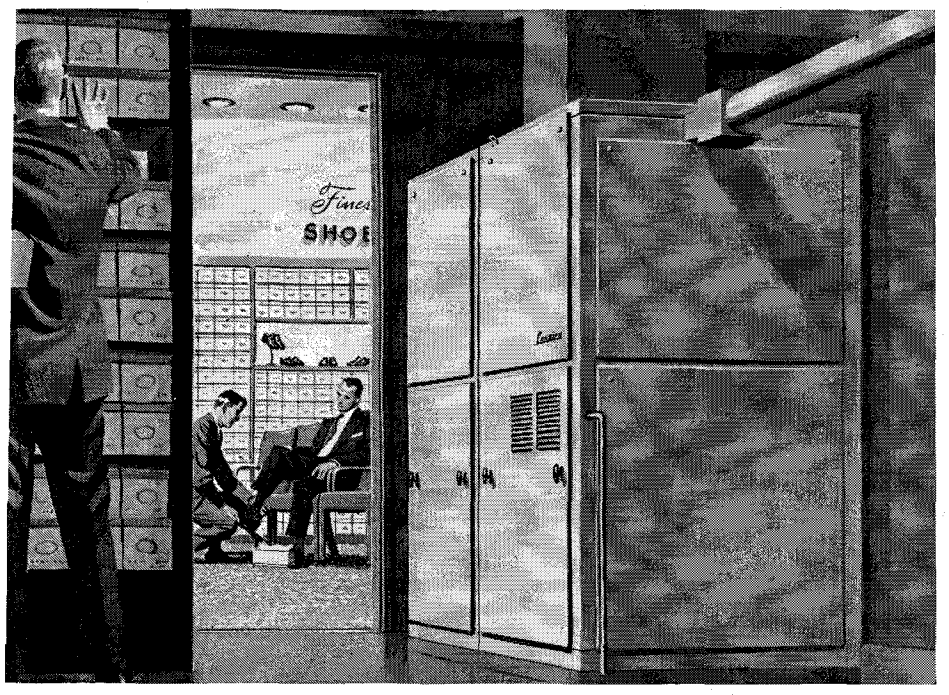
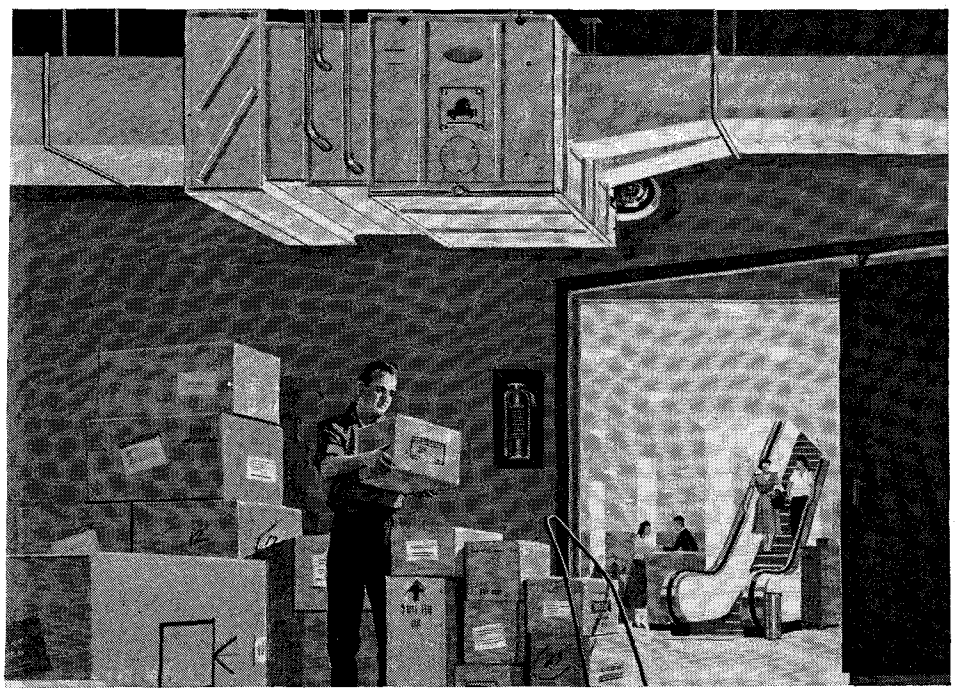
Which is the best way to air condition a new building?

That depends on the building. The architectural design, the size and how it is to be used can make a big difference. To make sure of the best way to air condition your building talk with your Carrier representative. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many are described below.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call the Carrier dealer or office listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

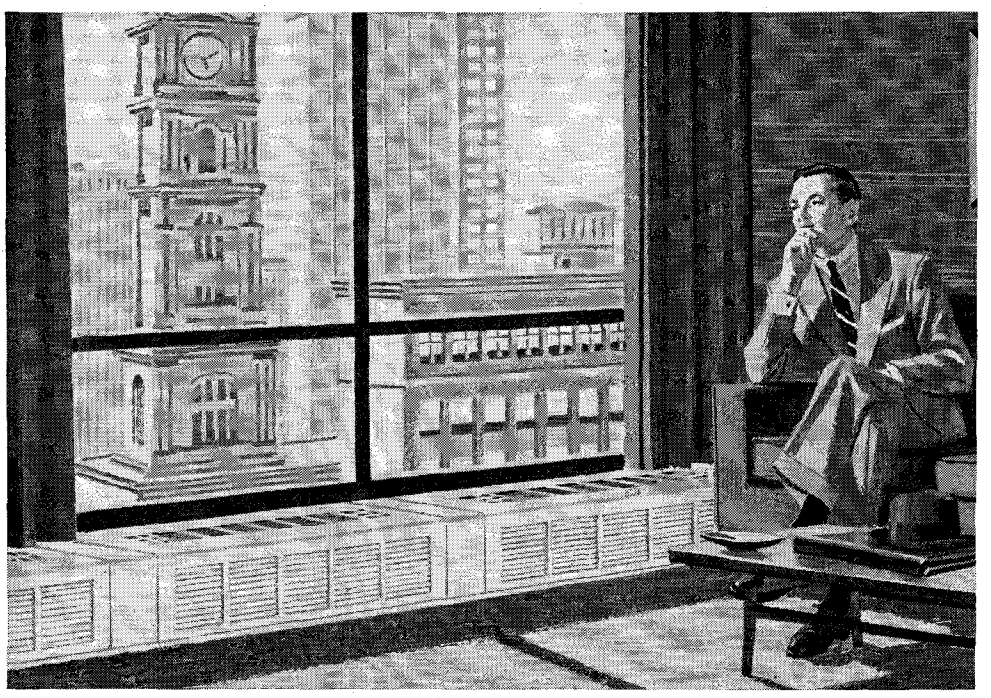


Planning a small store? Use a Carrier Year-round Weathermaker* in the back room with ducts running to the selling area. You need no other equipment for cooling and heating your store all year round.

Planning a small office building? Install a Carrier Self-contained Weathermaker on each floor. They are easily connected to a central boiler to give all offices winter heating as well as summer cooling.



Planning a suburban department store? Locate Carrier System Weathermakers on each floor. Supplied with hot or cold water from a central plant, they provide comfortable year-round air conditioning.



Planning a large office building? Specify the Carrier Weathermaster* System with new under-the-window Modular units which adapt to all building construction. Each office can have its own climate.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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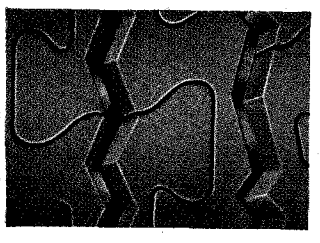
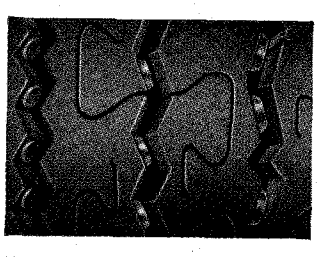
BEST BUYS ON THE MAP

1/3 greater skid resistance, 1/3 more tread on ALLSTATE *Silent Guardsman* Nylon Cord Tires



The hooks fight the skid, biting the pavement, for extra protection when you need it most.



Buttons stop you faster, with extra traction, by preventing tread ribs from closing.

There's more rubber on these sturdy Silent Guardsman Tires—actually ⅓ more than on ordinary tires—for thousands of miles of extra wear at less cost per mile. *Safe* miles, too, because ⅓ greater skid resistance is built right into the tread design. Hook-shaped grippers spread open at the first sign of a skid, thrusting hundreds of extra pavement-biting surfaces onto the road. Special "buttons" hold tread ribs apart for even greater traction. And the extra strong Nylon Cord body resists damage from bruises every low-cost mile of the way.

ALLSTATE tires begin at $10.75. Prices plus tax with recappable trade-in. The "30" Silent Guardsman is guaranteed 30 months, until April, 1960! Set of four 6.70 x 15 tube-type blackwalls installed, about $9 a month on Sears Easy Payment Plan, only **$10 DOWN.**

Sears Time Guarantees give you full protection. If repairs or replacements are necessary during the guarantee period, they are made quickly and courteously. You are charged only for the time you used the product.

ALLSTATE TIRES AND BATTERIES ARE SOLD ONLY AT SEARS

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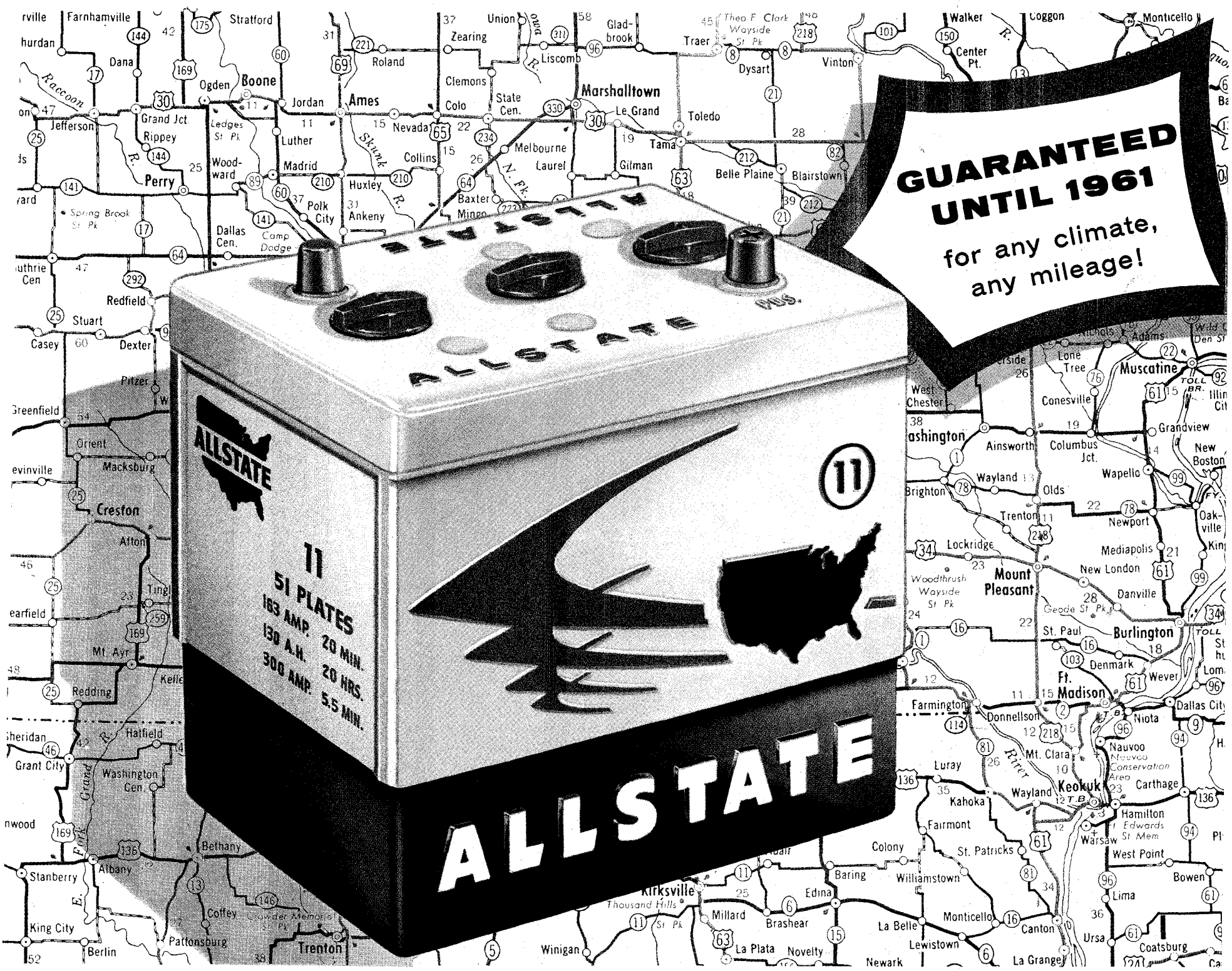
ALLSTATE TIRES BATTERIES



Map courtesy of Rand McNally & Company

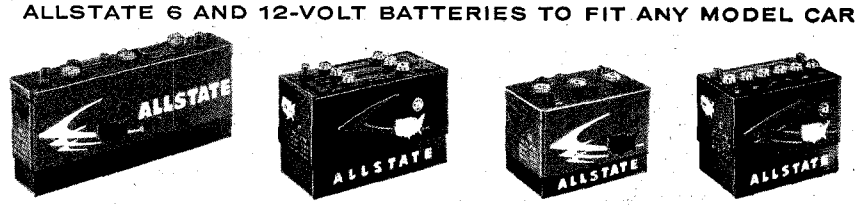
ALLSTATE–America's number 1 replacement battery–always sold factory fresh for peak performance!

There's no substitute for a new, factory fresh battery—and that's what you're sure to get from Sears! Strategically-located factories ship brand new batteries to your nearby Sears store *at least* once a week; and they sell as fast as they come in. That's why you can't buy an old battery from Sears. The ALLSTATE "Super" is guaranteed for four full years of certain starts. It delivers maximum zero weather starting power for at least 5½ minutes. Guarantee, performance and price all add up to make ALLSTATE your best battery buy!

ALLSTATE Batteries begin at $7.95 (installed with trade-in). The ALLSTATE "Super" 6-volt battery shown on the map is guaranteed for 48 months. The "Super" you buy today is guaranteed until October, 1961. Yet the installed price, with trade-in, is only **$16.45**

ALLSTATE has everything for your car...and you can pay as you drive with Sears Easy Payment Plan, on purchases of $20 or more.

ALLSTATE 6 AND 12-VOLT BATTERIES TO FIT ANY MODEL CAR



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Editorials

Public Power is Getting Most of the Breaks

Although it is four years since President Eisenhower described the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) as an example of "creeping socialism," nothing much has been done to reverse the trend. On the contrary, the danger is that the trend will get worse.

In 1948 the Eightieth Congress attempted to stem the tide by passing an act requiring TVA to pay into the Federal Treasury over a forty-year period the amount which it had received in appropriations for the part of its operation devoted to electric-power development. As of 1955, that sum, which can be described as the "investment" of the taxpayers' money in TVA, amounted to $1,231,387,039. Some part of this sum has been repaid into the Treasury.

The effect of this provision is to cut down to some extent the gap between the cost of electric power produced by private, taxpaying corporations and the cost of public power developed by publicly supported, nontaxpaying governmental units. Nevertheless, the differential still favors public power.

Congress has had before it several bills designed to deal with the TVA situation. Senator Kerr, of Oklahoma, is the author of one bill which would not only have wiped out the Government's billion-dollar equity in TVA but would also give TVA the right to issue bonds at its own discretion. The present requirement that Congress must approve such borrowings would be eliminated. The Kerr bill, which passed the Senate, is still before the House, which has a bill of its own, considered even more favorable to public power!

Another bill was introduced by Senator Martin, of Pennsylvania. This bill, while authorizing the issue of TVA bonds under certain limitations, would continue the requirement that TVA make annual payments on the profitless billion-dollar investment Congress has made in TVA plus interest on the amount outstanding. The Martin bill did not get to first base.

Although the Martin bill would not altogether equalize the position of TVA and that of private power companies, the bill would make the favoritism shown subsidized electric power less glaring than it now is.

What millions of Americans have scarcely noticed is the development of TVA from a Federal project to utilize water power for a variety of purposes into a gigantic power monopoly dependent for more than half its output on steam plants and not on water power at all. Just why the taxpayers of the nation should be expected to finance the expansion of steam-produced electric power in competition with private industry cannot be explained by the purposes for which TVA was created—namely, development of the hydroelectric resources of the area. Certainly any expansion of steam-power production should be confined to the present area served by TVA and remain under congressional supervision.

The current indifference to what happens to the taxpayers' investment in public power plants, in contrast to the strictness with which private companies are expected to account for the money they receive from the public, is not the only woe of the private power industry. There is also the "preference clause" which gives to co-operatives, municipalities and other public bodies a prior claim to the power generated by Government-owned dams.

This means, in effect, that the customers of a private power company, which buys its power from a Government-owned installation, can be theoretically, and perhaps actually, deprived of their power should a municipally owned distributing system be set up in a contiguous area.

Congress has passed and the President has signed a bill providing for the erection by the Government of four atomic-reactors, the energy from which would be supplied to public power systems. While the statute limits such projects to those specifically named, it does create a precedent for further invasion of private power by the Government. A string of little TVA's, each required to favor municipally owned distributors, could be the last straw. In view of the extraordinary technical progress now being made by private industry in the electric-power field, it is difficult to see any reason why the Government should invade it.

"Freedom to Travel" on U. S. Passports is a Boon to Soviet Espionage Agents

Among those recently indicted as Soviet agents are Mr. and Mrs. George Zlatovski. They are accused by a Federal grand jury of having passed military secrets to the Soviet Union since 1940. Both Zlatovskis have held high positions in American military-intelligence agencies, including OSS. Their indictment followed information given by Boris Morros, the Hollywood producer and director, who recently "uncovered" after acting as a counteragent for many years.

An interesting and rather frightening aspect of the Zlatovski case was recently revealed in a statement, printed in the Congressional Record, by Rep. Francis E. Walter, of Pennsylvania. According to Mr. Walter, the State Department, acting on confidential information, withdrew Mrs. Zlatovski's passport on December 3, 1954, and refused to renew it. An application for a new passport was rejected in early 1955. Thereupon Mrs. Zlatovski filed suit against the State Department, asking that the department be compelled by injunction to give her a passport.

The case was heard by Federal Judge Burnita Matthews, who, according to Mr. Walter, "called into chambers Leonard Boudin, the attorney for Jane Zlatovski, and the attorney for the Secretary of State and indicated that unless the department possessed and divulged derogatory information (of Mrs. Zlatovski's Communist associations and activities) in addition to that set forth above, and in particular derogatory information dated more recently than 1948, she would issue an order directing the issuance of a passport to Jane Zlatovski." The Secretary of State, not caring to divulge information relating to the espionage activities subsequently alleged in the indictment, and thereby risk exposing the source of his information, issued the passport. It might be said that, if Mrs. Zlatovski has actually been a Soviet agent as charged, her labors have been unwittingly facilitated by order of a United States Federal judge!

This episode alone should point up the folly of interpreting a fancy expression like "freedom of travel" to mean freedom of spies and Communist agents to carry on their treasonable activity under the aegis of the very government they are seeking to destroy.

Although only an infinitesimal number of applications for passports are turned down by the State Department, the outcry over these few cases has convinced many Americans that passports are denied for purely frivolous reasons. Senator Fulbright, for example, appears so exercised about the matter that he has offered a bill which would require the State Department to issue a passport within thirty days "unless the Department of State can establish before the United States District Court of the district in which the citizen lives reasonable cause to deny the citizen the right to travel on one of the grounds specified in the law."

But suppose the department ran into Federal district judges whose views on what are "reasonable grounds" resembled those of Judge Burnita Matthews! The result, if we are to take the Zlatovski case as a benchmark, might well be the uncovering of a valuable FBI agent whose usefulness would thereafter be over.

That, of course, is an important Communist objective. Indeed, many passport applications are filed by hardened fellow travelers who have no intention of going abroad at all, but hope to force the disclosure of the source of derogatory information against them. There is no reason that we can think of why Congress should make attainment of this objective any easier for the Communist conspiracy than the courts have already made it.

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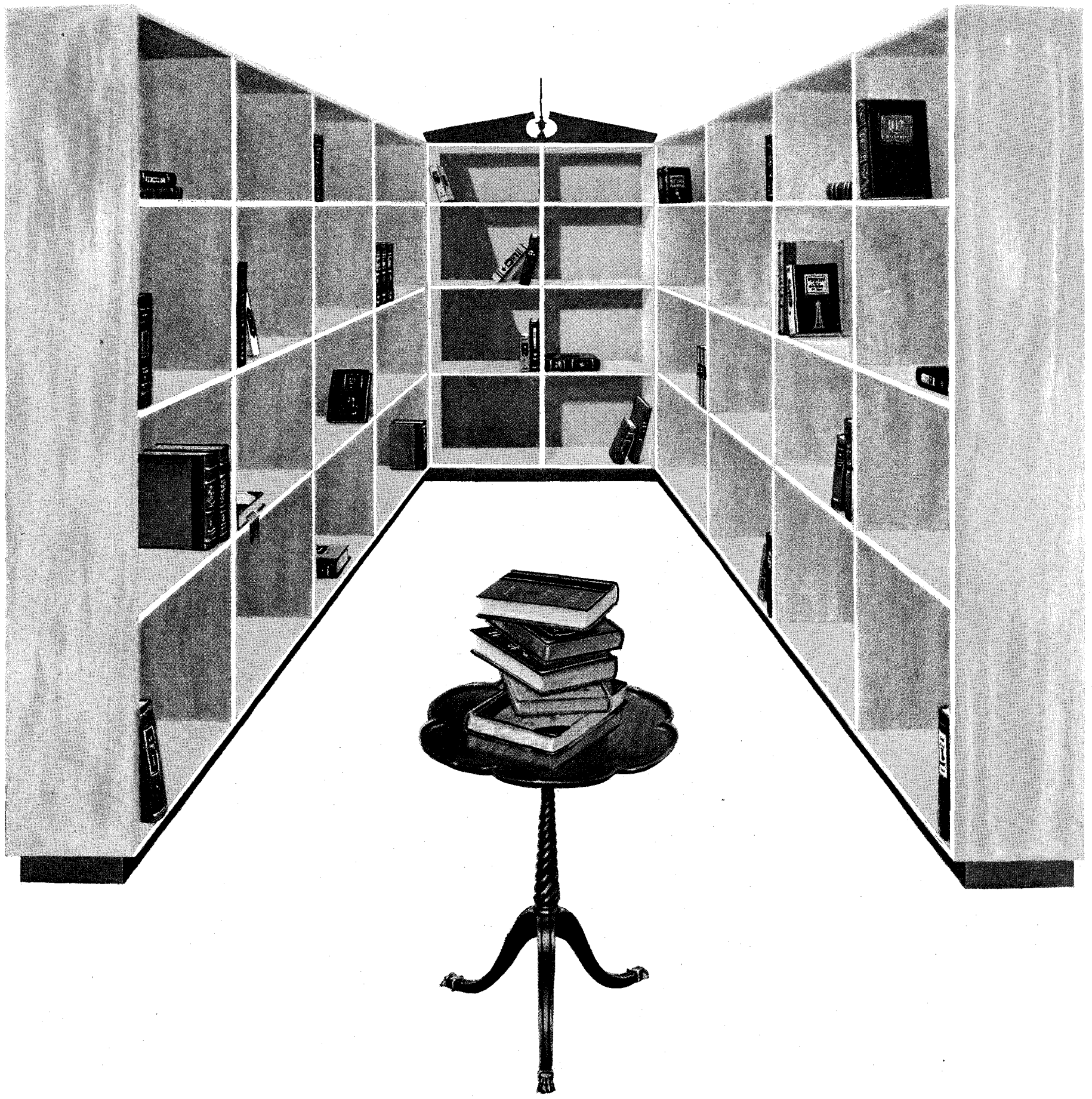

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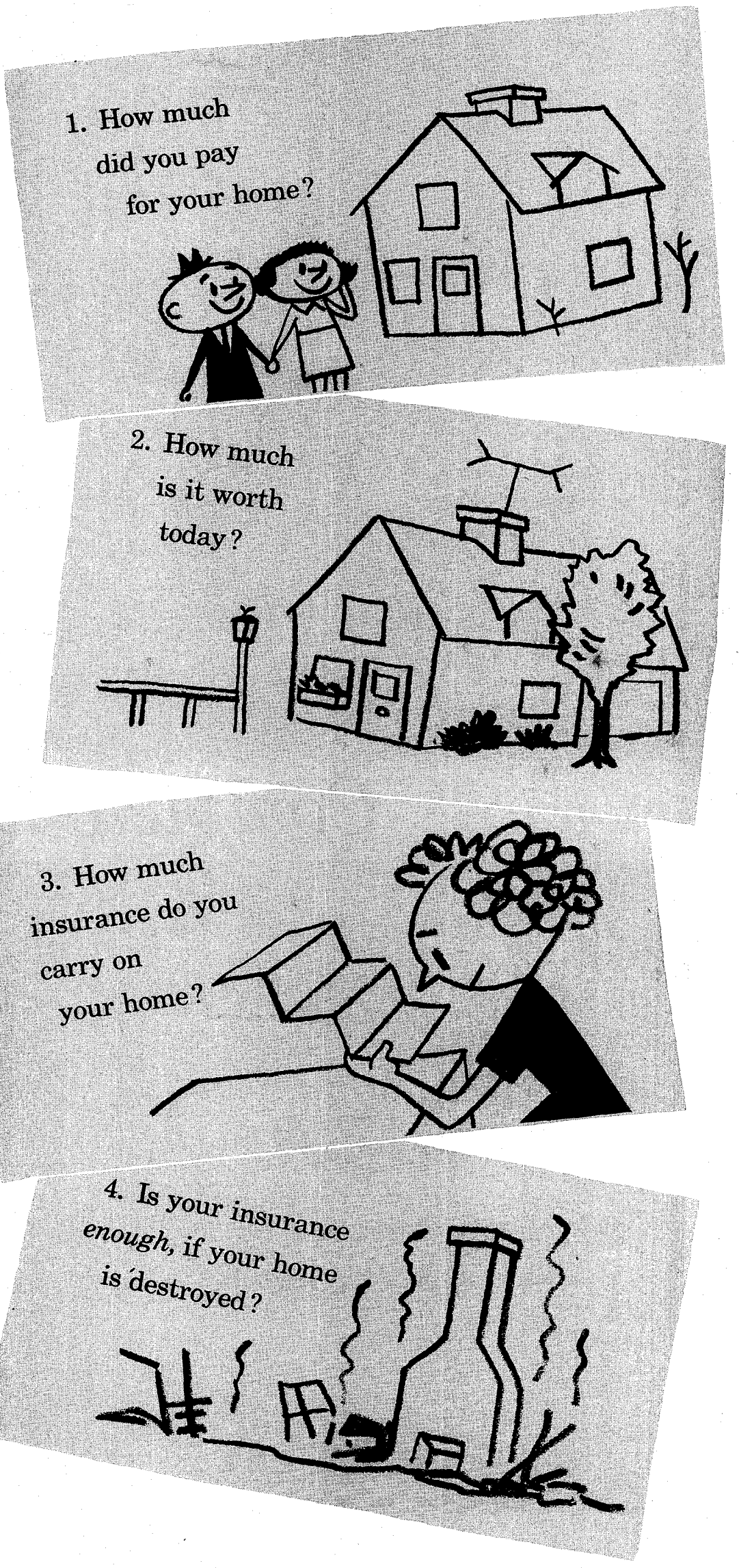
Can your wife answer these questions?


1. How much did you pay for your home?
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If your home should be damaged, or totally destroyed, by fire, windstorm, or some other insured peril—would your present insurance be adequate?

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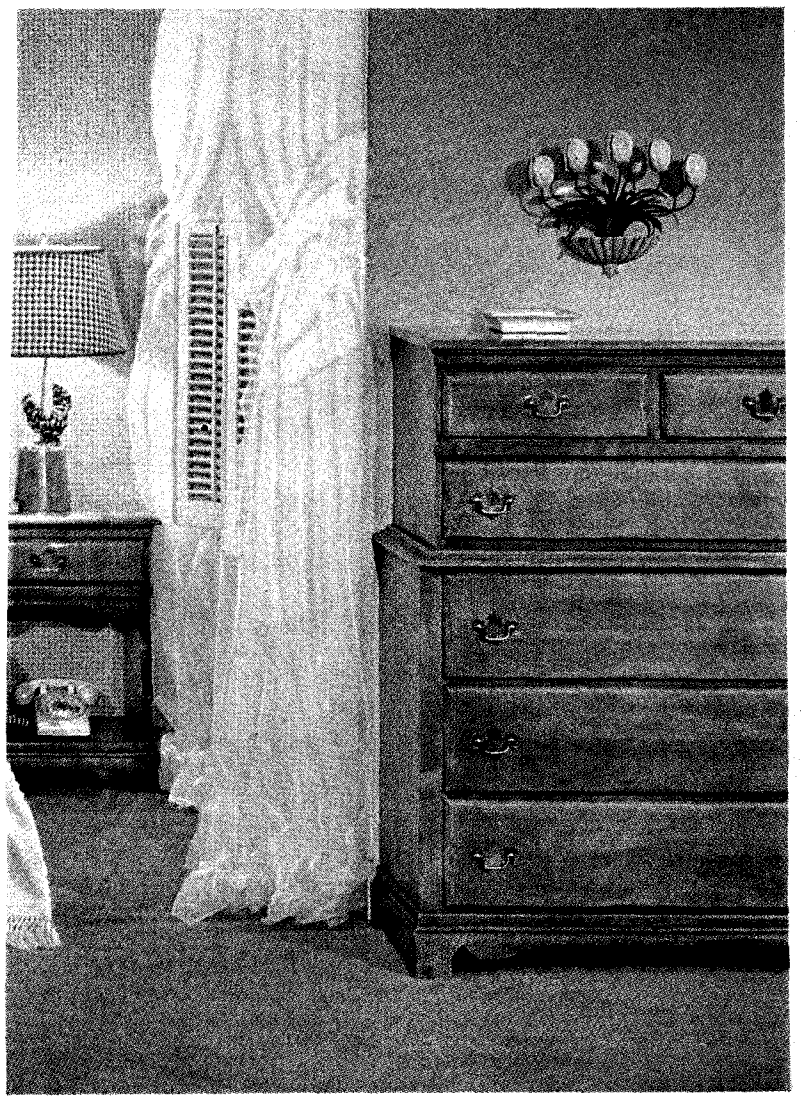

Your home furnishings can now reflect a really well-planned styling theme, with this correlated furniture designed to harmonize in every important room of your home. You'll love this newest idea from Kroehler, for now at surprisingly modest cost you can choose just the individual pieces you desire to fit your exact needs. See your Kroehler Dealer now!

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Only the unsurpassed manufacturing facilities of Kroehler make possible values like these. Sofa, **$199.50,** as shown in nubby tweed. Chair, **$119.50.** Foam rubber cushions at moderate extra cost. Dining table, **$94.50.** Armchair, **$32.50.** Side chair, **$27.** 6-drawer buffet, **$159.50.** Open hutch over buffet, **$79.50.** 8-drawer dresser, **$189.50.** Framed mirror, **$49.** Poster bed, **$59.50.** 1-drawer night tables, **$44.50,** each. 6-drawer, chest-on-chest, **$144.50.** As shown in solid northern hard rock maple in beautiful honey-toned Salem finish. Also see the many other matching pieces in the Kroehler Correlated Medford group.

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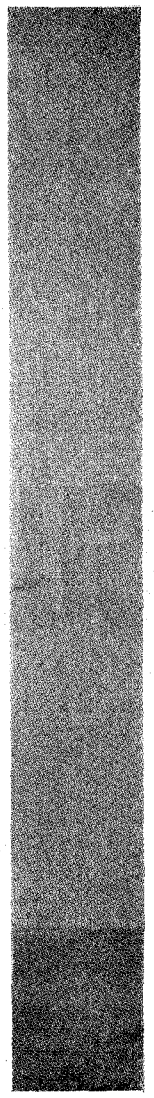

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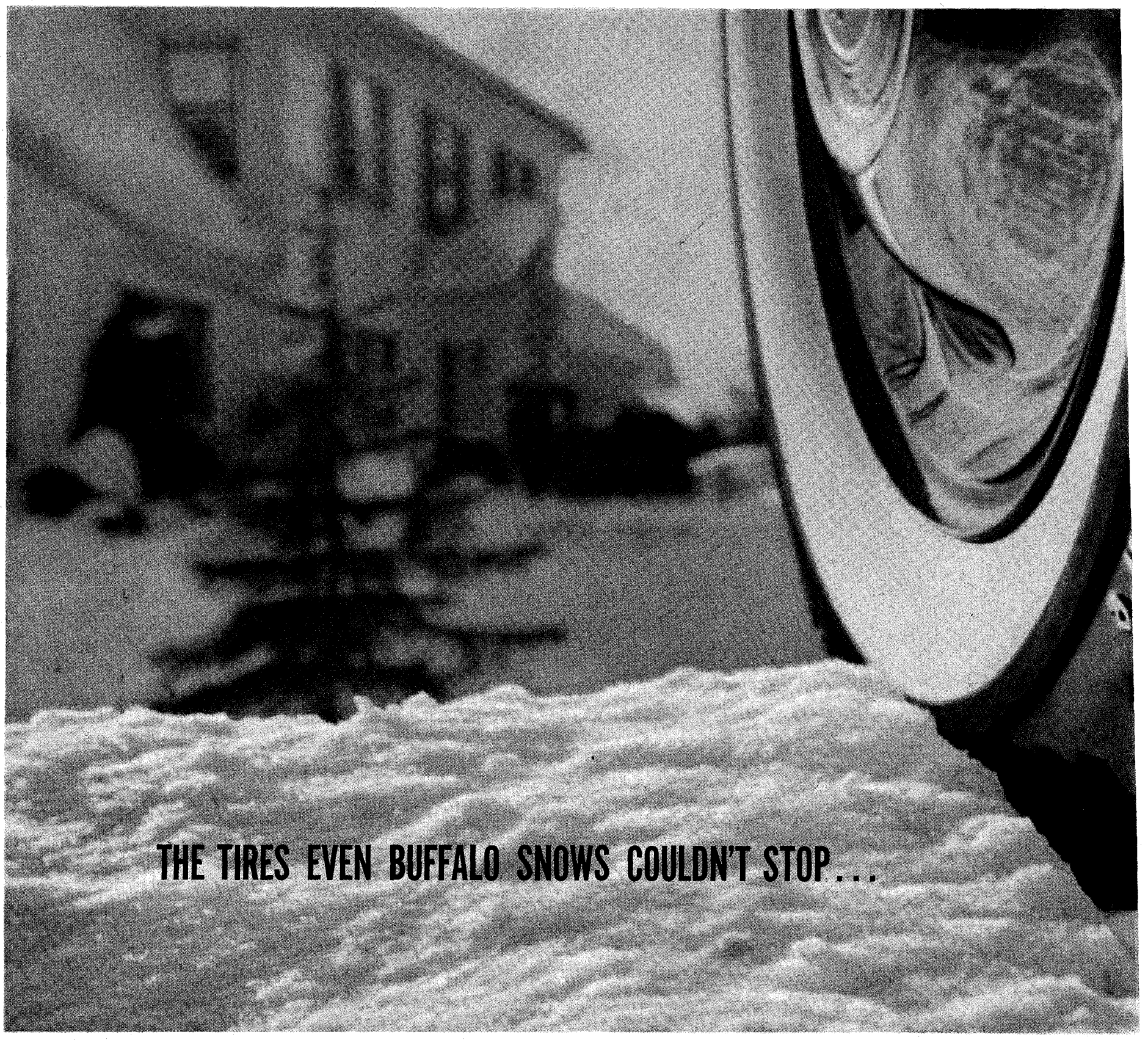

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Firestone Town & Country Tires with

Firestone Town & Country Tires give you quiet dry pavement performance and mileage comparable to regular tires . . . so you don't have to wait till the long line forms! Put a set on your car today!

Here's the best way to judge the guaranteed pulling power of Firestone Town & Country Tires—with actual facts, straight from the snow belt in upstate New York. Last winter thousands of cars equipped with Firestone Town & Country Tires traveled Buffalo's snow-bound streets. And owners themselves told Firestone Dealers that even in the worst snows and slipperiest weather Triple-Action Traction pulled them through.

How can Firestone run up a record like that? Because the exclusive Triple-Action Traction of Firestone Town & Country Tires

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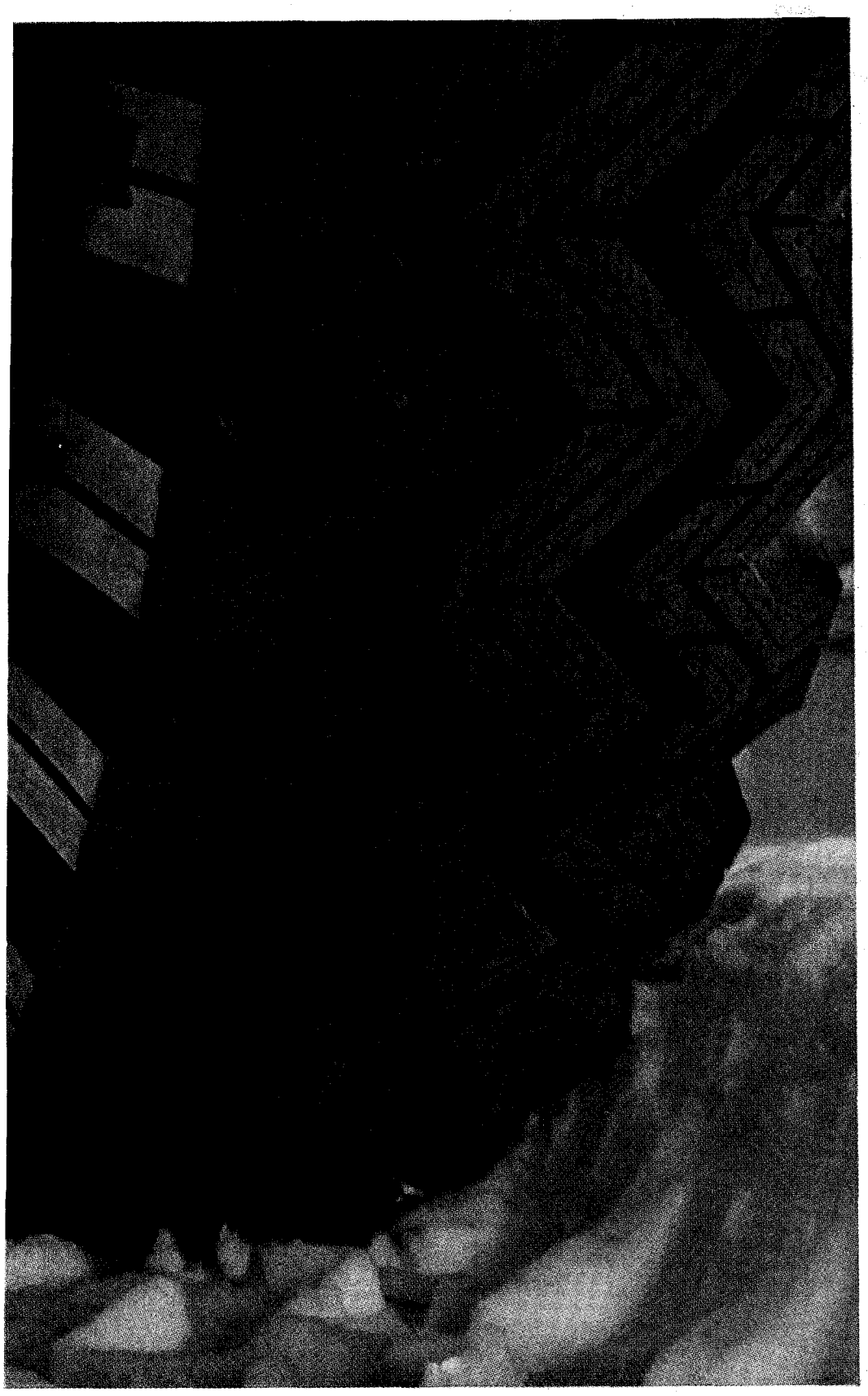
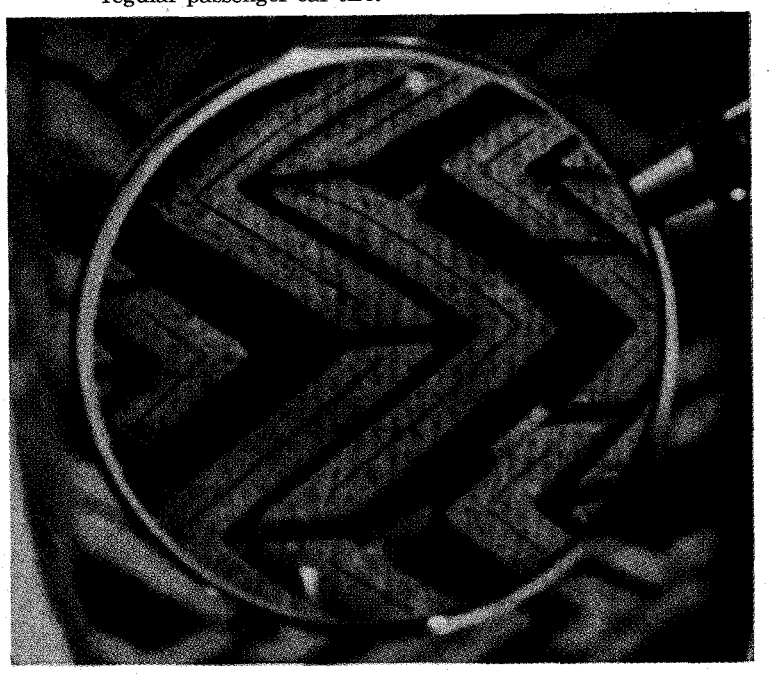


1 TERRIFIC PULLING ACTION—*With husky, deep biting traction bars.* No more spinning in snow, slush or mud when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get hum-free, whine-free riding comfort and long, carefree mileage comparable to a regular passenger car tire.



2 NON-SKID ACTION—*With built-in skid-resisters and sharp angled cleats.* Those action-angled cleats, molded in the extra-width tread, are powerful non-skid forces in themselves. But that's not all! Their design also includes thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on slick, wet or icy surfaces.

3 SELF-CLEANING ACTION—*Prevents traction loss due to "packing up."* As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud from the exclusive Firestone tread to prevent it from "packing up." This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

...R SNOW OR WE PAY THE TOW!

...riple-action traction!

delivers sure-footed pulling power in snow, slush or mud—and continuous self-cleaning action lets them *keep their bite.* And you get top skid-resistance on ice . . . plus long dry pavement mileage, whine-free quiet and greater driving safety at all speeds.

Start this winter right, with Firestone Town & Country Tires on your rear wheels. They're now on sale with either nylon or rayon cord bodies, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or for use with tube at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. But don't put it off and be sorry. Act now, before the long line forms after the first snowfall.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television.

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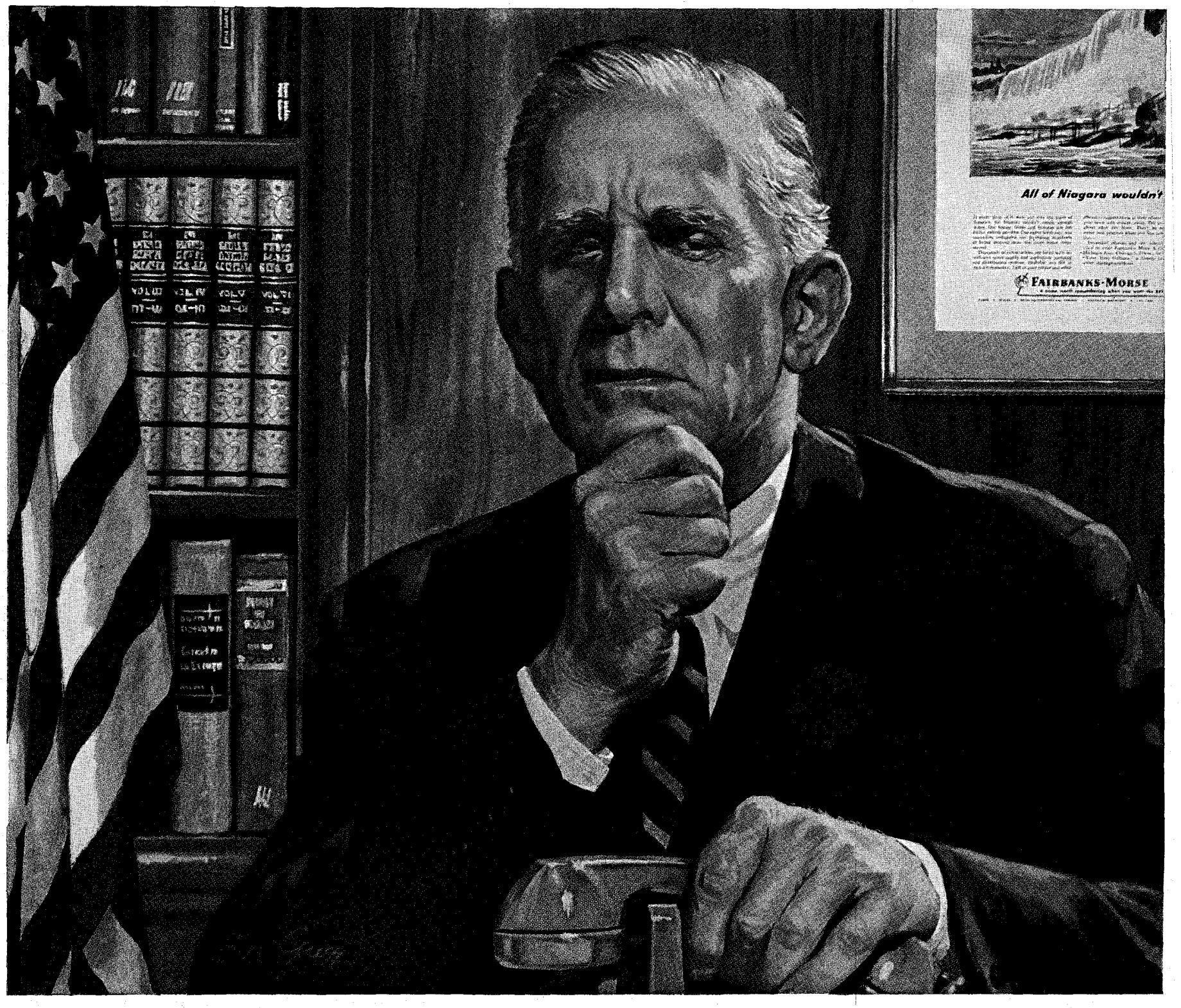

His Honor, the Mayor, is worried

His Honor is worried. Insufficient water is drying up his town's future. Industries are hampered; fire protection is a question; new school programs are in jeopardy; outside industries are rejecting it as a new plant location . . . there are times when lawn sprinkling and car washing must be prohibited.

The Mayor is worried because he knows water rates are based on the costs of materials, machinery and construction of many years ago—that the time to enlarge water supply and distribution facilities is *now*, before these costs grow even higher.

As a citizen you also should be worried. You can aid your city officials by understanding the problem and supporting your mayor's efforts to finance needed expansions. Don't let lack of water stagnate your way of life and your town's future.

Interested citizens and city officials are invited to write Fairbanks, Morse & Co., 600 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Illinois, for a copy of "Your 1100 Gallons," a timely booklet on what every citizen should know about water shortage problems.

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They Befriend the Mentally Ill

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Simply by being warmhearted, these volunteers from college campuses rescue mental patients from the abyss of loneliness. The doctors themselves heartily approve.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Small things—a word, a gift, a simple act of friendship—may exert a powerful influence in leading a mentally sick person along the road to recovery.

Not long ago a middle-aged woman who had been discharged from the Metropolitan State Hospital, near Waltham, Massachusetts, telephoned the superintendent to express her appreciation of one of these small things, an event which had been a turning point in her own case.

"I just wanted you to know," she told the doctor, "that an experience which meant most to me as a patient was a shopping trip several of us took with a young volunteer. He was an unusually kind and understanding person. He didn't hang on to us nor steer us around. But we knew he was there if we needed him. I have often thought of that afternoon. It was an important step in making me feel I could get along out in the world again."

The volunteer in question was one of nearly 1000 college and university students in the Boston area who, during the past three years, have tackled a phase of the nation's toughest and costliest health problem as an extracurricular activity. Each afternoon of the school year—with time out for final exams—the students, in groups of six to a dozen, pile into station wagons and cars at Harvard, Radcliffe, Wellesley, Brandeis, Boston University and other campuses, and head out to Metropolitan State Hospital. Here they spend several hours making life pleasanter and more normal for patients who had felt themselves forgotten by the world outside.

The college boys and girls, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-four, are not only livening up the general social tempo of the hospital's "back" wards. Many are working intensively with individual patients who need emotional support in preparation for discharge,

Radcliffe volunteer Lucy Durr breaks the ice with a child at the Metropolitan State Hospital, near Waltham, Mass. For many of the patients, the young college students provide the only real contact with the "outside" world.

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A girl patient takes a piano lesson from Cornelia Dunning, of Radcliffe. "One of the big things the volunteers are doing is just being present with their youthfulness and bright faces," says the hospital superintendent.

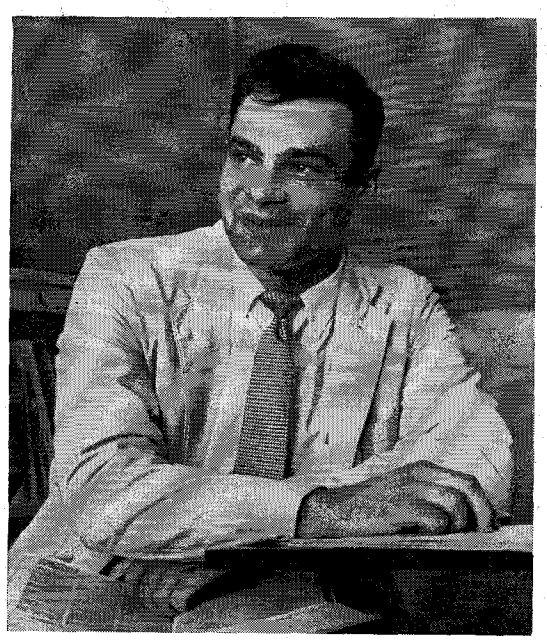
assisting them in locating jobs and places to live in the community.

Initiated and conducted entirely by students with little if any formal faculty backing, the project has won the warm endorsement of leading psychiatrists, including the hospital's superintendent, Dr. William F. McLaughlin; Dr. Jack R. Ewalt, Massachusetts Commissioner of Mental Health; and Dr. Milton Greenblatt, research director at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, who serves as the volunteers' professional adviser.

Doctor McLaughlin says the students have benefited at least half of his 2000 patients, many of whom are seriously regressed schizophrenics. "One of the big things they are doing," he told me, "is just being present in large numbers, with their youthful enthusiasm and bright faces. Many patients were hungry and starved for somebody new to talk to. Now you can see a definite lift in the tone of those wards where the volunteers have concentrated their attention."

Doctor Ewalt, noting that the Metropolitan State Hospital has the best discharge record of any hospital in his department, is inclined to give the students a large share of credit for this achievement. "If it can be adequately supervised," he added, "I would heartily recommend this program to other states. Student volunteers could do a lot to make up for the nationwide shortage in professional personnel, which today is the most urgent problem facing our mental-health administrators."

No one understands the value of the volunteers' work better than patients who have been helped by it. One of the most articulate of these is Hughie Bath, whom I met during a party given at the hospital by Harvard and Radcliffe students. Mr. Bath, following his recovery, had returned to the hospital as an attendant, bringing with him unusual insight into and enthusiasm for his work. He is a vigorous champion of the volunteers and feels they did much to bring him out of his depressed state.



Larry Dohan launched the present program in the fall of 1954. He was then a Harvard College senior.

Volunteer Peter Breggin comforts a withdrawn patient in a locked ward for women. Some inmates, reluctant to speak to doctors, find it easier to loosen up with the students.

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Harvard volunteer James Dalsimer helps solve a picture puzzle. The students also take patients on shopping expeditions, picnics and outings.

"My first contact with the students was while I was still extremely violent and paranoid," he said. "It was in 1954 and I was here in a locked ward. One afternoon the volunteers held a beano party. I could have gone, but I refused because I thought they were all spies and that the coffee they were serving was poisoned. But just as they were leaving, after the party was over, one of the students passed through my ward and handed me a deck of playing cards. I couldn't take the cards at first, but later I picked them up. Somehow that seemed to be a turning point for me. The cards became a treasured possession. Soon I began to realize that the volunteers weren't spies at all; that they were really interested in me. In time they destroyed the idea I had that the outside world hated us, and I began to join their parties."

Mr. Bath says there is tremendous need for this kind of contact with friendly people from outside the hospital. In spite of the crowded conditions in which they live, the patients become painfully lonely. Bath emphasizes this in a manuscript he sent to me. "Walking through the wards," he writes, "you will see a man standing in an empty corner making telephone calls all day long to relatives, friends and perhaps to a wife and children. There is no telephone there and no one on the other end of the line. Why not? It is easy to see what this man wants. He wants friendship.

"A few feet farther on, you will find another man standing at a window with a pair of fifty-cent binoculars, scanning the winding road and the hillside. Again and again he will return and repeat this performance. What is he looking for? Visitors? Hope? Will he ever find what he is looking for? When?

"Sitting at a table you see a man with a deck of playing cards. He deals out four hands and plays them all in turn. He calls all the mistakes and argues about the score. He never cheats, but he is disappointed if he doesn't win. You ask him what he is doing and he tells you he is playing whist. With whom? His friends, he says. But where are they? Why must he play alone?"

(Continued on Page 90)

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Off in the lawless northern wastes, Ravenhill, the modern buccaneer, made his most daring gamble to the roar of an avalanche.

Trouble at Midas Creek

Beginning an exciting new tale of the Yukon . . . By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

The ancient Norseman labored over the divide from the Pelly and at once began to leap like a hooked salmon in the new and savage air currents rolling in across the snow-choked desolation of the upper Stewart. The moment Ravenhill saw the formidable northward horizon he knew he was in for it, properly. It appeared that the dramatic coup he had planned—the magnificent gesture, Ravenhill to the rescue and all that—had fallen flat on its foolish face.

When he had radioed his flight plan to Whitehorse from his take-off point near Carcross in the frozen Yukon—astutely waiting until he was airborne before checking in—the operator had warned somewhat plaintively of ugly weather on the make along the frowning continental divide. Moreover, was Ravenhill aware of the general risk of what he proposed to do: take a single-engined ship across the mountains, Yukon to Norman Wells, in mid-winter?

Ravenhill had assured him blithely that he'd made the trip often before. Secretly he'd been delighted. This weather forecast gave him an official excuse to do what he'd planned all along: vary his flight plan by detouring over the upper Stewart, set down at Midas Creek, lend old Homer Wilson a hand in his frightful dilemma, and then go rollicking across the mountains before Sergeant Graham, of the Whitehorse Mounted Police, was even aware that his old thorn in the flesh, Ravenhill, had dared to re-enter the Yukon basin.

And why was Ravenhill here in the Yukon, in such brash defiance of old Graham and the laws of chance? That was the zany part of it. This whole formidable adventure promised neither glory nor gain. In point of curious fact, this was the first time in Ravenhill's sometimes lurid career in the North that he had violated a basic principle: never take a hand in any game unless a colossal pot was in prospect.

For one of Ravenhill's status, no other prospect beckoned. He was a remittance man, a black sheep of an old family in Britain, an ex-R.A.F. flier suffering the ultimate disgrace: dismissal from His Majesty's service for wild and youthful follies during the between-wars doldrums. For seventeen years past he had prowled the northern frontier, winging like a vulture over the Yukon and the Barren Lands. Living from binge to binge, from one queer game to the next. He had won and lost enormous stakes. He was foully broke now.

Yet here he was, with no loot in prospect, no bales and bags of the filthy beckoning him on, marooned in a blackening sky over what was perhaps the most unpromising terrain, for a forced landing, to be found in the hundred-thousand-odd square miles of the Yukon basin. *Gad, what a balmy enterprise!*

The joker was the monster ahead, blocking the path. To call it "ugly weather" was an enormous understatement: it was a blizzard, full-grown, thundering down direct from the grinding arctic. Ravenhill had seldom seen a more colossal show.

Far in the northeast the desolate pinnacles of the Ogilvie Range were already blotted out.

Illustrated by Mac Conner

"Permit no one to leave Midas Creek," Sergeant Graham ordered. "Is this clear, Ravenhill?"

The nearer peaks of the Selwyns, eastward, were still standing fast, but with storm banners streaming from each lonely spire. Below and beyond, it was as though an advancing tidal wave joined horizon to horizon, black as midnight at the base and gray at the upboiling crest reaching hungrily toward the already star-hung zenith.

Ravenhill read the verdict clearly written there: he must set down at once—forthwith, while he still had visibility and headway. The nearest possible point for an emergency landing was Henderson Falls, dead ahead and perhaps five minutes distant. This was a scant twenty miles short of his goal. On foot they were turbulent miles, in this blizzard impassable. By that slim margin, therefore, after coming so fast so far, he had failed to reach old Homer Wilson and the other beleaguered hermits waiting hopefully up on Midas Creek.

Shrugging philosophically, Ravenhill looked down at the darkening terrain below and prepared to call Whitehorse. This was the embarrassing part of it, but it had to be done. The blighted regulations required it, and the Department of Transport had become quite stuffy about such details. Moreover, the lives of other bush pilots would be risked in fruitless search if he cracked up here, unreported, far off his scheduled course.

The Whitehorse radio channel was howling with storm-born static. Ravenhill doubted that he could get through, but he made the attempt. He gave it a careless, nonchalant air, knowing that others were hearing his message in the dimming world below. At this moment along the screaming Yukon—in dozens of wilderness camps and scores of drifted cabins on lonely creeks—old-timers would be leaning in toward their ancient crystal sets, their earphones pressed closer to shut out the strengthening drums and trumpets of the storm. Listening to the voice coming in thinly from the darkening void of the sky: (Continued on Page 52)

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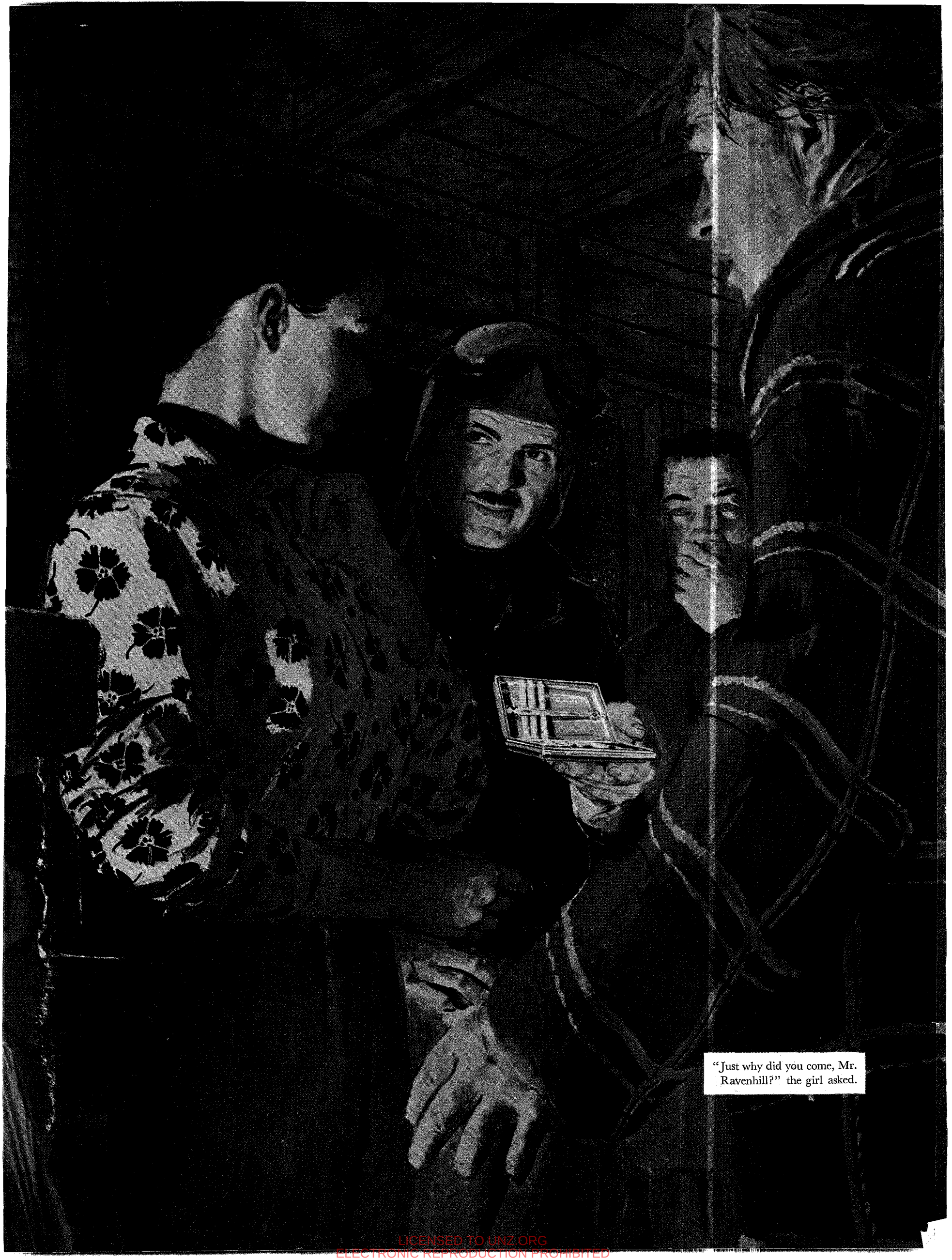

"Just why did you come, Mr. Ravenhill?" the girl asked.

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Gable, now 56, married his fifth wife, the former Kay Spreckels, two years ago. He says, "I'm a very happy man. I reflect that, don't I?"

I CALL ON CLARK GABLE

BY PETE MARTIN

The king of Hollywood answers a Post editor's questions about his rarely publicized personal life, and reveals there are some questions he will never answer.

It has taken me three years to write this story. It's not the way it was supposed to be originally, but it's still a story no one has ever told—and it has been told to me by the one who knows it best, Clark Gable. The idea had been for Gable to give me a detailed, play-by-play of his entire life. A mutual friend, Howard Strickling, brought us together in 1954 in his back yard at Encino, out in the San Fernando Valley. That back yard was a checkerboard of dark green and white sunlight. In an honest effort to help both of us it was Howard's notion that it would be a good way for us to explore the idea of my helping Gable tell his autobiography.

Gable showed up that day in safari shorts and a short-sleeved safari shirt. They had not been run up to look like safari clothes. They'd actually seen service in Africa. We sat around Howard's swimming pool, lifted a few, and chewed the fat. Once in a while somebody dunked himself in the pool; then came out and sat in a sun so hot it almost fried his skin.

(Continued on Page 62)

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BOX-OFFICE MAGIC FOR NEARLY THREE DECADES

1929: On Broadway in Hawk Island.

1934: It Happened One Night, with Claudette Colbert.

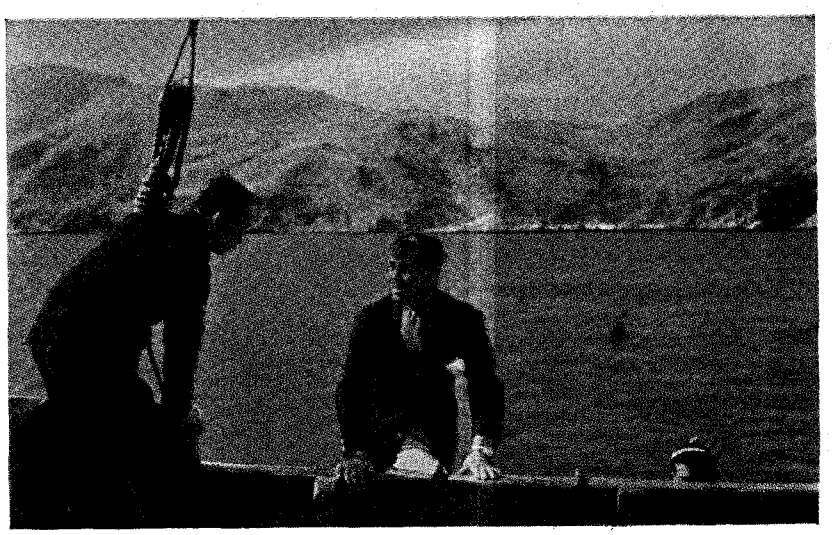
1935: Mutiny on the Bounty.

1957: Band of Angels, with Yvonne DeCarlo.

1955: The Tall Men.

1930: The Painted Desert, with William Boyd.

1933: Dancing Lady, with Joan Crawford.



1955: On location in Hong Kong for Soldiers of Fortune.

1932: Red Dust, with Jean Harlow.

1947: The Hucksters, with Ava Gardner.

1939: Gone With the Wind, with Vivien Leigh.

1957: On the set of Teacher's Pet, with Doris Day.

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Runaway Rig

He was careering down the hill faster than 100 m.p.h.–and there was nothing at the bottom but death . . .

By CARL HENRY RATHJEN

The kid burned out the rig's brakes on the Corkscrew grade at eleven-thirty that night. Then, panicking as the ten-wheel combo—tractor and semitrailer—sucked in momentum, he raced the diesel, double-clutched, and tried to jam into a lower gear ratio. The stripping grind from the transmission jarred up into the bunk behind him. Barney Conners came awake fast.

"Easy, kid!" he yelled even before he got his eyes open. But he knew he was too late. He also knew, without seeing, but just by feel, that they were rolling unchecked downgrade. And that could only mean The Corkscrew, the truckers' graveyard.

"Lay on the horns!" he shouted, so Joel Nichols and other highway troopers stationed on the grade would be alerted to the emergency. He swung out of the bunk, the dull sheen of sleep snapping clear of his wide brown eyes. Ahead, sharp red clusters of taillights and beady truck markers brokenly traced the dropping twists of the divided highway. It was The Corkscrew, all right. And worse, they were already past the patrol-car spot!

Fingers of fear squeezed his stomach. It was a sickness more congealed than the indigestion he'd been trying to sleep off, the only reason he'd let the kid drive up The Hill, with a strict admonition to wake him at the top. But the kid hadn't obeyed. He'd boomed across the ridge's level four miles. Now The Corkscrew had him.

But this was no time for jawing. Not with five miles of murderous downgrade ahead of the runaway rig loaded with thirty-five tons of machine parts.

Barney angled out chunky arms to the wheel and slammed his rump against his helper. "Let me have it!"

Barney held the wheel steady as the rocketing truck bore down on the ranch wagon's taillights.

"Barney, I didn't mean to take her down. But you looked so comfortable I thought I'd take her across the top and then ——"

Barney jammed his left forearm on the wheel ring. He hoped the blasting air horns would carry back to the patrol-car station. Ahead, the driver of a hay rig heard it and changed his mind abruptly about cutting out to pass a tanker.

That's what the kid had probably done. Swung out to pass a box or something big enough to hide the large illuminated sign warning about the downgrade, ordering trucks to use low gear. Then he was into it, burned out his brakes trying to check her, and then stripped her because he was going too fast for the next lower ratio.

Barney, leaning on the horns, thought of how Flo had wanted him to give up this mountain run after Billy and Joanie were born.

"Look, Florence," he'd retorted—funny how he always used her full name when he was mad or annoyed. "You're forgetting something else I never had before I got a family. The top safety award for five years straight!"

That had been years ago. He'd never let her down. But now he was in the worst jam he'd ever been in, and it wasn't his own doing. That was the hell of it!

"Barney!" the kid shouted above the horns as the rig's headlights plowed faster and faster into the darkness.

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"Shut up!" Barney snapped. The kid's hands fluttered as though to help with the wheel. Barney elbowed them away, then shot a glance in the big outside mirror. Not a sign of a police car coming to assist them down to the emergency escape ramp for runaway trucks. The one night when he needed some citation-happy trooper like Joel Nichols breathing into his rear-view mirror!

"Better get out, kid," Barney yelled through the clamoring horns. The kid stared down at the streaming blur of the divider. Then he turned back, a white mask punched with wide holes for eyes and mouth. Barney didn't give him a chance to protest. "Jump while you've got the chance. I don't want to shove you out, but I need room." He reached over, grabbed the door handle and crowded the kid's tremoring body. "Out! Break it with your feet. Relaxed. Then double. Knees over stomach. Arms around head. Don't try to stop it. Here you go, kid!"

Barney rumped him out to the step, but the kid hung onto the door. Wind roared into the cab. Cold. Slicing up Barney's trousers legs, pressing his shirt. The rig's heavy treads machine-gunned the pavement. Barney slid solidly behind the big wheel, his fists at ten o'clock and two. Inching as close as he dared to the streaking edge, he kicked on the far beams. Weeds waved in the night wind, leaning away from the onrushing rig. Glass and beer cans glinted among them. The kid was in for a cutting up, but that was better than being mashed to pulp. Willowy bushes swept into view.

"The bushes, kid!" Barney shouted. "Hit 'em!"

He didn't wait for the kid to find his nerve. He hammered his fist on the fingers hooked over the windowsill. From the corner of his eye he saw the kid sail out of the cab. He twitched the wheel, angling away, then gave a sharp but smooth swing back to whip the trailer box away from the rolling body. He played the wheel to get that whipsawing trailer in line again.

His glance darted side to side to the mirrors again. In the left one he vaguely glimpsed the kid staggering to his feet. In the right one he hoped to spot a highway patrol booming around a curve after him. But all he saw was the glare of truck headlights.

Where the devil were the troopers tonight? Joel Nichols, he remembered now from the grapevine, was probably off duty to stand by his wife, who expected her first baby. But usually there was someone riding Barney's tail in this sector because years ago, wheeling a rush shipment, he'd gone overboard telling off Joel Nichols for delaying him with a truck inspection. After that he figured he'd better watch his driving, his gross axle loads, his lights, everything. So maybe, in a way, he could thank Joel and the others for the way he began winning safety awards.

But he didn't feel like a safety-award driver now, at the wheel of a runaway monster on The Corkscrew. He squinted ahead, the wheel tremoring in his fists. Even if those two gear shifts just under his right hand had anything left beneath them, it was no good to him now. He was going too fast to mesh anything. He flicked his far beams on and off as a warning to other drivers.

Just stay out of my way, boys, he prayed. *Let me look good, like a reckless driver who only gets by because the other guys have sense enough to let him through. Give me a chance to get down to the emergency turnoff ramp.*

Rocketing down the dark grade, horns blasting, lights flashing, muscles and nerves feeling and anticipating the wild whims of the berserk life under his hands, under the seat of his pants, he rubber-burned around a curve and spotted the twin bull's-eye taillights of a car. A half mile ahead on the straightaway, and in his lane!

His forearm jostled the ring. His foot beat a frantic tattoo on the light button. Words that might have been a prayer or a curse burst up from deep in his chest. But he never knew what they were. They jammed in panic in his throat. That driver didn't hear or see him coming. That driver was doing a legal fifty-five, but this juggernaut (Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Robert Moore

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George Raft stands in for the 21 dealer at the Flamingo, a Las Vegas gambling spot of which he is part owner.

OUT OF MY PAST

By GEORGE RAFT
as told to Dean Jennings

As a bodyguard and gangland stooge, Raft picked pockets in speak-easies. His skill as the driver of a bulletproof limousine later helped him save the lives of a pair of movie stars.

While filming this scene in They Drive By Night, with Humphrey Bogart (*left*) and Ann Sheridan, Raft had to wrestle the "runaway truck" to safety when the brakes actually did give out.

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Waxey Gordon, bootleg baron of Prohibition days and expert pickpocket, was once one of Raft's heroes.

New York mobster Larry Fay (*above*), another Raft pal, made $500,000 running bootleg liquor, but he had only 3 cents in his pocket when he was slain (*right*) by an ex-cop who had a grudge against him.

Part Three

Six months ago, on a chilly, drizzly morning, a set of knuckles drummed on the door of my suite at the Dorchester Hotel in London. I had come to England to do some television shows, but I wasn't expecting unannounced visitors.

"Cops," I said to a friend who was having breakfast with me.

"In New York maybe," he said, "but not here. London cops don't bang on doors like that."

I should have known. I've made enough crime pictures to know that Bobbies or Scotland Yard men are polite even when you get tough. I put on a robe and yanked the door open. I was looking at a mussed-up little guy with a pinched face and hard blue eyes that wouldn't stay put. I recognized him right away as a second-rate New York racketeer who had been deported to England some years before.

"Remember me, Georgie?" he said. "I need five bills."

"Yeah?"

"I just thought—well, you know, the old days and the time they confiscated your car because it was full of alky —— I guess they don't know much about you around here and ——"

I had that familiar, tight feeling in my throat. In the old days he mentioned I would have slugged him. "You want five C's for keeping your mouth shut?" I asked.

"Well, Georgie, I don't eat so good here and you're doin' O.K. I want to get out."

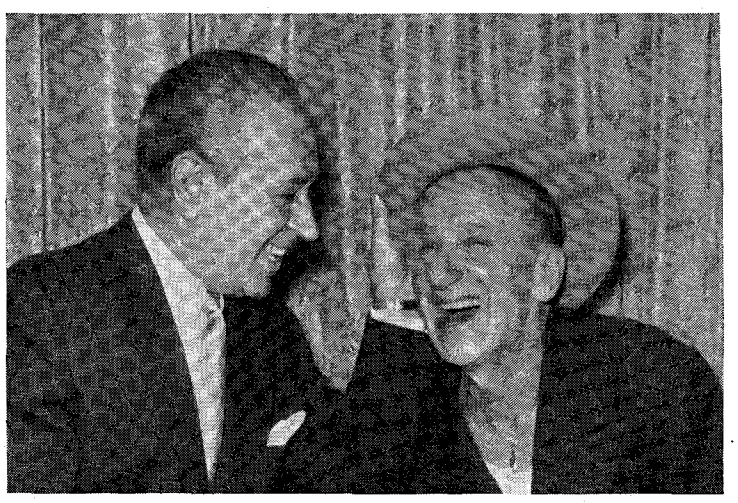
"You are out," I said. I grabbed his dirty, torn coat and heaved him nose-first into the hall. I'm tired of shakedowns and petty chiselers who knew me when, and who think I don't dare have my background exposed or have anyone talk about my personal experiences with the big names of the underworld.

Perhaps that's another reason why I'm telling this story. From now on, I won't have seedy characters putting the clamps on me in London, Paris, New York, or even Beverly Hills, because they think I'm afraid of my past.

They don't always threaten me, of course, or hint that they can sell their information to the scandal magazines. *Confidential* has given me the heat treatment three times and this sort of thing doesn't bother me any more. Usually the moochers just tell me they're sick, or they're being evicted from the Bel Air Hotel, or they've got to fly to Las Vegas for an old pal's funeral. (Continued on Page 78)

Texas ("Hello, Sucker!") Guinan and her brother, Tommy. Says Tommy, "I was in charge of watering the liquor and George had the drunk-rolling concession in my sister's club."

Mae West and Raft in Night After Night. He used to collect money from Mae for underworld king Owney Madden, who had invested in her show, Diamond Lil.



Raft and his old friend, Jimmy Durante. Raft worked as a Charleston dancer at Durante's West 58th Street night club during the 'Twenties.

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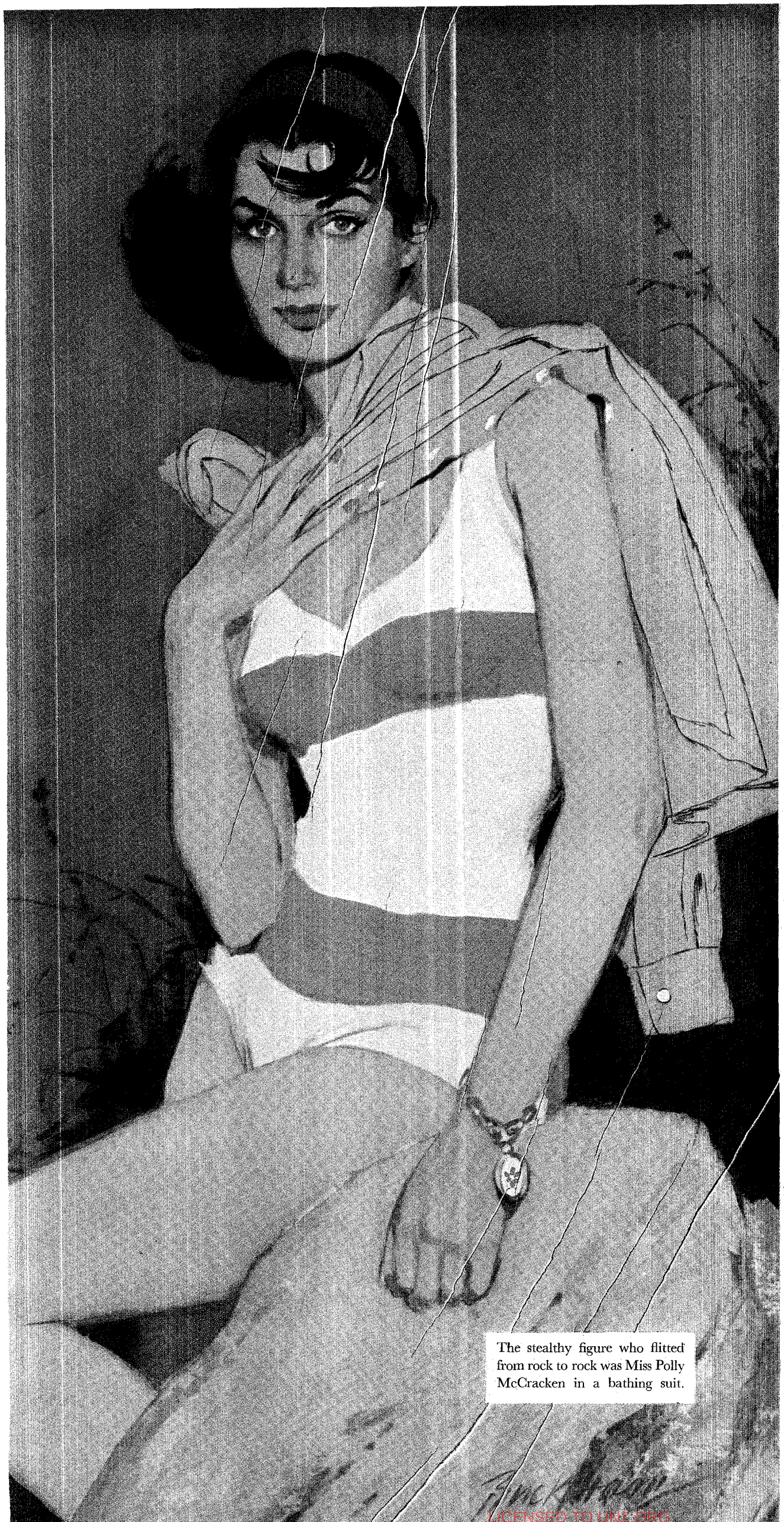

The stealthy figure who flitted from rock to rock was Miss Polly McCracken in a bathing suit.

SWEET ENEMY

Polly planned to make a fool of Michael—and found that he had plans of his own.

By DAVID WALKER

Michael Crombie of Durler collected rod and other things from the car and walked upstream. About him were his trees and rhododendrons; over the bank and out of sight below, the River Durler flowed. He stopped to consider Betula papyrifera, Paper Birch, a North American exotic. "You're doing well," he said.

He had spent the day, and far too much money, at a cattle sale. "You're a beauty," he said now about the yearling Aberdeen Angus bull. He saw that ebony perfection; but through and beyond his baby bull, he saw his bank manager. "Sir Michael," said that gentleman last week, "we view with great sympathy your determination to build up your herd, but——" And now another thousand guineas.

"You're a fool," remarked Michael Crombie to himself, and walked on, this fine May evening, until he reached Rhododendron aquamarinus crombiensis, his own prize hybrid. The flowers were perfection, a deep soft tropic blue. "I love you," he said, and did.

"One of my many troubles," he said, walking up the glade again, "is that I love too many things too much. Another trouble," he continued, "is that I have started talking to myself. Nearly thirty-six. Stark, staring cuckoo by the time I'm forty."

But he had reached his destination. He lay at the top of the bank, spying fifty feet down to the Hourglass Pool. He forgot his many lesser loves in the prospect of his one great love, which was salmon fishing. At this place the Durler flowed in a deep gully, almost a gorge, but the steep banks flattened near the water, so that a man could wade and clamber and pick his way along the river's edge.

To Crombie's left, upstream, was a wide dark pool; beyond it, above either bank, were the relics of a metal footbridge; to his right, downstream, was a wide dark pool; below him the river narrowed, (Continued on Page 83)

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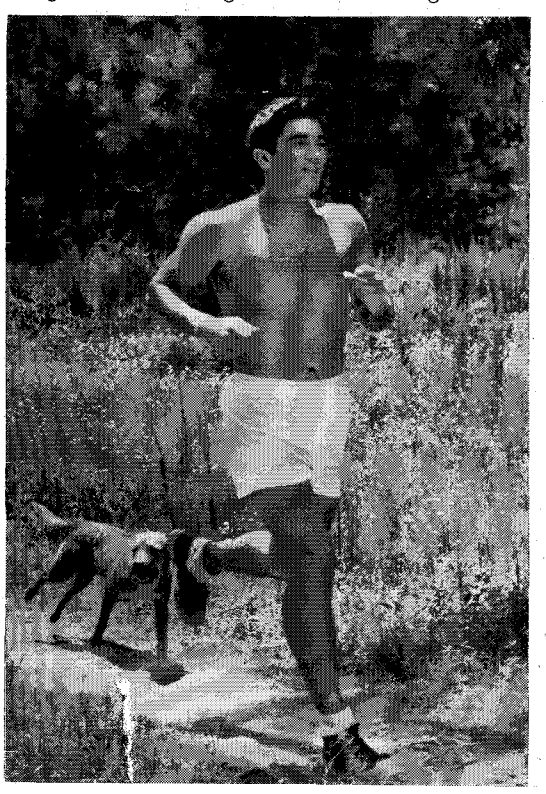
The Harris Clan, of Cut and Shoot, Texas: Roy (in trunks, seated next to his wife), his mother (in chair), his father (behind Roy), sisters, uncles, nieces, nephews and brother.

Battler From the Backwoods

From the Texas Big Thicket comes a rugged heavyweight produced by a family of fist, knee and knife fighters.

Early-morning roadwork. To keep in shape, Roy used to fight barroom toughs his father brought home.



By W. C. Heinz

Near the Gulf Coast of Southeastern Texas there is an area called The Big Thicket which spreads over approximately 5000 square miles in parts of five counties. Located in the heaviest rain belt in the state, it grows alligators and orchids, 200 kinds of wood, a plenitude of fish and game. Over the past ninety-five years it has harbored a variety of people who wanted to be alone, including such special types as Confederate Army deserters, fugitive outlaws and moonshiners. The discovery of oil and natural gas there brought on conditions approaching civil warfare.

Out of The Big Thicket now has come an accredited candidate for the heavyweight championship of the world. This is Roy Harris, twenty-four years old and a rugged 190 pounds, who has a promising record and background color that is a boxing press agent's dream.

"With that background, how much he can fight is secondary," says Teddy Brenner, the astute promoter of televised shows at New York's St. Nicholas Arena, who has scouted Harris and describes him as "awkwardly clever."

Roy Harris fights out of Cut and Shoot, a community claiming a population of 194. Cut and Shoot lies four and a half miles east of Conroe, which, in turn, is forty miles north of Houston. To be precise about it, Harris was born, reared and still lives not in Cut and Shoot proper but three miles from it in the western finger of The Big Thicket.

Since turning professional in April of 1955 Harris has won twenty straight fights, including victories this year over Claude Chapman, Joe Rowan, Bob Baker and Willie Pastrano. These deeds still leave doubt among boxing men as to how far he will go. In his home section, however, where the men of the Harris clan have been (Continued on Page 69)

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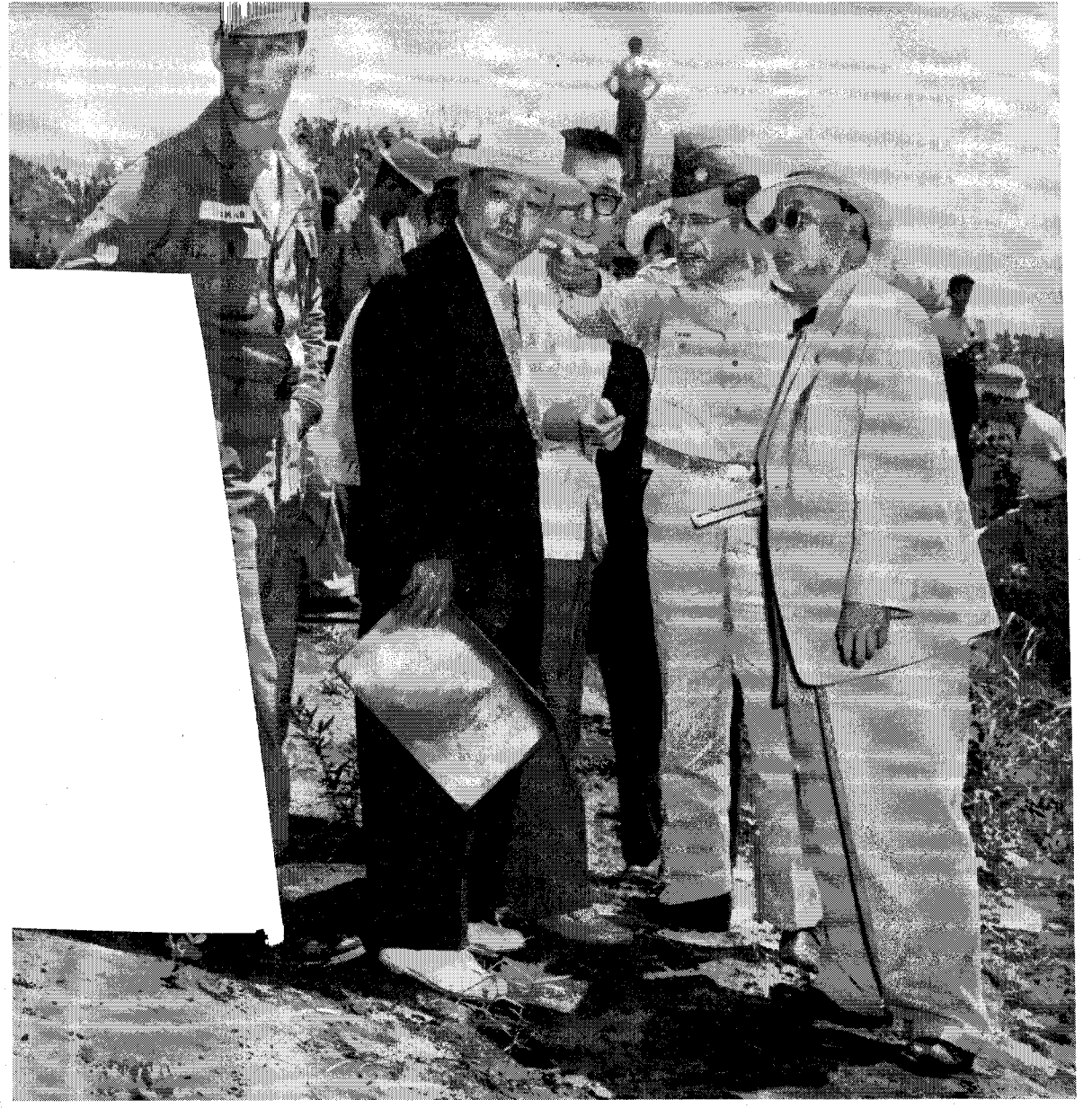
JAPAN
vs
GIRA
The I
Stc

A behind-the-s
from Toky
of the obscure G. I. who
killed a Japanese woman
and set off one of
the most troublesome
international incidents in
our recent history.

By Marvin L. Stone and Kenneth Ishii



The defendant (left), and his Army legal adviser, Major Stanley Levin, with Japanese defense attorneys at the scene of the shooting. Girard's trial began on August 26, fifteen days after his 22d birthday.

TOKYO.

Just before two o'clock of a bleak day last January was fired the loudest blank shot in history. It killed a woman in the middle of a 5785-acre firing range on Honshu Island, echoed through Japan's Diet, convulsed Congress and brought President Eisenhower's diplomacy to task before the Supreme Court. It produced disaster-size headlines on both sides of the Pacific. It started a flap that hasn't stopped yet.

William Sylvester Girard, a twenty-one-year-old soldier from Streator, Illinois, fired the blank while guarding some Army gear on Somagahara range, 100 miles north of Tokyo. What he did was to shove an already-used .30-caliber cartridge shell, about the size of your finger, hollow end first into a grenade launcher fixed to the muzzle of his M-1 rifle. Then he fired, using the blank to propel the casing. Any G. I. who has tried it can tell you that such shooting isn't normal or wise. The

Girard and his Buddhist bride, "Candy" Sueyama, after their Christian wedding. She is eight years older than her husband.

The newlyweds at the wedding party with Sgt. Gilbert Saylor (standing), and his wife (left). Under Army regulations prisoner Girard and bride were not entitled to quarters, so the Saylors offered their home for Candy's daily visits.

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victim of his bizarre misdeed was Mrs. Naka Sakai, a forty-six-year-old mother of six children. Girard shot Mrs. Sakai in the back at a range of a dozen or so yards, while she was hunting for used casings to sell for scrap.

The shot rang 'round the world. It threatened to topple America's network of military treaties governing 700,000 other Girards stationed in forty-two countries. It endangered United States-Japan relations—and incidentally revealed that the Japanese were not nearly so fond of the United States as many Americans had led themselves to believe.

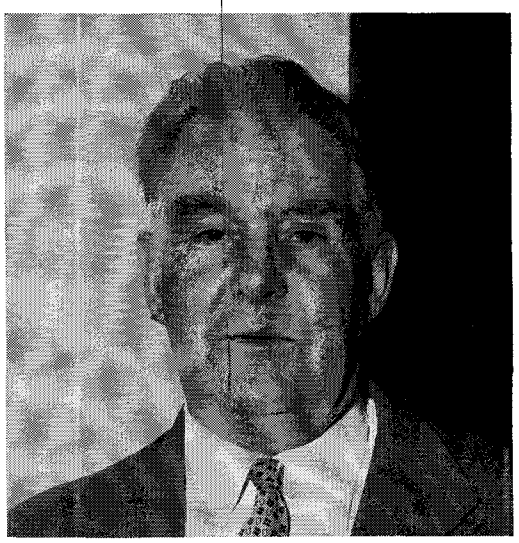
Specialist Third Class Girard's trial began on August twenty-sixth before a three-man Japanese court at Maebashi, seventy-five miles north of Tokyo. It will pass sentence this autumn. The trial, however, is not what made the soldier a *cause célèbre*, in the rare classic sense. It was what Girard's loose trigger finger set off.

None of this could have been forecast when he went on duty the morning of January thirtieth. Certainly nothing in his past indicated that he was going to shoot a woman, as one Tokyo paper reported, "like he would shoot sparrows."

The 155-pound, five-foot-nine-inch blond kid had grown up a sort of nomad country boy, moving from town to town in a trailer with his late father, selling septic tanks. He had an evanescent education and finally quit school altogether at sixteen. At eighteen he joined the Army with an eye to a career, and

Mother Dorothy and brother Louis fought to keep Girard in U.S. hands, not knowing that he was likely to fare better in a Japanese court.

Lawyers Earl Carroll (left) and Joseph Robinson argued heatedly that Girard had been "sold out."



Joseph McGarraghy, the Federal judge who forbade the Army to turn Girard over to the Japanese.

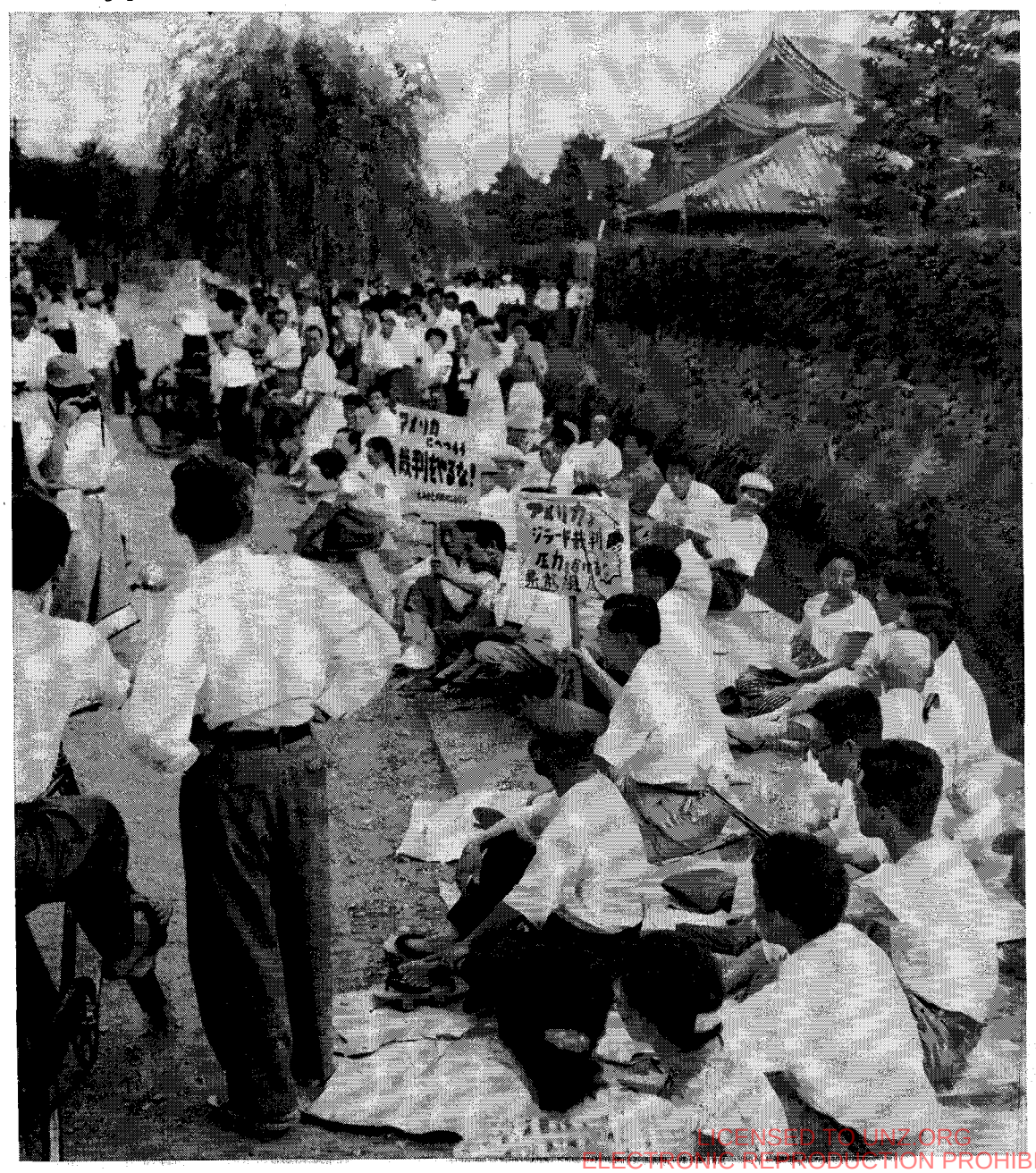
was soon posted to Japan. Bill took a genuine liking to its Oriental tang and twenty months ago struck a particular fancy for a one-time bar-girl named Haru Sueyama. He called her "Candy" because she liked sweets. Candy is a plain girl, almost eight years older than Girard, but she was good for him and it surprised no one when he married her at the height of his troubles.

"If there is anything I did for Bill," she told us candidly a couple of days before her wedding in July, "it was to cure him of bad drinking."

Nevertheless, in Japan there was sniping at Girard's "mixed marriage," as there has been at the 25,000 other weddings of G.I.'s and Japanese girls.

Girard became testy, often irritating after he got to be big issue. He could even sound imperious when ordering hamburgers by telephone. "This is Girard!" he would snap at the mouthpiece. But the day he went to the firing range with his outfit last January—Company F of the 8th Cavalry Regiment—he was known primarily as a good guy, if something of a local character, around Kagohara Village, where Candy lived. Kagohara is a small town connected to Camp Whittington by a one-and-a-half-mile necklace of honky-tonk cabarets.

Crowds of Japanese, some with anti-American posters, line up for tickets to Girard's civilian trial.



Also on the range that Wednesday morning was Mrs. Sakai, who had no business there, for this area was off limits on maneuver days. Her husband, Akiyoshi, a village assemblyman in nearby Soma Village, often scolded her because about fifteen scavengers had already been killed or injured in Japan, three by stray bullets, the rest by duds that went off. But many shell pickers are "*eta*"—descendants of a low social caste—and their deaths caused hardly a stir.

"I used to warn her," Akiyoshi said after his wife's death.

(Continued on Page 71)

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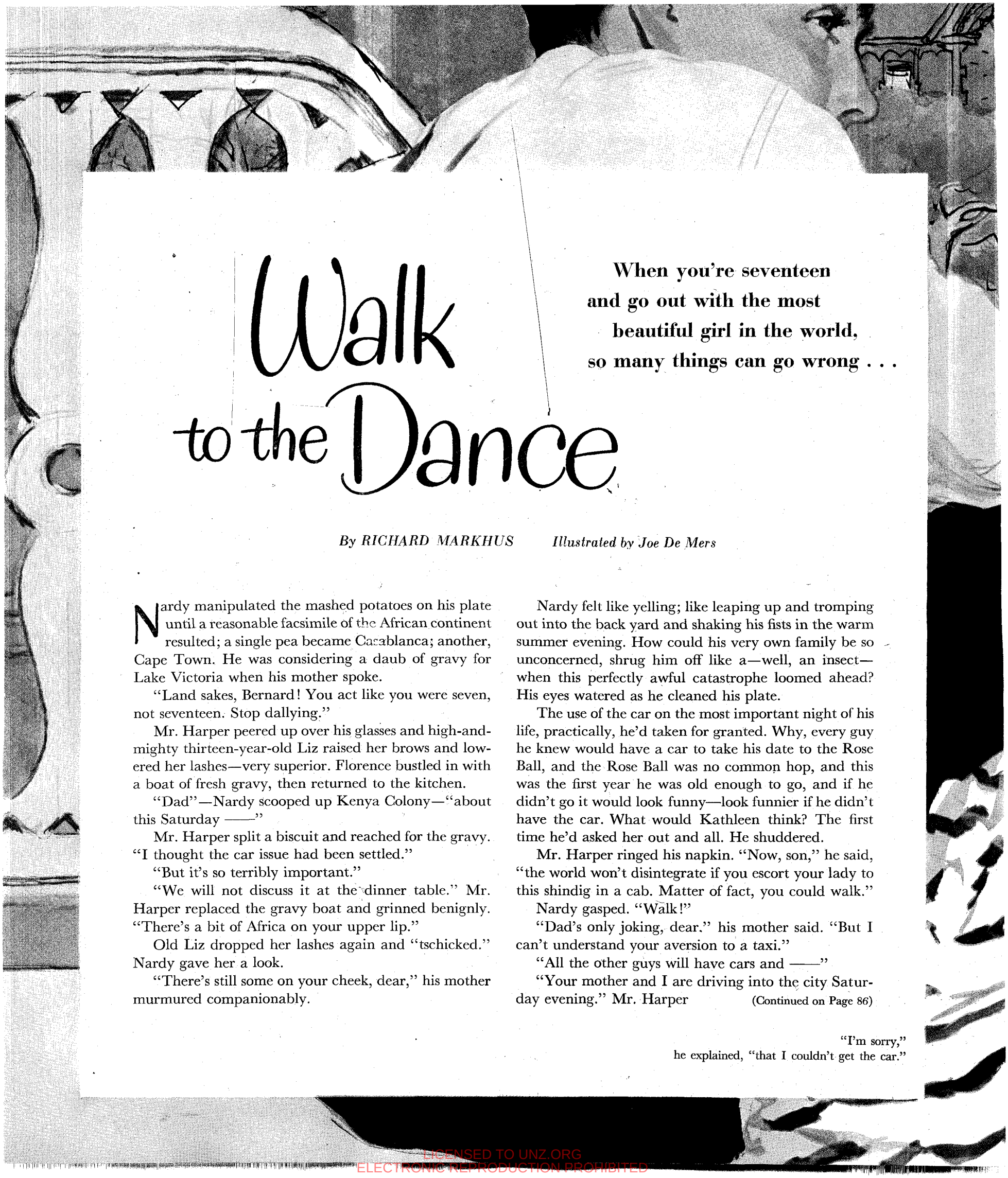

Walk to the Dance

When you're seventeen and go out with the most beautiful girl in the world, so many things can go wrong . . .

By RICHARD MARKHUS *Illustrated by Joe De Mers*

Nardy manipulated the mashed potatoes on his plate until a reasonable facsimile of the African continent resulted; a single pea became Casablanca; another, Cape Town. He was considering a daub of gravy for Lake Victoria when his mother spoke.

"Land sakes, Bernard! You act like you were seven, not seventeen. Stop dallying."

Mr. Harper peered up over his glasses and high-and-mighty thirteen-year-old Liz raised her brows and lowered her lashes—very superior. Florence bustled in with a boat of fresh gravy, then returned to the kitchen.

"Dad"—Nardy scooped up Kenya Colony—"about this Saturday ——"

Mr. Harper split a biscuit and reached for the gravy. "I thought the car issue had been settled."

"But it's so terribly important."

"We will not discuss it at the dinner table." Mr. Harper replaced the gravy boat and grinned benignly. "There's a bit of Africa on your upper lip."

Old Liz dropped her lashes again and "tschicked." Nardy gave her a look.

"There's still some on your cheek, dear," his mother murmured companionably.

Nardy felt like yelling; like leaping up and tromping out into the back yard and shaking his fists in the warm summer evening. How could his very own family be so unconcerned, shrug him off like a—well, an insect—when this perfectly awful catastrophe loomed ahead? His eyes watered as he cleaned his plate.

The use of the car on the most important night of his life, practically, he'd taken for granted. Why, every guy he knew would have a car to take his date to the Rose Ball, and the Rose Ball was no common hop, and this was the first year he was old enough to go, and if he didn't go it would look funny—look funnier if he didn't have the car. What would Kathleen think? The first time he'd asked her out and all. He shuddered.

Mr. Harper ringed his napkin. "Now, son," he said, "the world won't disintegrate if you escort your lady to this shindig in a cab. Matter of fact, you could walk."

Nardy gasped. "Walk!"

"Dad's only joking, dear," his mother said. "But I can't understand your aversion to a taxi."

"All the other guys will have cars and ——"

"Your mother and I are driving into the city Saturday evening." Mr. Harper (Continued on Page 86)

"I'm sorry,"
he explained, "that I couldn't get the car."

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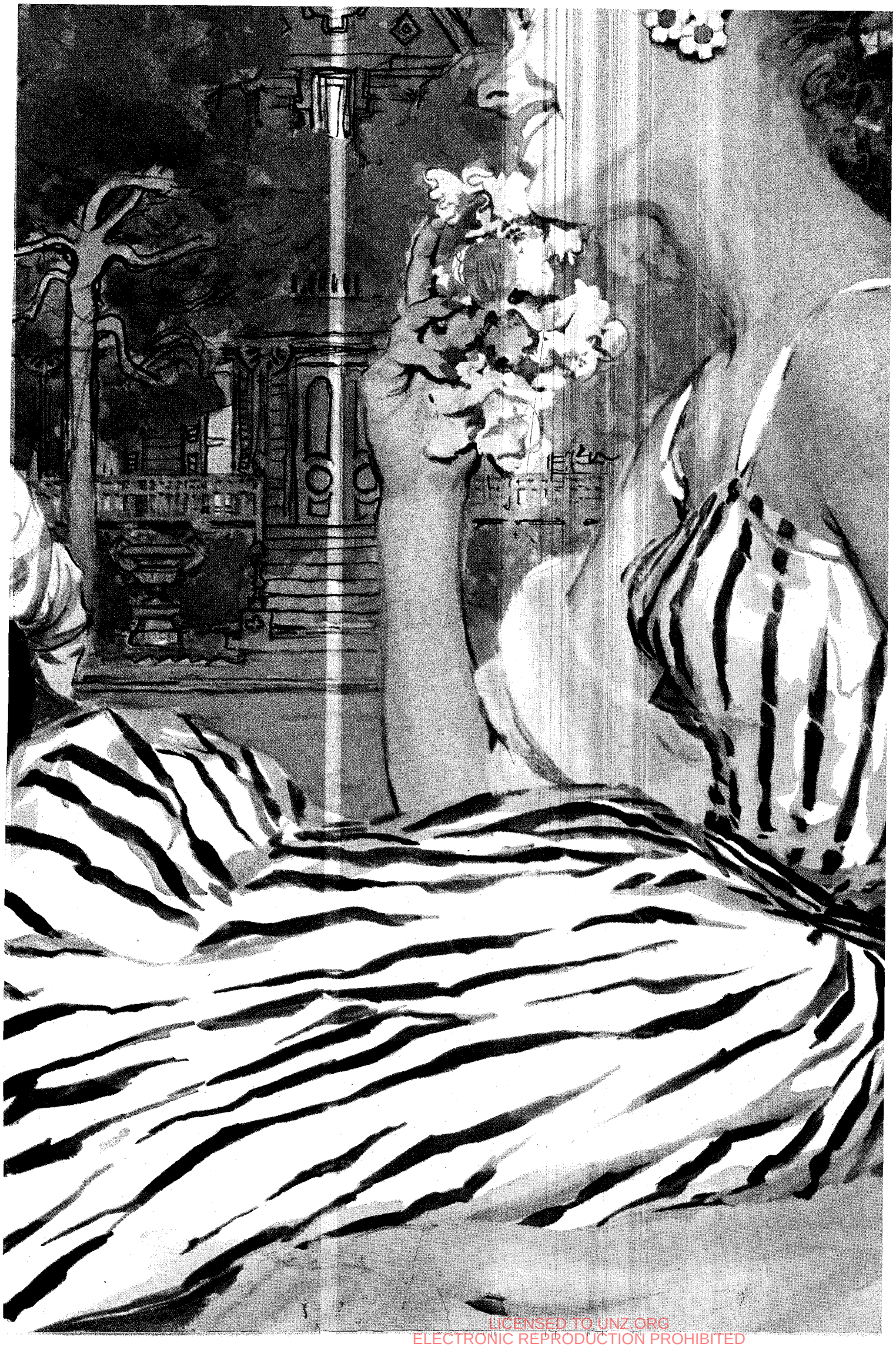

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Champion at work: Prince Tom gently holds a duck which he has just retrieved from icy waters.

The winner of several of dogdom's highest honors, Prince Tom can also ham it up for a photographer. "The dog must be a genius," owner Tom Clute says. "No matter how badly I trained him, I couldn't seem to ruin him."

Success has not spoiled the champ. With neighborhood kids he is still happy to put on a comedy act.

Prince Tom and Me

The charming true story of how an undistinguished lap dog turned into a champion, besting the world's finest in the toughest of contests.

By TOM CLUTE as told to Robert Crichton

Whenever I tell this story, which is as often as I can get anyone in my home town of Adrian, Michigan, to listen to it, it begins and ends with a cold afternoon last November at Ringoes, New Jersey. That was the day my dog, Prince Tom, won the National Cocker Spaniel Field Trial championship.

By every recognized rule of good dog breeding and training we never should have been at the national field trial. And by everything cherished and held sacred by dog experts the world over, we never, never should have won.

I felt a little like a fake then and I do now because this isn't my story, but the story of a dog that with almost no help or training—and much of that wrong—became the first American spaniel to win America's National Field Trial championship, a feat similar to someone's walking in off the street and taking Mickey Mantle's place in center field for the Yankees. A thing like this just isn't done. Except, of course, Prince Tom did it.

This story really should begin seven years ago, however, on a snowy morning in March a few miles outside Adrian. A man named Buhl Andrus, who made a little side money breeding dogs in his back yard, announced that his spaniel, Black Cindy, had given birth to eight pups and they were for sale. Seven nice black ones sold handily, but one was small and sickly and the color of curdled milk. For nearly a half year Mr. Andrus tried to get rid of the runt, and he finally succeeded. In a rash moment a nice girl friend of mine who knew nothing about dogs, but felt sorry for the little lonely mutt, bought him for me as a birthday present. The price was twenty-five dollars.

(Continued on Page 99)

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DOCTORS' QUARREL

By VICKI CATALANI

Professional jealousy
was the first ingredient
of a dangerous feud.

Dr. Pat Jorgenson turned from the door of the operating room and faced her immediate superior. "Don't go in there, Bob," she said. "Surgery's over." She tore off her cap and the mask, which left a faint ridge across the bridge of her neat little nose. "Dinner, huh?" she added.

"Who's in there?" said Bob Barthouse. "I'm looking for The Drip."

"Who's The Drip?" asked Pat with feigned innocence. "If you mean Ted, don't call him The Drip."

"You know darn well who I mean. I mean my intern, I mean the junk collector, I mean half-brain Ted Calhoun."

The door of the operating room swung open. A young man, broad-shouldered and with the face of a fighter, came out. He paused, his hands in his pockets, looked at them, then started down the corridor.

"Calhoun!" Barthouse called.

"I'm off duty."

"Calhoun," said Pat, "turn around, you dope. Your resident wants to talk to you."

"It's after seven," said Calhoun. "I haven't had my dinner."

"What are you hiding in your pocket?"

"I am hiding nothing," Calhoun said deliberately. "I have a ten-cc. syringe. The top is broken. The nurse threw it away and I picked it up. Any objections?"

The girl turned away in disgust. "Oh, Calhoun!"

"What's wrong with that?" said Calhoun. "When something's thrown away, it belongs to nobody. It belongs to the junkman. The junkman, that's me."

Doctor Barthouse gave a derisive hoot. "He admits it," he said. . . . "Do you make big money with that stuff, Calhoun? Who's your fence for hospital goods? Your brother real hard up for money down Kentucky way?"

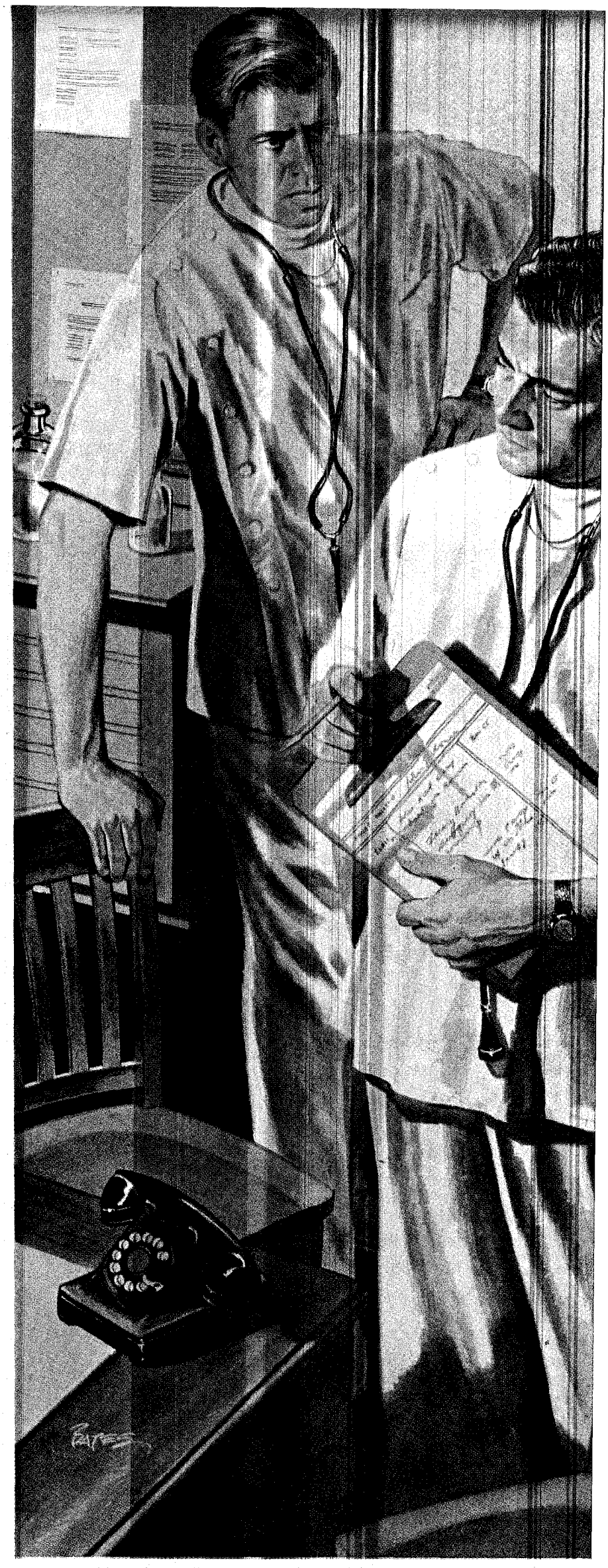
The young man took a step farther, then turned back. "Cut it out, Doctor Barthouse," he said, his voice rising. "My brother has nothing to do with this, nor you with him. Leave my brother out of this, you hear?"

"Ted, please," said Pat. "Don't pay attention to Bob's little jokes."

Bob Barthouse thrust himself forward. "This little joke's gone far enough," he said. "Let's get this straight: When you're an intern on my service ——"

"Your service!" said Calhoun hotly. "You have two years' seniority over me, not fifty-five."

"On my service, I said!" (Continued on Page 45)



"Listen," said Barthouse, "when the need for calling the chief arises, I'm the boy w

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The Face of AMERICA

Birthplace of a Nation

Hidden in the shadows of Philadelphia's downtown jumble for most of its 187 years, Carpenters' Hall, handsome little shrine of American liberty, now emerges into sunlight. Here delegates to the First Continental Congress—Washington, Patrick Henry and the Adamses among them—met in 1774 to voice protest against oppression by the British crown. But as the city grew, taller buildings rose to hide the Hall in urban gloom. Today, the Federal Government has created Independence National Historical Park, to contain Carpenters' Hall, nearby Independence Hall and a score of other buildings. Inside this area, structures without historical significance are being torn down. In other times, treasures of the past have been razed to make room for mundane buildings. In Philadelphia today, the process is being reversed.

• Photograph by Frank Ross

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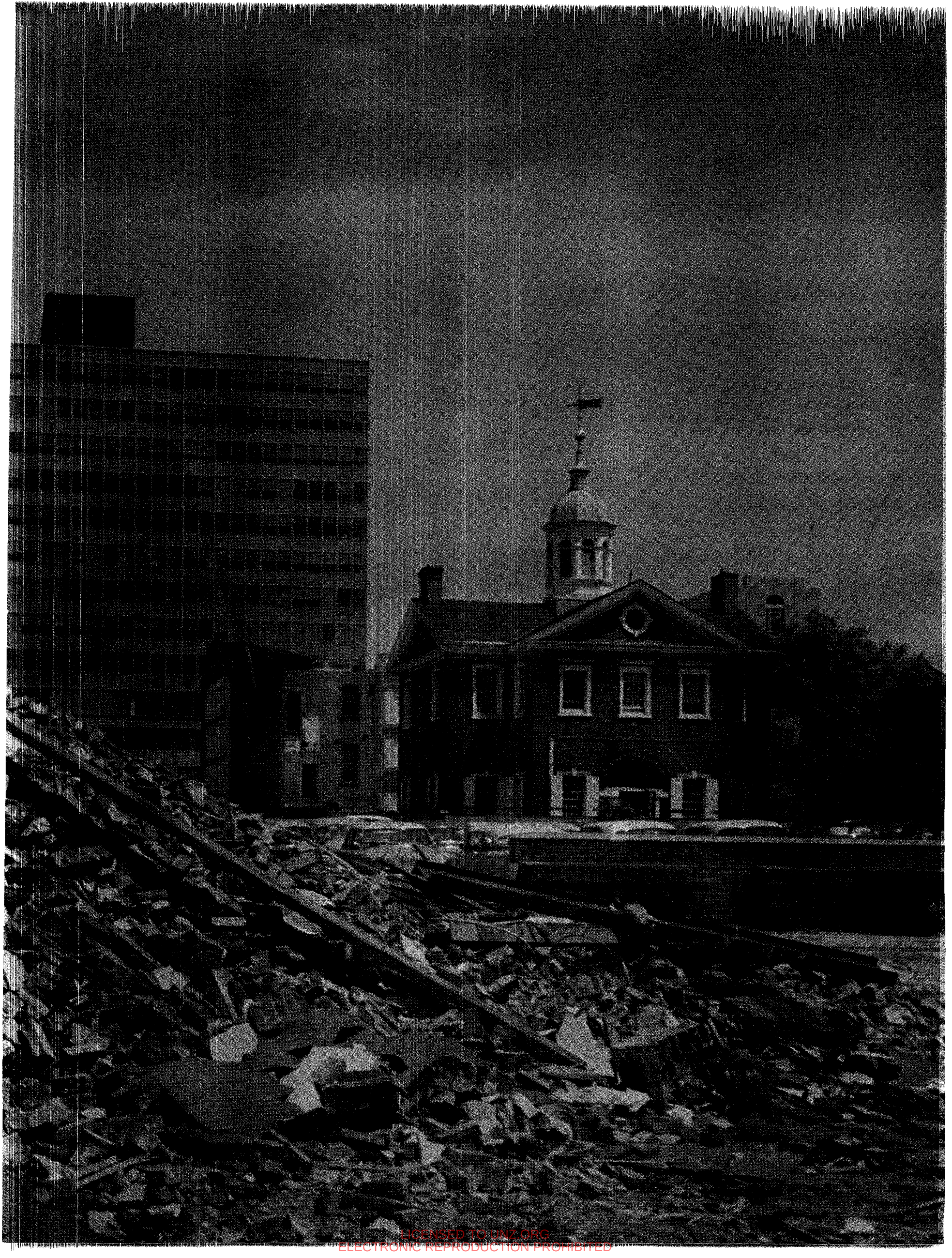

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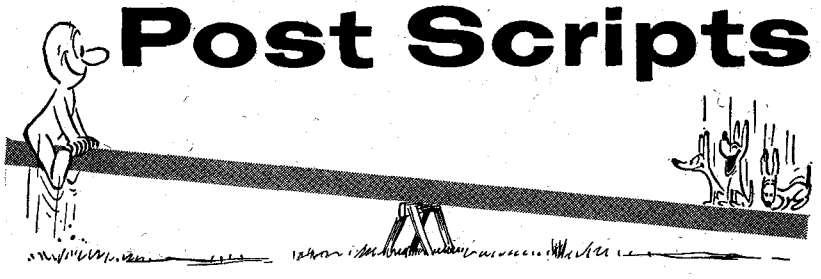
Post Scripts



Sometimes My Wife Doesn't Seem to be Listening

I had brought my new library book, Our Prehistoric Ancestors, by Professor A. Hrdlička, to the breakfast table.

"Dear," I said, tapping salt onto my boiled egg, "how long ago do you think Cro-Magnon lived?"

"Well," said my wife thoughtfully, "there was certainly nobody by that name living in the neighborhood when we moved here."

"Of course not," I said. "Cro-Magnon is the name of a prehistoric caveman. . . . How much time do you think has rolled by since he trod the earth?"

"Three weeks?"

"Three weeks!" I cried in astonishment.

"Oh. Excuse me, dear. I was thinking of how much time has rolled by since our grass was cut. Three weeks."

"Oh. Well, Cro-Magnon lived fifty thousand years ago, according to the author of this book, Hrdlička."

"*Gesundheit*, dear."

"And he invented the wheel and the bow and arrow."

"And the lawn mower?"

"No. The lawn mower was unknown to prehistoric man."

"What did he do when his front yard got into the condition ours is in now?"

"Prehistoric man didn't care what his front yard looked like. In fact," I said, waving my fork in a wide sweep, "his 'front yard' was the boundless prairie and the dense and pathless forest."

"Well, I'm glad we didn't live then."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I can easily imagine myself as a prehistoric man, with my mighty thews and my flint spear, treading some jungle path under the primeval sun. It's like racial memory."

"Rachel who?"

"Racial memory. . . . Listen to this," I said, quoting from the book: "'. . . due to his peculiar structure, the primitive caveman walked bent forward in a crouch, with his head hanging down on his chest.'"

"As if he were pushing a lawn mower?"

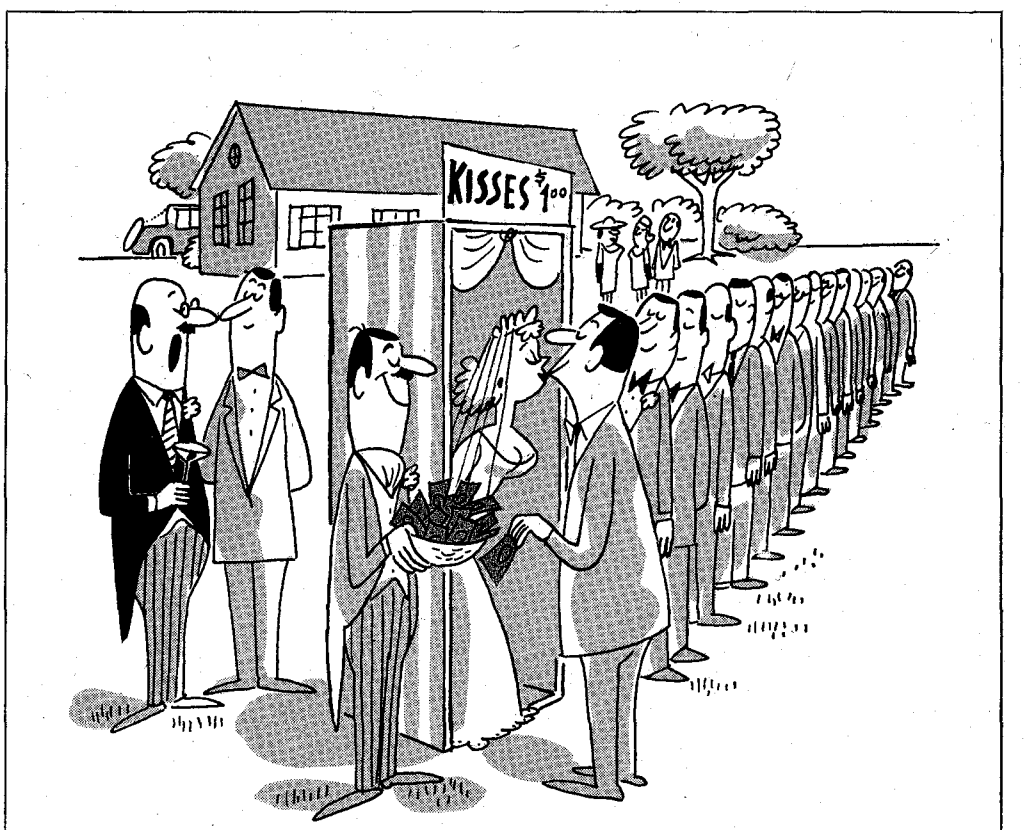
"Oh, all right," I said.

I got the oil can and went down cellar to get the lawn mower. There are about four places to oil a lawn mower, but I can only find one of them. I was oiling this place when my wife came down the cellar steps.

"I've brought your hat," she said. "I don't want you out in that primeval sun without a hat—and don't strain your mighty thews getting that lawn mower out the side door. You'd better turn around backward and drag it up one step at a time."

Women just don't understand the drama of prehistoric life.

JOHN BAILEY



"I'll say one thing; he should make an excellent provider."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wish you'd fix the roof."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vacation

Sometimes it's coming,
Sometimes it's here,
But mostly it's over
For another year.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

New, Sensible Endings for Tired Old Dramas

Story Horace Hammerhead, foreign correspondent, stands at the rail of the S.S. Magoo, headed for Morocco, when a sloe-eyed beauty sidles up, slips a paper into his hand and whispers, "You 'ave a kind face, m'sieu. I am in dangair. Meet me at zee Sign of zee Rat in zee Casbah." She glides away, followed by a dark man wearing a tarboosh. . . .

New Ending Horace tears the note into bits and throws it in the ocean. A guy with a wife, six kids, and a deadline to meet can't afford to get mixed up with cheap dames.

Story At high noon in Abilene-West-of-the Pecos, Sheriff Honest John Goodheart walks slowly down the center of Main Street, high-heeled boots crunchin' gravel, hands hangin' close to his .45's. Comin' toward him is Big Bill Badheart, high-heeled boots crunchin' gravel, hands hangin' close to his .45's. Big Bill is the fastest draw in the territory and he's wanted for train-robbin', cattle-rustlin', horse-thievin', bush-whackin' and chicken-stealin'. A shot rings out. . . .

New Ending And Badheart is shot between the eyes by a bullet from the rifle of a sharp-shootin' deputy, whom Sheriff Goodheart, slowest draw in the territory, had the good sense to station behind the swingin' doors of the Golden Nugget saloon.

Story Moonlight is pouring like molten silver over the Terrace of the Summer Haven Hotel as dainty Phyllis Rockerbilt lifts tear-filled eyes to handsome truck driver Jim Hungerford and murmurs, "I must tell you that I am not the penniless stenographer you suppose, but heiress to the vast Rockerbilt fortune. You—so strong and independent—now you'll want to go away and forget me."

New Ending Jim seizes her in his brawny arms and exclaims, "Shucks, gal, that don't make no difference. Your old man can make me vice president of his company at a hundred thousand a year and we'll have it made."

Story In a cabin in the High Sierras, Jonathan Pureface corners Fangtooth Charlie, who had run away with Jonathan's gold, favorite horse, and gal, Susie Sugarpuss. Fangtooth throws a knife, which misses Jonathan and quivers in the doorpost. Jonathan tosses away his gun, saying, "I ain't gonna waste no lead on no varmint like you. I'll kill you with muh bare hands," and grapples with Fangtooth. Then . . .

New Ending Susie, appalled by Jonathan's stupidity and horrible grammar, retrieves the knife and stabs him in the back.

JOHN BIRD

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Best thing ever happened to filter smoki

TRY THE
TIP-OFF TEST
and taste which filter cigarette is best!

(In a cigarette, it's still the tobacco that counts. So make this tobacco test.)

First, cut off the filter tip from a Hit Parade (at the name). Put cut end in mouth—light other end. See how mild it tastes—even without the filter! That's really fine tobacco!

Then try this same Tip-off Test on any other filter cigarette. You'll taste the difference. You'll want to change to Hit Parade—for the fresh taste of fine tobacco!

"Tobacco is our middle name" The American Tobacco Company ©A.T.C

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No other Truck Tire priced so low has *Triple-Tough* 3-T Cord!

New RIB HI-MILER
Simply can't be matched at $19.95 SIZE 6.00-16
6-ply rating, plus tax and recappable tire—no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced—including TUBELESS in 15" and 16" sizes. Prices subject to change.
CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS! Pay as little as $2 weekly for a *pair* of these truck tires, at most Goodyear dealers'.
SHOCK
HEAT
FATIGUE
RIB HI-MILER
GOODYEAR
Triple-Tough 3-T Cord K.O.'s 3 Great Tire-Killers

3-T Cord is a Goodyear EXCLUSIVE—and your best bet! Here's why:

Triple-Tempered by Goodyear's exclusive process precisely controlling "Tension, Temperature and Time"

Deep skid-resistant tread

Rugged shoulders, built to take it

Broader tread—more rubber grips road

Same Basic Design used by big fleets to cut costs

TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T CORD, the hidden extra *muscle* in every Goodyear truck tire, is the greatest tire-*saver* in 22 years.

It licks the 3 Great Tire-Killers—the HEAT of hard runs, the SHOCK of bumps and bangs, the FATIGUE of heavy loads and rough service—and so saves you plenty, again and again.

TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T CORD is made by Goodyear's own exclusive process—and it's standard, at *no extra charge*, in Goodyear's new RIB HI-MILER.

That's the extra reason why road delays, repairs and replacements dwindle with RIB HI-MILER. That's why RIB HI-MILER keeps on giving good service when other tires at the price are *finished*.

You surely want the most for your money—so see a Goodyear dealer and get it for sure! Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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"Unless you can set the time exactly," Morgan said, "you boys are a pair of dead monkeys."

VIOLENT CITY

The Barkley boys refused to talk—until they saw that they were being framed with a murder.

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

George Kell picked up the broken knife and said, "I'll put it in the safe."

"Do," Paul Tanner replied. "That knife is a ticket to the gas chamber."

A piece of the knife blade had been planted in the car of newspaper publisher Fred Hatfield. Tanner, under threat of blackmail by Kell, had killed Hatfield by hooking a bomb to the car. Then he left evidence which pointed to gambling czar Gus Helm and his henchmen, Asa and Art Barkley. By framing Helm, Kell hoped to deliver the town of Westbury to a syndicate. The broken knife was to be held as a trump card, in case Helm discovered the other evidence before the police did.

Westbury was booming as a result of an Air Force construction project nearby. Eddie Morgan, son of the town's slain police chief, had taken a leave of absence from the Seattle police department in order to restore law and order. He found Westbury's police force riddled by graft, and was enraged when patrolman Pete Groth allowed a burglar named Si Broom to escape.

Morgan theorized that Helm had the strongest reason for wanting Hatfield dead: Hatfield, along with Kell, had headed the citizens' committee which threatened Helm's domination of Westbury. Now Hatfield's widowed daughter-in-law, Sandy, was holding Morgan responsible for the murder. She said he was asking for violence when he openly challenged Helm.

When police lieutenant Sam Dente tried to take Helm's car to police headquarters, Helm pulled a gun on him. After Morgan arrived on the scene, Helm relented. Then he pointed at Morgan. "I'll shoot the man who tries to frame me, cop or no cop. You hear that?"

"I heard it," Morgan said.

IV

The garage that held Gus Helm's car was one of two at the rear of the Pastime building. Lieutenant

(Continued on Page 92)

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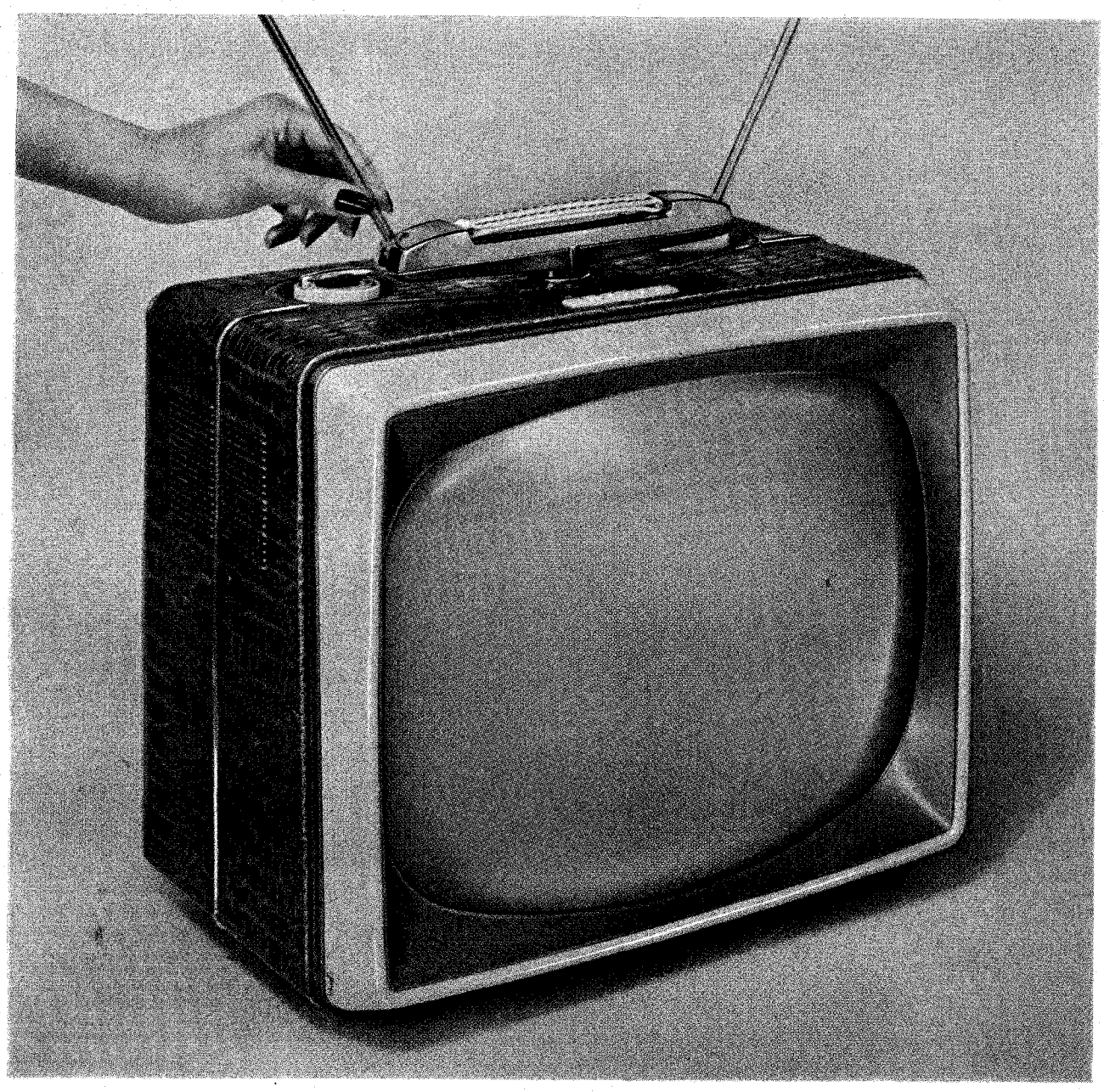

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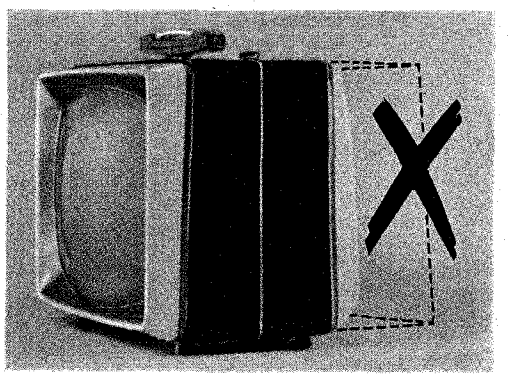

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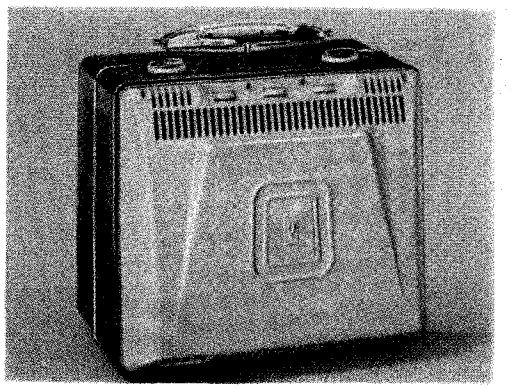

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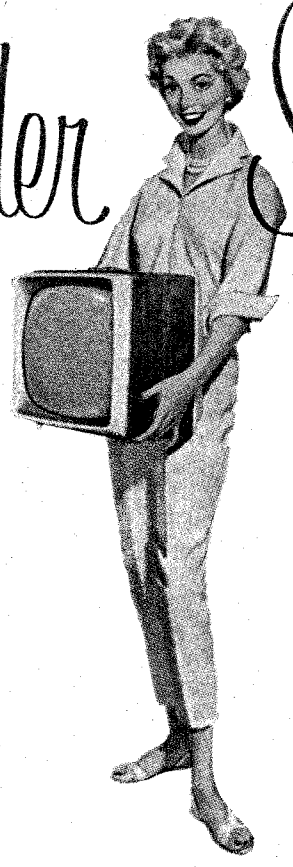

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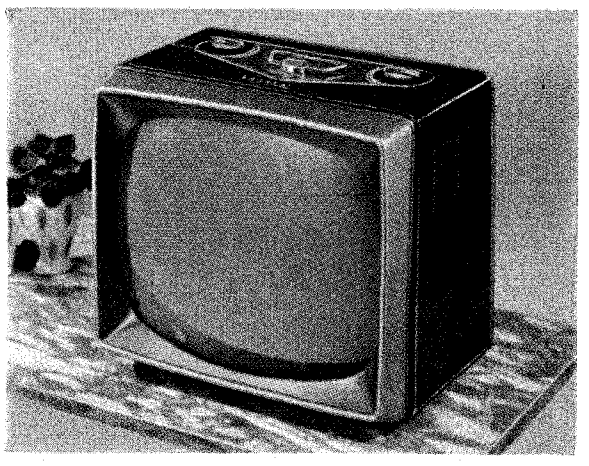

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Doctors' Quarrel (Continued from Page 37)

"That's enough," said Pat. . . . "Come, Calhoun, drop that nasty old broken-down hypo and let's go down for supper."

Calhoun enveloped her with a glance in which fought love and rage, then waved her off. "When I want a date," he said, "I'll ask for it. After you get rid of him."

"A date!" said Bob Barthouse, attacking his dinner with gusto. "Did you hear The Drip threaten you with a date? Careful, Pat. The Drip is getting delusions!"

Pat put down her fork and looked at him earnestly. "If I had that ring on my finger," she said—"you know, the one you've been promising for months ——"

"What's the matter, doctor?" asked Barthouse. "Are you feeling insecure? Don't you trust me any more?"

"It would stop his daydreaming, Bob," she answered. "And mine, too, maybe."

The loud-speaker crackled over the din of the cafeteria; voices paused, forks remained in mid-air. "Doctor Barthouse, Doctor Robert Barthouse. Emergency."

Bob went to the wall phone. A moment later he returned to the table. "No hurry," he told Pat. "Broken arm. Old bum. I sent Calhoun. He's not eating; let him make himself useful."

Pat did not reply. *Calhoun is a good intern*, she thought. He had arrived at Boerhaave Hospital three months after the beginning of her own internship and, while he lacked the brilliancy that was undeniably Bob's, he had a capacity for work that amounted to genius. When, after six or seven hours in the operating room, the laboratory sent a call for help, it was Calhoun who volunteered. "I've done a lot of it down home," he would say. "That's hardly work for me." Or, if Pat wanted the evening off, "I'll do your trick tonight. Down home, I won't stop working this early."

Down home. The small town in Kentucky and the surrounding hills that drained their illness into the ramshackle house which he called "my hospital." Old man Calhoun had saved his pennies to give his boys a medical education, but had died himself for lack of a doctor when Ted's older brother was in the Army and Ted was finishing his senior year at college. Had "down home" had a hospital, it would not have happened. But illness had not waited and old Calhoun had not complained. Then it was too late.

But it would not be too late for others, the brothers had decided. The house had been enlarged with John's muster-out pay, and the hospital, with secondhand equipment bought or donated by the townspeople, had opened and received its first patient. But the going was difficult and Ted Calhoun could not work hard enough to absorb all he must learn in one year before returning to his hills.

Fine future for a bright boy, thought Pat ruefully, when he could have obtained a residency in any service, then a fellowship, and then a city practice and good money. But that was his problem. It never, under any circumstances, could become hers.

Calhoun was not in Emergency when Bob and Pat arrived. He had admitted the patient to the orthopedic floor, said the Emergency nurse. As for the patient—she tapped her forehead significantly—he was a bird straight out of nowhere. She had had no luck with the case history, but maybe Doctor Calhoun would manage better. He had a way with old folks.

Doctor Calhoun had managed all right. The admission sheet was filled with ludicrous and irrelevant information: Charles Carroway Willis. Age? Of reason. Occupation? Dilettante. Means of support? The fruit of the earth.

"What is this nonsense, Calhoun?" asked Bob, growing red under the collar.

"Please, Bob, not here," said Pat.

With an effort, Bob withheld the angry words that were burning inside him. The old man was in bed, the limp arm wrapped in a snug-fitting bandage.

"Well, Mr. Willis," said Pat, "how do you feel now?"

The patient turned to her eyes of an astonishing blue, the fresh blue of unsullied childhood. "Swaddled in kindness," he said, "rich with the gift of the stranger. . . . Give me my pipe, son," he told Calhoun. "I must calm the harassed flesh."

He spoke in a high singsong. Most likely, thought Pat, a drunk from Madison Street.

Calhoun explored the raveled pockets of the man's coat. "Sorry," he said, "there's nothing but this."

"This" was a social-service meal ticket.

"I forgot," said the old man pleasantly. "I must have stolen the coat."

Pat pulled a cigarette package from her pocket. "Here, have a cigarette."

The old man held out his good hand avidly and, with a lungful of smoke, fell back upon his pillows. "Better," he said, "almost good. The stranger's hand unaffected by scorn, the unknown smile, recognition in darkness." He closed his eyes, his lips moving. "In the dark, where all are peers and my breast is full of thy gift."

Bob's voice cut across his mutterings, "Where are his X rays?"

"Washing in the darkroom," said Calhoun. "Fracture of the head of the radius."

"How did he do it?"

"How did it happen, dad?" asked Calhoun.

The old man smiled. "In foolish explorings," he said. "I descended from the train and spied the welcoming committee groomed in orchids and the innocent pelts of the children of the forest. I darted away into the furrows of the city and into its dens. Then I grew weary of voices. I wished for the grasses and their silence ——"

"How did it happen?" snapped Barthouse.

"I fell from a streetcar," said Willis humbly. "A taxi driver would take me to the nearest hospital, but I asked for the best. Do not speak in anger. I am in pain."

"He should have gone to Charity," said Bob, "but he's here. Let's get it over with."

He bent over the patient and expertly made his examination. "Fricasseed, all right," he said. . . . Have the lab tests made, Calhoun. Barring sugar, we'll operate at ten. I'll call the chief to confirm." He walked over to the desk.

"I've called him," said Calhoun. "How do you think he got the bed?"

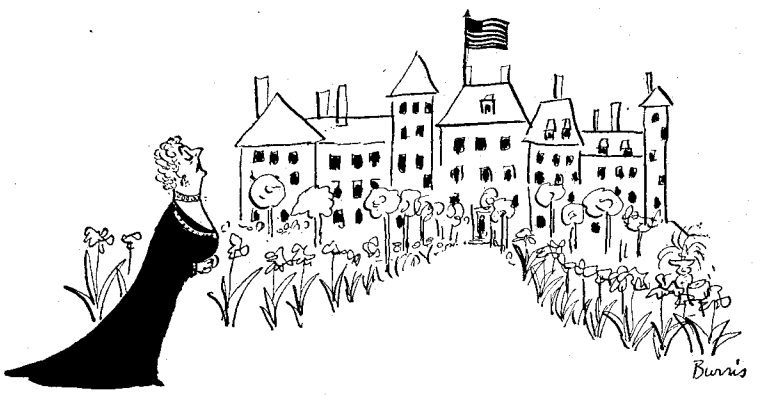
"You called the chief? That's my job."

"The patient was waiting," said Calhoun. "I couldn't leave him lay on his cart all night."

"Let him lie," corrected Barthouse. "Listen, junkman, when the need for calling the chief arises, I'm the boy who does it. What did he say?"

"He said to schedule him if you thought it advisable," said Calhoun regretfully. "He said to take orders from you."

Barthouse snorted. "Did you tell him I was at dinner?" he said. "Did you tell him I just got off duty?"



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Lyverpool was an imposing dowager who considered herself superior to most reigning royalty. She boasted a family tree the size of a redwood, and could point to ancestors among the early English and French kings. Her one concession to democracy was the daily display of the United States flag above her large estate with its formal gardens.

Before going on an extended vacation, Mrs. Lyverpool summoned her handy man and gave him detailed instructions about the care of the place. Regally she concluded, "And, Jonas, you need not raise the flag mornings. While I am away, it can be left on the porch."

"Yes, ma'am," Jonas nodded with a straight face, but a twinkle in his eyes. "It wouldn't be fittin' anyhow. The flag goes up over the palace only when the queen is to home."

H. C. Mooney

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"I did," said Calhoun. "It killed me, but I did."

"All right, we'll nail him at ten," said Barthouse, his arm around Pat's shoulders. "A couple of pins ought to do it. . . . Come on, let's go look at X rays."

The old man raised himself painfully to a sitting position. "I have been patient—patient to heroism," he said. "Now tell me ——"

"Did he sign a release for surgery?" interrupted Barthouse.

Calhoun shrugged. "It's his right arm. He couldn't sign."

"Have him make a mark with his left hand."

"He seems confused," said Pat in a low voice. "Are you sure he's *compos mentis?*"

"I believe so," said Calhoun.

"More so than you are any day," said Barthouse. "Make sure he knows where he is, that's enough. Have fun."

Calhoun watched them leave, feeling his jaws working with futile anger. Pat did not seem to mind Bob's hand pressing hers. She followed him with the serene docility that Calhoun felt should be meant for him. Pat, little, so alive, at times so devastatingly sweet to him. But there was no time for dreaming. He turned to his patient.

"Mr. Willis," he said, "I have a form here that you must read."

"Read it to me," said the old man.

Calhoun read the consent for surgery form. "Now," he said, "we must date it. What day is this?"

"It was Thursday when the women waited. It seems very far gone."

Calhoun waited, pencil poised, then with a sigh repeated, "Yes, it is Thursday. Do you know where you are, dad?"

"I am stewing in the unwholesome sweats of my fear," said Willis. "Come, boy, I'll scribble my name. I'm left-handed, which you should have known." He dashed off a sturdy signature and fell back upon his pillow. "Now that I have signed," he said, "I am divided against myself. I have been lucky, boy, I have not known the knife so far, and I am very old."

"How old are you, sir?" said Calhoun, seizing the chart again.

Willis seemed amused. "Many have asked the question," he said. "Posterity will argue. I have given several dates. So did Cather and Homer and Chaucer."

"All right," said Calhoun with resignation, "it doesn't matter too much." He scribbled "70?" on the chart, then looked up because Willis was speaking again.

"Do I have to yield to this indignity?"

"To surgery? It isn't an indignity," said Calhoun. "Such things are done with care, with respect."

"You speak of it in love, boy, but the other speaks like a carpenter. Pins, nails, bolts—I am not a box; my arm is a living branch."

"Doctor Barthouse is very clever," said Calhoun. "He'll do a good job."

"Why does he call you 'junkman'?" said Willis curiously. "Does the carpenter hate his own shavings?"

"He loves the girl I love," said Calhoun. "And I'm the one who picks up the shavings."

"I would prefer your hand to hold the knife. Skill is the imitation of love. I would have the naked blade of love. I would have your hand open in compassion."

"I can't," said Calhoun, moved. "I'm only an intern."

The old man refused a sedative, and Calhoun spoke softly to induce sleep and reduce the lonely fears that arise before surgery. Then, hearing his name on the loud-speaker, Calhoun rose. Willis opened his eyes and waved his arm in a gesture of salute.

"If I am to leave you, son," he said, "do not be concerned. I seek myself among new grasses, on other paths."

Emergency was busy that night and Calhoun worked steadily. At twelve o'clock there was a lull and he thought longingly of the cafeteria. He hesitated a moment. Barthouse and Pat would be there. Could he put up once more with the scorn of the senior resident, with the pitying teasing of the girl? For the sake of scrambled eggs and hot coffee he guessed he could. *I don't have to sit with them,* he told himself firmly. *Three's a crowd and I'm not welcome.* He loaded his tray and made straight for the corner where they sat.

"Three's a crowd," said Barthouse. "There are plenty of empty tables about."

"I've come to discuss a case," said Calhoun, sitting down. "A hematoma of the jaw with ——"

"Can't you take care of a bruised chin by yourself? Don't they make ice in the old Kentucky homes?"

"We carve hearts out of Yankee chests," said Calhoun, "and use them for cold packs. The case I'm speaking of ——"

"In the morning—in the morning," said Barthouse. "Can't you see we're busy?"

Calhoun saw Pat trying to slip her hand from under Bob's hand, but he clenched it more firmly. "Quit your pawing, Barthouse," Calhoun said between mouthfuls. "The lady's not interested."

"The lady's bashful," said Barthouse.

Pat wriggled herself free. She put sugar in Calhoun's cup and poured in the cream. "Enough?" she asked.

"You know," said Calhoun, "I have a funny feeling about that broken elbow. Maybe we should have a private nurse on the case."

"Are you out of your mind?" said Barthouse. "He's nowhere near critical. Who the heck would pay for it?"

"I don't know," said Calhoun, "but I feel peculiar about him. Makes me think of my own old man. Alone and kinda lost."

"We are all lost, boy," said Barthouse, "especially you."

"I know what you mean, Calhoun," Pat said. "He's like someone I know, but I can't think who."

"He refused his hypo," said Calhoun. "He'll have a rugged night. Want to go see him, Pat?"

"Let him sleep. Pat is coming to the solarium with me to look at the moon."

"No," said Pat. "I'm going to the library with Ted to look up pinning techniques."

Barthouse rose. "As you wish," he said. "But don't let him show you his collection of broken glass. It might kill romance."

The library was nearly empty when they entered. The obstetric resident, a young man with rumpled hair and a crooked tie, raised his head from the journal on which he had been sleeping near the house phone, looked at them with bleary eyes and, with a groan, left the room. Calhoun waited for the door to close, then drew Pat into his arms. She barely let his mouth find hers, then drew away.

"Don't, Ted," she said; "don't make a two-timing woman out of me."

"I don't want to," he said. "I don't want to share you with anybody."

She pulled herself out of his arms and stood looking at him, her frank blue eyes troubled and uncertain.

"I love you," he said. "I loved you the first moment I saw you, and now I can't live without you."

"That's nonsense, Calhoun."

"No," he said, "I don't make sense to me, but I love you. I can't think of anything but you."

"Oh, yes, you can," she said. "You think about all kinds of funny things. You think of your dingy little hospital back home, you think of broken hypos, broken clamps and twisted scissors!"

He couldn't even get mad. "But that's for us, darling," he said. "That's for my hospital and yours, that's a way to begin. There's no shame in that!"

She turned away.

"What's the matter, Pat?" he asked. "Are you scared of giving this up? Are you scared of leaving the city?"

"I'm scared of being poor," she said. "I don't know how to scrimp and save. I hate it all. I want to work in a good hospital where there are good tools for doing the best possible work. I don't want to put a wooden splint on a child's arm!"

"But if the child needs a splint, Pat, would you let him grow up with a crooked arm?"

She shook her head. "It's for you, maybe, Calhoun. I guess it's for you all right, but it's not for me." She lifted her face to him. "You're nice," she said. "I do like you. Why don't you stay here? Nobody works harder than you do. You'd get along. You'd make contacts." Then she added, "Don't look like that, Calhoun. It's different for a woman. Do you want me to refuse all that's nice about being young? For what?"

"I can't tell you for what," he said, "if you can't see it yourself." He moved away from her and sat down. Then he pulled her down beside him. "Try to see it, Pat," he said. "Here you get grants, research funds, a spot in the chief's office if you want it. You'll get rich, if that's what you want. Down there it's you who give."

"What do you eat, Calhoun?"

"We eat," he said. "We eat what they eat, and my brother's wife raises chickens."

"Ted," she said, "I didn't go through med school to raise chickens."

"Why did you go to school?"

"To learn medicine, to help the sick."

"To serve," he said. "There you serve with all you've got."

"I'm not heroic, Calhoun. Bob doesn't ask me to be heroic. He asks me to be a woman."

"Bob!" he said. "Yeah, Bob. Forgive me, I'd forgotten about Bob." He turned her face toward him, but her eyes evaded his. "Why don't you wake up and live, Pat?"

She pulled herself to her feet. "Go look at your book," she said. "I'm tired. Maybe you're right about you, Calhoun, but you're not right about me."

He did not answer. From the door, she said, "Don't be angry at me, Calhoun. It's not easy to become a hero."

"Do you love Bob?"

"I think I do," she said slowly. "I don't know. I wish I could let myself be in love with you. If only you had sense!"

She was gone. Sense, thought Calhoun bitterly. As though love had anything to do with sense. As though he had any business proposing to this woman, to any woman. As though love is ever enough! He sat, an open book before him, not reading, not thinking even, shattered both by his rising hope and by his defeat.

Froude, the obstetric resident, came back into the library, looking discouraged. "Women are so darn lazy," he said, "and so darned persistent. I wish she'd give up having a baby or else get to work and do it like a man. Mind if I turn on the radio?"

"Go ahead," said Calhoun.

Froude tuned in to jazz music, then to the news, and Calhoun started to read. In the blur of the medical text, a few words from the radio drifted across his consciousness and then faded away. The Arkansas hurricane, the national debt—casts versus pins, the rehabilitation of joints—the murder of the policeman, the fire on the South Side—nonunion of fractures, nerve injuries. A name brought him to startled attention. "C. C. Willis," he had heard, and then, "the aged Irish poet ——"

Calhoun sat bolt upright, then leaped toward the radio.

"The strange disappearance occurred somewhere between Pittsburgh and Chicago," said the radio voice. "His luggage was left in his drawing room, as well as his wallet and his overcoat. The police are searching along the railroad path. They fear that the eighty-two-year-old poet has met with an accident or with foul play."

"Easy, boy," said Froude, tapping him on the shoulder. "Let go of the radio. Gently now. I didn't say drop it."

Calhoun looked at him wildly. "Did you hear what I heard?" he said. "Did he say, 'C. C. Willis'?"

"He might have and again he might not," said Froude amiably. "Why?"

Calhoun grabbed the phone and called the residents' quarters. "Barthouse!" he shouted. "Did you listen to the news?" Bob had not. (*Continued on Page 50*)

"Relax—the game is over!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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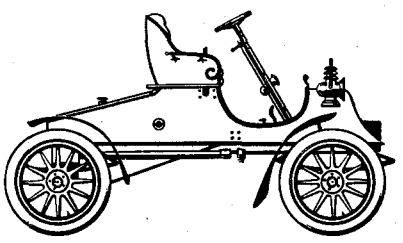
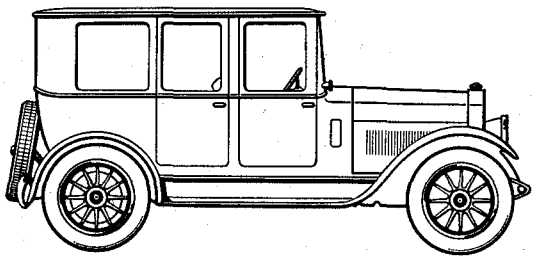


1920 THE FIRST LINCOLN



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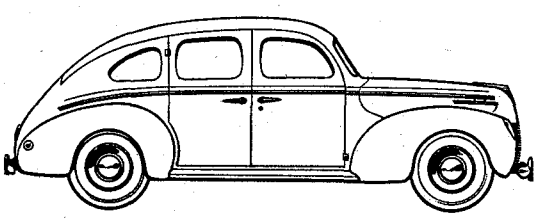
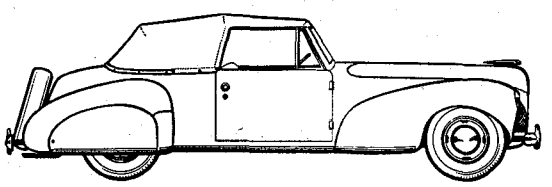
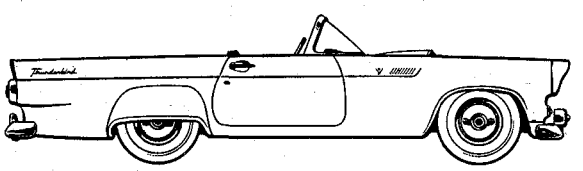


1940 THE FIRST CONTINENTAL



1955 THE FIRST THUNDERBIRD



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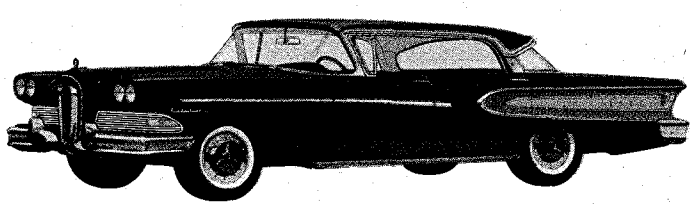

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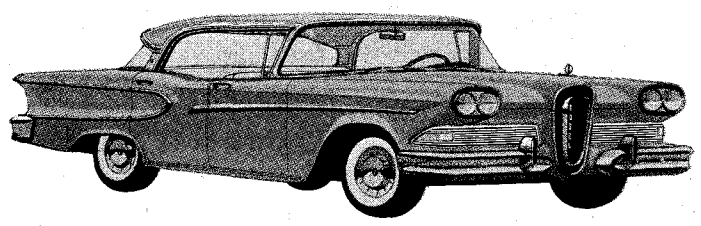

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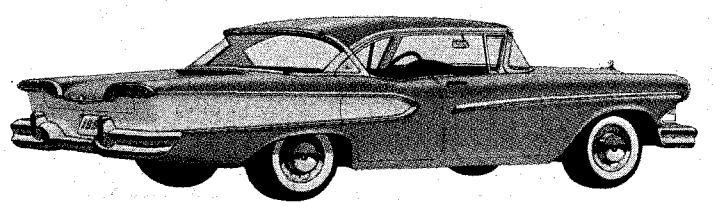

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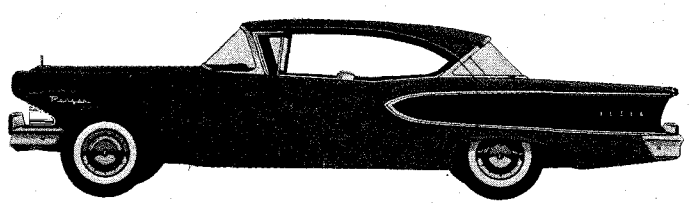
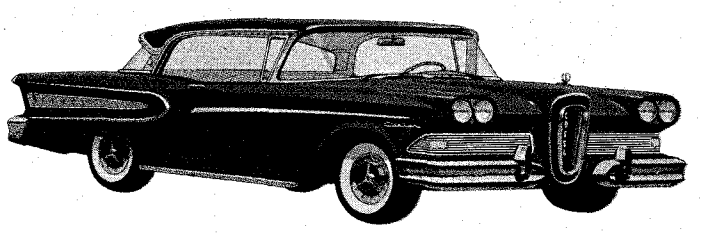


Edsel Ranger

Two-door hardtops



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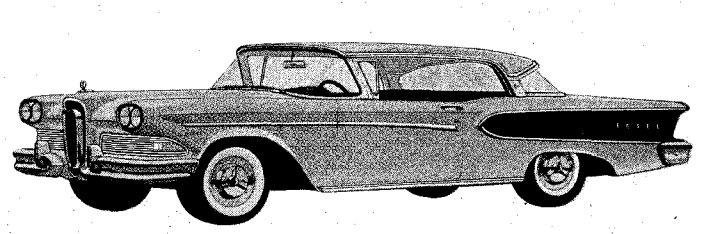
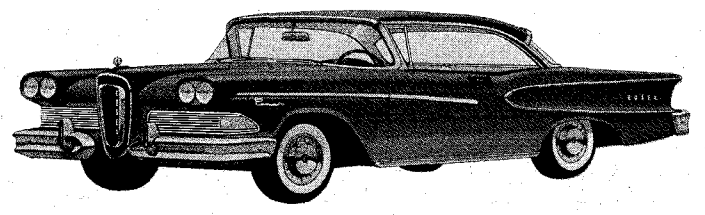
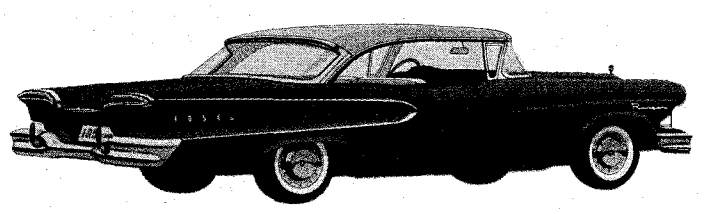


Edsel Corsair

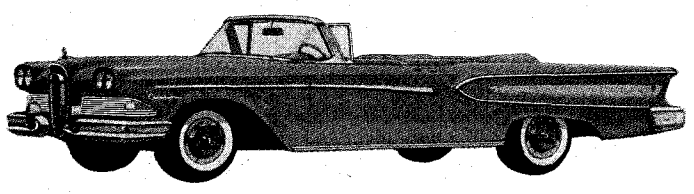


Edsel Pacer



Edsel Ranger

Convertibles



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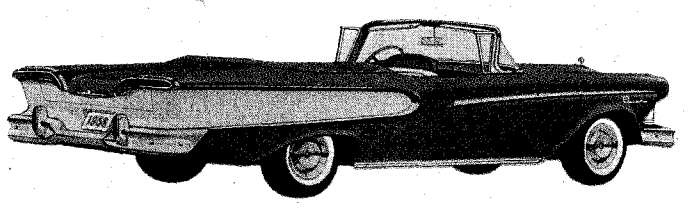

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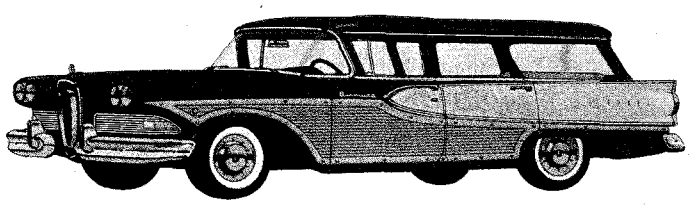

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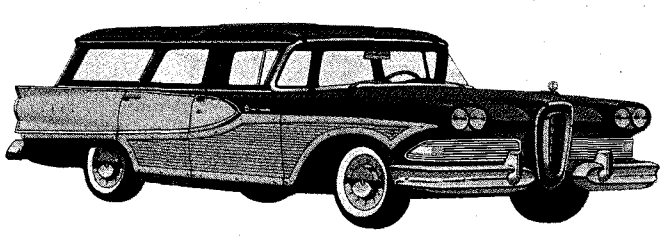

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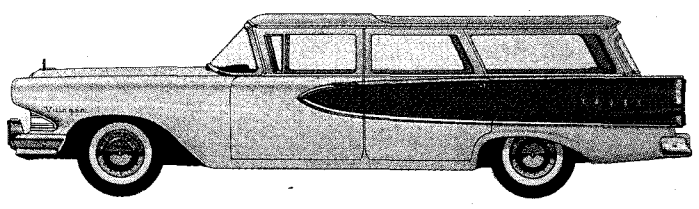

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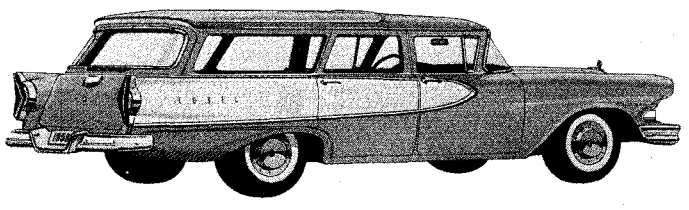

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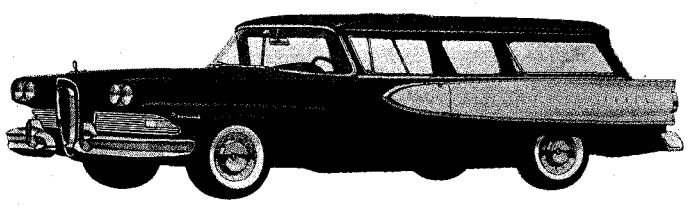

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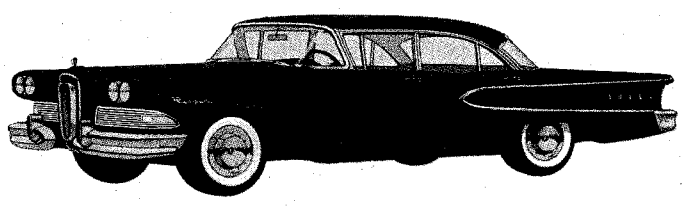
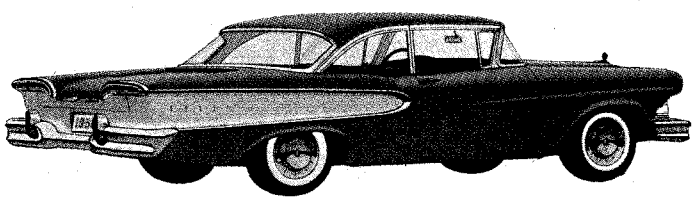
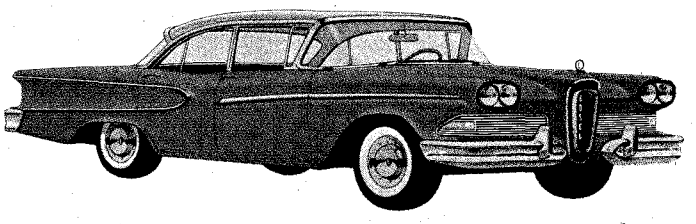


Edsel Ranger four-door



Edsel Ranger two-door



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(*Continued from Page 46*) "The head-of-the-radius guy," said Calhoun, "the guy with the mangy overcoat, it's C. C. Willis, the poet!"

"You dreaming again?"

"I just heard it on the radio," said Calhoun. "Call the chief! We've got to get him a private room and a nurse."

"Call Harley Street," Bob mimicked, "call the Eiffel Tower! Hold your horses, Calhoun."

"But it's the poet," said Calhoun, "and he's eighty-two years old! Why, I thought he was dead years ago."

Bob's voice settled down. "Meet you on the floor in a minute," he said. "I'll get Pat to call the chief. He'll give us hell."

Calhoun climbed the four flights by leaps of threes. "Why, Doctor Calhoun," said Miss Bell at the nursing station, "where's the fire?"

He caught his breath. "Willis," he said, "how is he?"

"Sweet as a baby," said the nurse. "Hasn't peeped once since I got on the floor. I've had a lot of trouble with the transfusion in Thirty-two, though. It keeps clogging up."

"Good," said Calhoun.

Miss Bell looked at him with surprise, then her eyes bypassed him. "Yes, Doctor Barthouse, what can I do for you?"

"Come along," said Barthouse to Calhoun. "Ah, here's Pat. That's the girl, fresh lipstick in honor of the bard."

Pat shrugged her shoulders. "I put it on to call the chief," she said. "He has a low threshold of pain, Bob, and I warn you, he walked over it."

"What's he complaining about?" said Barthouse. "I could have had the old guy sent to Charity. I didn't. He can pin him himself and charge all the traffic will bear."

"He loves Willis," said Pat. "He told me he owns the record of his Vain Villanelles."

"Terrific!" said Bob. "Well, let's take a look. . . . Calhoun, check on private rooms with baths."

Calhoun dialed Admission. "Yes," said Admission, after a long time. "Hello, hello. Who is it? Hello?" But the words spilled aimlessly on the desk where Calhoun had dropped the receiver. Bob was back, his face anxious, his jaw taut.

"The old man in Bed Two, Room Twenty-six, where is he?"

"In bed, I hope," said Miss Bell. "Or in the john maybe."

"The washroom is empty," said Barthouse. "I looked."

"Well, he's around," said Pat. "He's visiting maybe."

"Can it," said Bob brutally. . . . "Find him, nurse. He's the most important case you'll ever have."

"I'll check with the elevator boy," said Calhoun. "He might have left the floor."

"No," said the elevator boy, "I haven't seen anybody but the nurses and the doctors. Maybe he walked down the stairs?"

Calhoun returned to the nursing desk where Pat stood alone, her eyes frightened. "Calhoun," she said, "the guy's clothes are gone. Hat, coat, everything. He left this on the bed."

"This" was the meal ticket, a corner bearing ironically, "P.P.C." "What's that?" said Calhoun dully.

"*Pour prendre congé.* To take leave. The way people do when they call on their acquaintances before leaving town."

"Show it to Barthouse," said Calhoun. "Let's not waste time. He can't be very far. . . . Get the night superintendent on the wire, Miss Bell. I'll check with the watchman."

The night watchman had not seen anyone new in the departing midnight shift.

Calhoun returned to the orthopedic floor. Where was the little old guy? Where in the hospital could he find a hiding place? Where could one start looking for him? A city of four millions and one lost poet!

"What'll you do now?" said Barthouse, sweat beading his eyebrows. "What'll you tell the superintendent?"

"'You'?" said Pat. "What will we do? We're all in this, the three of us!"

"It's the nurse's job to keep tab on the patients," said Barthouse.

"It's the intern's job to take the case history," said Calhoun. "I took the case history."

"That's right," said Bob. "And didn't you do a swell job of goofing it up!"

Where is Willis? thought Calhoun. A frightened man, alone, in pain. As his father had been alone. And died alone.

"We'll find him if he's in the hospital," said Barthouse. "If he's not, the police will pick him up."

"The police, sir!" The super had arrived and was speaking—Mr. Bruno Alfieri, five feet tall, and every inch breathing fury. "Do you think we want the police on the trail of Boerhaave Memorial Hospital patients? Do you want that sort of publicity? Do you think the board of directors will enjoy reading that item in the papers?"

Doctor Barthouse leaned on the nurse's desk, a bland smile on his face, but his voice was higher-pitched than usual. "There's no need for publicity, Mr. Alfieri," he said. "I'm quite sure the patient is around somewhere. If he has left, all we have to do is to sign a release on his chart. One of the interns could do it. That will clear the hospital."

"Since when do interns discharge patients, Doctor Barthouse?"

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"Since when do they admit them?" said Barthouse triumphantly. "Calhoun got him admitted. He'll have to discharge him in the same manner."

What did he say, thought Calhoun, *when I left the room?* "Don't worry, son . . . new paths . . . new grasses. . . ." Calhoun had thought, of course, that the patient was thinking about death, but maybe he simply wanted to leave.

"I'd like to go and look for him," he told the superintendent. "I think he may be in the park."

"Oh, no, you don't!" said Barthouse. "You'll stay right here and face the music. It's of your own making."

"Go find yourself a piccolo!" said Calhoun. "I know what I'm doing. He spoke about the park. I'm going right now."

"Let him," said Pat. "Be reasonable, Bob. Maybe he's right."

"If you go, don't bother to come back," said Barthouse, livid. "You want to leave me holding the bag!"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Part-Time Aristocrat

Blue is the blood
That flows in my veins,
From autumn leaves
Till April rains.

By Ann S. Johnson

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"I don't care about you, nor about me, nor about the hospital," said Calhoun. "You should call the police. If you won't, I'll go."

"Sign the chart then," said Barthouse. "Sign the discharge. His discharge and yours both!"

"Certainly," cried Calhoun, scratching his name with a spasm of sorrow. A lost internship, a whole year lost, perhaps an entire career. His brother waiting for him, his hospital needing him, a whole lifetime for the sake of a half-demented poet.

He did not even go to his room for his coat. The steps rolled away under his feet and in a minute he found himself in the street. The cold night air slapped his face and he drew a long mouthful of it, fresh and tangy after the tepid breath of the wards. Then, leaving behind him the bleak medical buildings, he started walking. Halfway down the block, a car horn signaled to him, and from her coupé Pat's hand beckoned to him.

"I followed right after you," she said, "but you didn't hear me. I told Bob what I thought about him; then I made like a leaf and blew. Might as well use the car. How can you find him walking?"

"I'm used to my feet," he said, "not to chauffeur-driven limousines."

"I know," she said. "Back home, barefoot." But her voice had no irony in it and the pale face turned toward him with a smile.

"You shouldn't have left."

"I'm off duty."

"Yeah," he said. "So am I. Maybe permanently."

"We'll find him."

Methodically they searched the neighborhood. They wound the car through the sinuous roads of the nearby city park, but found no trace of the old man with the bandaged arm. The night grew thin about them and still they drove in silence, tense with apprehension. From time to time they boosted their morale with quick bursts of hope. He might have returned to Boerhaave. But when they called, he had not. He might have landed at Charity Hospital. But Charity had no such patient on its night list. Perhaps a drugstore—but he had no money. Not even streetcar fare, not even the price of a cup of coffee.

"I should have known," said Calhoun at last. "He always told the truth. He said he got off the train and ran away from a reception committee."

"He might as well have said he came out of Arlington Cemetery," said Pat. "It made as good sense."

"He said he had stolen a coat."

"He had probably picked one up, thinking it was his own."

"Where can he be?"

They turned to the park once more; then, leaving the car, they started on the footpath, hand in hand, aware of each other and yet remote, the night fatigue ringing in their ears and the shriveled moon above their heads tired and wan in the bleaching sky. Quietly they explored every bench, every clump, every bush.

It was Pat who saw him first. He had found some newspapers in the park and rolled them around his body against the cold and leaned his tired head against the arm of the bench.

Calhoun touched his shoulder. "Dad," he said gently, "you're cold. Come with us; we'll get you to your bed."

Painfully, Willis sat up and moaned with the sudden pain. "My arm is broken," he said. "I wanted to see the sunrise."

"We'll make the arm well," said Calhoun. "Come with us."

"You would," said the old man, "and she would if they'd let her. But they won't. You are both too young."

"We'll take you back with us," said Pat, "where you'll be warm, and we'll get you some coffee."

"I'd like that," said Willis. He lifted his left hand and touched the girl's face. "You, too, are cold," he said. "I have touched the flowers and they were closed and hard. The night keeps its life deep in the roots."

"Stay with him," said Calhoun. "I'll get the car."

It took little persuasion to bring the old man to his feet. But once standing, he leaned heavily on Calhoun. "Perhaps he was right—the carpenter," he said. "Perhaps the branch is dying, and so is the tree."

"Nonsense, dad," said Calhoun. "The tree is strong and the branch will mend. We have mended arms weaker than yours."

He helped him get into the car, then sat beside him. Pat drove slowly, avoiding bumps.

"Is it very far to your hospital in the hills?" asked the old man. "Could we not go there now, this girl and myself and you?"

"Not now," said Calhoun. "It isn't ready. But later, maybe, in the spring."

"I'll help you finish it," said the old man. "And we'll make it home. I'll hear the grasses, not the city grass, but the grass that is blue on your hills."

"Not now," said Calhoun. "Now it is a warm bed for you and a hot drink and a good sleep until morning." *And I have a signature to cross off*, he thought.

"Will you come there too?" asked the old man of Pat. "Will you come down with me?"

"If he asks me, I will," said Pat.

"I'll ask you again and again," said Calhoun. "Every day of my life."

"Better say it once," said the poet, "and say it well."

"Once more is enough," said Pat. "Once more will be enough for me."

THE END

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Trouble at Midas Creek

(Continued from Page 22)

"Whitehorse Radio from Norseman 837, Ravenhill. . . . I'm over the Stewart, approaching Henderson Falls. An emergency landing indicated. . . . Norseman 837, Ravenhill. . . ."

Durable little Shorty Trost, the leader of the hermits, would be listening in up at Midas Creek on the North Fork. The Fork comprised a well-known radio pocket, but Ravenhill was now less than thirty air miles distant. He could almost see the hermits gathered about their crystal set at the old post on Midas Creek. Shorty, on the earphones, would be outraged at the slightest creaking of chairs or scraping of feet. "Quiet, you dim-wits! It's Ravenhill! He's coming to the Falls—and coming down! Doggone, he almost made it!"

Ravenhill called Whitehorse again, mentally earmarking one more minute for the reply. Then he must set down, willy-nilly.

There had been five of the hermits. Now, with Homer Wilson, there were six. For years the five had been holed in at the Fork—the coldest, highest, most desolate corner of the mighty Yukon basin—eking out a bare existence on the old post-Klondike diggings at Midas Creek. Ravenhill had wintered there once, with this lonely squad of the North's "legion of the damned"—an oddly heart-warming, unforgettable interlude.

Each of the five was *persona non grata* with the Mounted Police, due to past misdemeanors, but permitted residence at Midas Creek as long as they avoided further brushes with the law. Thus the arrival of Homer Wilson, seeking sanctuary from the Mounties, had enmeshed the hermits in an impossible dilemma. The charge against Homer was murder. It was beside the point that Homer should perhaps have stood trial, pleading self-defense. He had chosen to run for it, an admission of guilt in the unforgiving view of the Mounties; and for three seasons past, afoot and alone, plodding old Homer had somehow evaded the most relentless of organized man hunters.

Shorty Trost's cautiously worded note to Ravenhill had not mentioned Homer by name, but had identified the wanted man, nevertheless, in a way which Ravenhill could not fail to understand. And the mere identification of Homer explained the hermits' dilemma. They could not turn Homer away. They, too, had known starvation, cold and defeat. Yet, by giving such a notorious fugitive sanctuary, their own meager but treasured freedom hung by a hair.

"There's six of us now," Shorty had written, in his all but illegible scrawl. "You know the new guy. You hid out in his upper bunk once, over on the Iditarod ——"

Gad, what a harrowing experience that had been! It had left Ravenhill eternally in Homer's debt. And though all other codes might be abandoned, one paid one's debts.

"So, if you got any ideas how to lend him and us a hand, come running. It's got to be quick, because the wolves will be closing in. They can trail him here through his cold camps ——"

This was almost self-evident. The Mounties—"the wolves"—had certainly plotted Homer's trail through the vast and desolate terrain stretching from the Atlin country to the Stewart. Each day after Homer had arrived had certainly been a harrowing one for the hermits.

Characteristically, implying his implicit belief that neither distance, storms nor human agencies could bar Ravenhill's path, Shorty had added a postscript: "Bring 3 gals. squareface."

Shorty's sublime faith had been justified—up to this formidable moment. Despite prodigious difficulties, and with a dozen assists from Lady Luck, Ravenhill had "come running." The three jugs of "squareface"—potent trade rum, the fiery delight of old-timers—nestled among the old Norseman's emergency equipment. They might never drink it now, up at Midas Creek. More to the point, with the blizzard closing in, could Ravenhill make a safe landing even at Henderson Falls?

And now, finally, Whitehorse came piping through the swirling void. It was the same underling, his static-distorted voice ranging from a croaking bass to a high falsetto: "Whitehorse Radio to Norseman 837. . . . Come in, Ravenhill."

Ravenhill spoke distinctly in his clipped British accent: "Norseman 837, Ravenhill, to Whitehorse Radio. . . . I'm over Henderson Falls. Blizzard dead ahead. An emergency landing's indicated. Will try the Falls first. If no go there, will attempt the Fork." This last was solely for the record—and the listening hermits. "Will check in when able. Over."

The acknowledgment came quickly, followed by the request: "Stand by, Ravenhill, please. Sergeant Graham wants a word with you."

The sergeant came in, his authoritative voice seeming to pierce the static impatiently. Ravenhill could almost see Graham's grim-jawed face and the suspicious glint in his eyes. A good man, Graham, a sterling character—depending on which side of the fence one was on.

"Sergeant Graham speaking. Why are you over Henderson Falls, Ravenhill? Your flight plan said Sifton Pass. Explain this, please."

Ravenhill had the choice of several evasions. He chose the most aggravating. "Pilot's discretion, sergeant," he said. "To avoid foul weather, you know."

"You were advised of foul weather before you took off," the sergeant reminded. "But we'll check that later. Now that you're over the Stewart and must set down, the Mounted Police need your assistance. Are you following me?"

"I am, indeed," Ravenhill assured him. "Two thousand feet up and close to flying blind. You are in distress, old chap?"

The sergeant was not amused. "You were aware of the risk and chose to proceed. . . . This is official, Ravenhill. If you are unable to set down at the Falls and can make it to the Fork, remain there, please. I am flying in to the Fork as soon as weather permits. A routine check at Midas Creek. Wait for me—and permit no one to leave Midas Creek. . . . Is this clear, Ravenhill? Confirm it, please."

But Ravenhill, belatedly, was on guard. If he acknowledged this order, he would be, in effect, an agent of the Mounted Police. He could be detained, pushed about and even have his ship requisitioned by the Mounties. Instead of aiding Homer, he would be assisting in Homer's probable execution. Gad, what a close shave!

"The static's quite bad up here, sergeant," he asserted cheerfully. "I'm losing contact. And I really must set down, you know, pleasant as this has been. So—cheerio and all that. Ravenhill to Whitehorse—over and out."

He switched off the radio at once and quickly turned up the panel lights to give his instruments a final check. Then he dimmed the lights and pushed forward on the stick, leaning to his left. Thereafter, as he fell away on one wing to lose altitude fast, at the same time remaining at full throttle to hold his ground position in the strengthening gale, Ravenhill devoted himself strictly to the business at hand. It was the business known loosely as survival.

One pass at Henderson Falls was enough. The merest glance told Ravenhill it would be folly to attempt a landing here. At the brink of the frozen cataract the weathered roof of the trading post was like a flat rock in a current, but the lower gorge brimmed wall to wall with driving surface snow. Anything could be hidden under that impenetrable curtain.

Ravenhill had made his pass upwind, which was also upriver. He roared on over the roof of the post and continued up the narrow canyon. It was Hobson's choice. It was too late now to try to make it back to the Yukon. And he had insufficient gas for the long haul southward to the landing lights at Whitehorse.

So this was it: he was committed to attempt the Fork. It was an oddly exhilarating thought. The Fork was his original goal, after all. Twenty miles meant fifteen minutes in this headwind. It would be a race with darkness and the implacably advancing blizzard front. If he made it, fine. Something could be done for Homer—just what, depended on the situation up there—then he, Ravenhill, could take off again for the Mackenzie while old Graham was still waiting out the blizzard at Whitehorse.

And if he failed, what of it? How end a wastrel career better than in an attempt at something heretofore foreign to Ravenhill's checkered career—a wholly unselfish gesture? The best of men could do worse.

The old Norseman strained and groaned up through the gorge like a weary plowhorse. The throttle was wide open, so that the whole craft shook with the force of its own efforts and the buffeting of the storm. The crest of the blizzard was approaching the zenith now, but as yet only a few wind-driven pellets of snow were hurtling against the glass ahead.

Ravenhill knew that he had but one puny outside chance: to reach the upper basin in time to fix its major features in mind before visibility was utterly gone. If he could gain but one glimpse of the great rock slide that separated the North and Middle Forks ——

Finally the dimming walls drew back. The basin opened up vaguely ahead. Incredibly, the farther ramparts were still visible, like headlands retreating into mist. Even as Ravenhill identified the slide dividing the Forks—a great downpouring of broken rock, white at this season as a giant snowdrift—it, too, began to fade.

This was the home stretch. Ravenhill pointed the gallant old Norseman into the swirling, deepening gloom, keeping his eyes fixed on the fading toe of the slide. He was skimming as low as he dared over the rough but relatively flat basin and wind-driven surface snow.

He was aiming at the Middle Fork, to the right of the slide. The ice beyond was already hidden. Midas Creek was on the left, or North Fork, but Ravenhill could not trust the hidden surface on that side. Avalanches thundered down the rock slide following each winter storm, and there was no telling how far this debris extended into the frozen channel.

Moreover, there was—or used to be—an old cabin on the right of the ridge, or Middle Fork, known locally as the Ice House. It had been so named from the fact that a canny prospector of the Klondike epoch had built the cabin against the wall of the slide for the purpose of utilizing the perpetual ice lodged in a lower crevasse as a ready-made meat cache. If the cabin was still there, Ravenhill decided, he would make his way to it, take shelter until the force of the blizzard had spent itself; then make his way across the ridge to the Midas Creek camp.

He plunged into the advancing front and was almost instantly flying blind in a swirling void. He had one photographic glimpse of the cabin roof, up ahead and to the left, then all was blotted out. The cabin was occupied; sparks rode down the snow banner streaming from the stone chimney.

There was no time to ponder this latter detail. The cabin roof had given him his final reference point with relation to the ice below. He came down quickly while he had the visual "feel" of it, and braced himself for the shock of the impact, a hand on the ignition.

The skis struck roughly, rebounded and contacted again. The ice was smooth. Ravenhill throttled back, kept the ship's tail up and thrust savagely on the foot brake. The iron claws dug in. The thrust of the wind was an enormous assist. They were slowing down. There was little enough room, at best. Solid rock was not far ahead. . . . Then the old Norseman shuddered to a halt.

Ravenhill released his breath in a whistling and unabashed sigh of relief. He did not relax long. He was in the clear, but the gallant old Viking wasn't. Only the engine at half throttle held them hanging precariously in the teeth of the gale. Now the old crate must be moored—a neat trick, single-handed, on any windswept ice. He (*Continued on Page 56*)

"This is going to ruin my salt-free diet."

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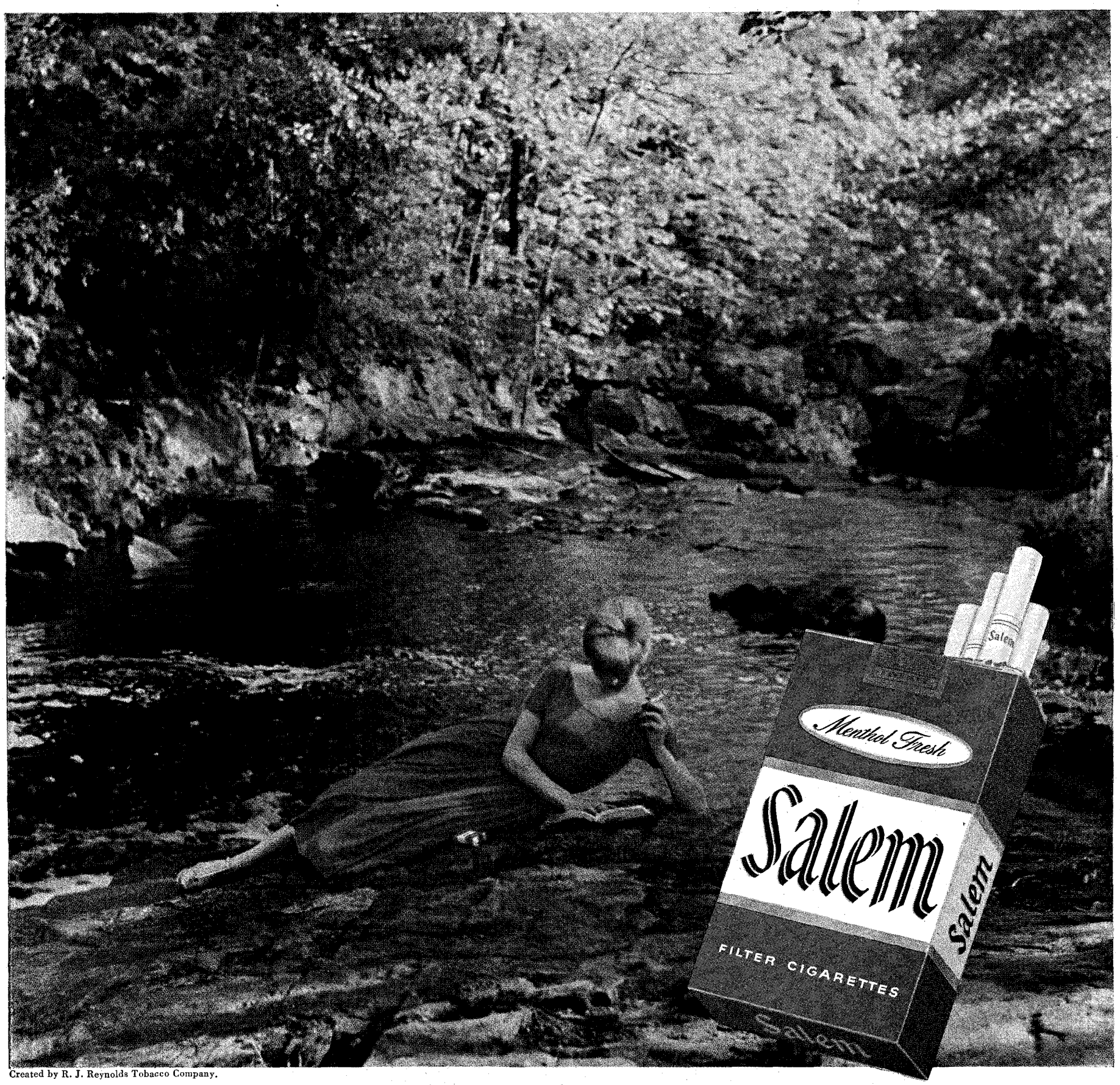

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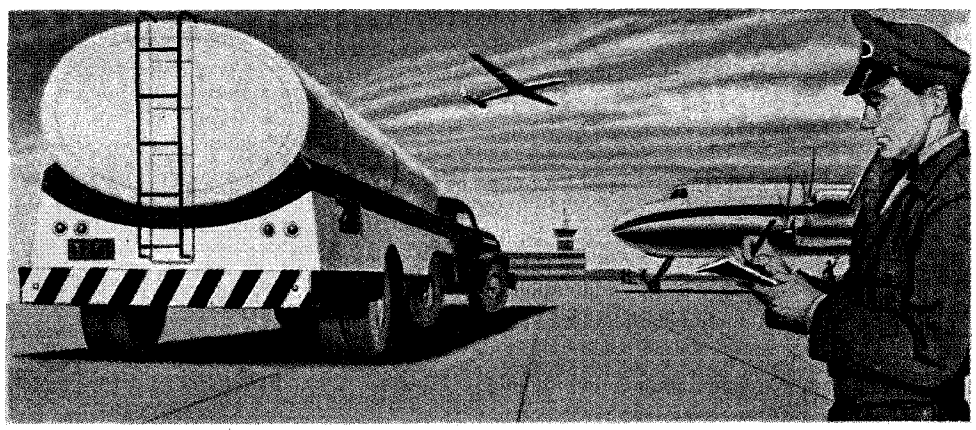

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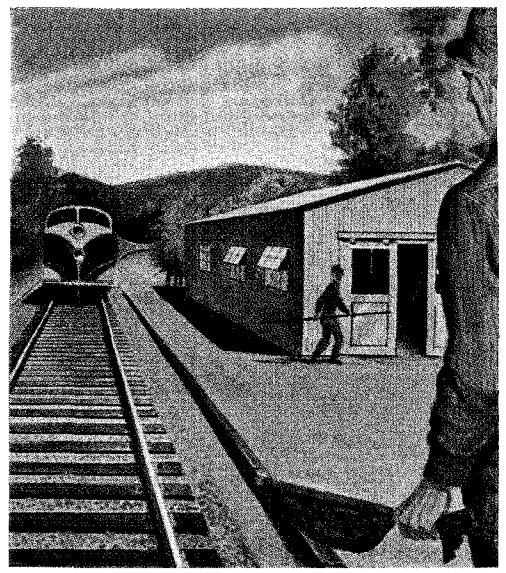

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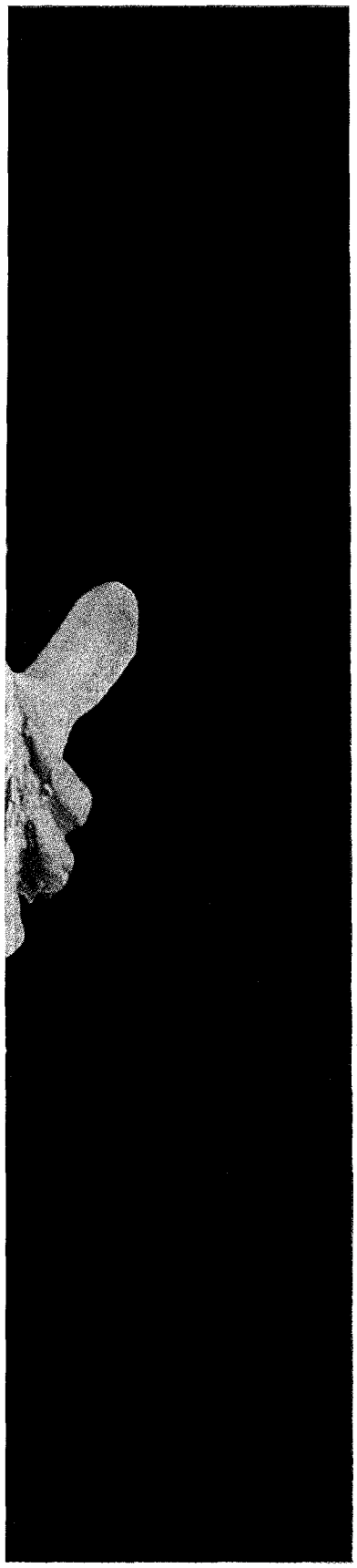

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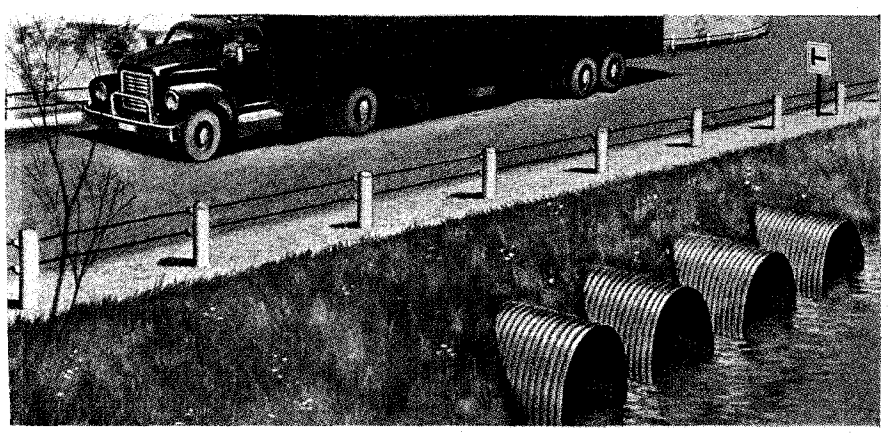

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(*Continued from Page 52*) put on his parka and heavy gloves and unlashed his pitons and mooring lines. The skis must be lashed down first; then lines from the wing tips angling out into the blackness.

He swung down to the sullen ice. The full force of the blizzard was now thundering down from the peaks. He got his pitons fixed and the skis lashed down—and just in time, as the ship strained and groaned under new blasts. He got his first line out and anchored. He returned hand over hand along the line to the ship. He paused there, breathing heavily and the cold biting deep. Should he stay with the ship or risk finding the cabin?

He decided on the cabin. He could surely make it to the rock slide and feel his way downwind. The cabin was warm and occupied. His fuel must be conserved. The blizzard might blow itself out in three hours—or it might be forty.

He clambered aboard, shut off the ignition and backed out with the second mooring line. The ship was now swallowed up. At the end of the line he slipped and fell. He remained on his knees, head bowed against the hurtling blasts, pinning down the line with one knee while he fixed the piton in the ice.

Racing against time and the increasing chill of his fingers, he hauled the line taut and simultaneously tried to lash it fast. The hidden ship was dragging sullenly on the line, and though the driving snow began to pile up against him at once, he rested a moment, his hooded face protected in the crook of his arm.

He felt the tension of the line ease a little, and raised his head. A stocky figure in Mackinaw and mukluks, snow-whitened as a fragment of the storm itself, was on the line, bending in toward him. It was Shorty Trost.

Shorty said, as though he were resuming a conversation interrupted six years before, "I'll hold it. Wrap 'er up."

Ravenhill did so, knotting the line firmly. Shorty gave him a hand up, and for a moment they stood close together, braced against the wind. The darkness was almost complete now, and the flaps of Shorty's arctic cap were pulled low, but Ravenhill could imagine the wolfish, welcoming grin on Shorty's broad face.

"Hi, Riv!" he said. "Cold, ain't it?"

"A bit nippy," Ravenhill agreed. "Where did you pop up from?"

"Midas Creek. I heard you calling Whitehorse and come across the ridge. I had a hunch you might try to make it here. Which you sure did," Shorty added. "And was I pulling for you? It's gonna take a week to get my fingers uncrossed."

Ravenhill sensed that Shorty was even more chilled and exhausted than himself. During the crowded minutes since he, Ravenhill, had signed off with Whitehorse above Henderson Falls, Shorty had been fighting his way across the jagged ridge—clinging to the icy fragments, floundering in snow-choked crevasses.

"You bring that squareface?" Shorty demanded.

"It's on the ship," Ravenhill said. "Shall we stay with the ship or try to make it to the cabin?"

"The cabin," Shorty voted regretfully. "I'll come back after the squareface later. Hold hands, now. Let's take off while we got some notion of where we're heading for."

"Who's at the cabin?" Ravenhill asked.

"Homer," Shorty said. "Also something you'd never expect to find at the Forks—a gal."

"A gal?"

"Homer's daughter," Shorty explained. "She come up from the Outside a couple days ago. Name of Patricia. Homer calls her Pat."

"My word!" Ravenhill said. "A child?"

"She's full-grown," Shorty assured him. "A blind man could see that. Pretty as a picture—and so full of suspicions she's mean as a snake. Homer was bound I'd send for her. One of them farewells before he cashes in."

"Nonsense!" Ravenhill said. "We'll cook up something. Let's go, eh?"

But now Shorty held back, chilled as they were. "There's more grief here, Riv. Since I wrote you, there's a guy who's lit on us like a blasted vulture. He's got the dope that can hang Homer, and he's blackmailing the lot of us."

"Who is this chap?"

"Devereaux," Shorty said. "Remember him?"

"H'm-m-m," Ravenhill said. He did, indeed. He'd crossed swords with the young blackguard over at Nome three years before, a lurid encounter. Afterward, through the bars of the local clink Devereaux had sworn strange oaths to the effect that he'd cut Ravenhill's heart out—slowly—should they ever meet again. "But what's Devereaux doing here?"

"Trailing Homer," Shorty replied. "Devereaux's related to that critter, LeVeq, whom Homer killed in self-defense over at Atlin. Before the killing, LeVeq wrote a letter that could hang Homer. Devereaux's got it."

"But when did Devereaux pop up here? Before the girl?"

"With her," Shorty said. "Devereaux was holed in at the Falls, suspicioning Homer was up here, when she flew in with the mail. She was using one of them nom de plums, naturally, but Devereaux figured out right quick who she was. Someone had to fetch her up from the Falls, so who was the big, handsome, smooth-talking lad—a friend of her dad's, you understand ——"

"Devereaux, of course," Ravenhill supplied, stamping his numbing feet. "Quickly, old chap! Devereaux's blackmailing Homer and you lads—how? What does he want?"

"Just the shirts off our backs," Shorty said bitterly. "Just the dust Homer's clung to while he froze and starved out there, hoping to turn it over to his gal. Plus the grubstake money we scraped out of the old diggings. That's all."

"The grasping type, certainly," Ravenhill conceded. "Devereaux isn't at the cabin?"

"No," Shorty said, with a touch of gloomy pride. "Homer finally roused up and run him out. The gal dusted him off also. So Devereaux's over at Midas Creek, sharpening his teeth. Getting set for you. Now the gal's plumb bewildered and hostile. She suspects everybody. Even me, doggone it! And in particular—you, Riv."

"Really? Why me?"

"Devereaux got in poison, fast, before Homer chased him out," Shorty explained. "Lookit the record, he tells her. Wherever there's gold and someone with his back to the wall, Ravenhill swoops in. So she don't know but what you're in cahoots with the Mounties. You're after Homer's dust for sure."

"So?" Ravenhill said. "The lady appears to be a complicating factor. I must meet her at once. Lead off, old chap."

The howling darkness was now utter and complete. They launched themselves out, half running, half crouched against the buffeting wind.

They made it to the slide and crashed roughly against a huge and unseen fragment of rock. They started downwind at once, feeling their way from fragment to fragment. Suddenly they were out of the full force of the wind. Drifted snow was knee-deep.

"Hold it!" Shorty shouted in Ravenhill's ear. "The cabin's got to be at our

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right! First, though, brief me a little, so I can hold my own with this blasted gal." He drew Ravenhill closer. "Look, Riv; I took that letter down to the Falls and put it on the mail plane a week ago. If you was coming, how come you took so long?"

"It took your letter four days to reach me at the Great Slave, via Vancouver," Ravenhill apologized. "Arrangements had to be made. I was afoot. My ship was in the shop, unfortunately."

"In the shop?" Shorty echoed. "That ain't your twin-engined heller out there?"

"Oh, no," Ravenhill said. "It's an old Norseman I picked up on the Yukon. I'm ferrying it across for a bush pilot at the Great Slave."

"Then how'd you get to the Yukon?"

"Hitched a ride to Fort Nelson," Ravenhill explained. "I was able to manage another lift, gratis, as far as Carcross. I mushed on foot to McPherson Creek, where the Norseman was waiting. But really, is all this important?"

"It sure is," said Shorty, with awe. "Riv, you shif'less ol' belted earl"—this was Shorty's odd term of affection—"when you got my letter you were flat broke?"

"Not a bean," Ravenhill confessed.

"But what happened to that big pot you made last summer? We all heard about it, even up here. But never mind; you were broke, but you come running. Wait till I tell the gal that!"

"Tell her nothing," Ravenhill directed. "If I'm able to lend a hand, let her find it out. I'm quite sure she'll remember it longer."

"O.K.," Shorty agreed. "You're the doctor. But it's in the record, Riv. Me and the boys won't forget it, win, lose or draw." He propelled Ravenhill forward hastily, embarrassed. "I got mukluks," he said. "Leave me feel the trail."

They soon found the path dug through the previous drifts to the now-frozen water hole. Shorty followed it without difficulty. They stumbled against the cabin step and a moment later were huddled against the door, their backs to the wind.

Shorty knocked loudly. "Open up, Pat!" he shouted. "It's me—Shorty Trost! . . . Homer don't answer no doors," he told Ravenhill guardedly. "He backs into that ice crevasse back of the meat cache and waits with his rifle."

The girl's voice came from just inside the door, cold and composed, "What do you want, Shorty?"

"We want in, doggone it!" Shorty howled. "Before we freeze to death! Ravenhill's with me! He made it to the Forks! Let us in, Pat!"

For a long moment nothing could be heard above the roar of the wind. Then the door opened suddenly. Contrary to Shorty's prediction, it was Homer himself. He motioned Shorty inside, seized Ravenhill's gloved hand and drew him in, then shut the door quickly against the cold and driving snow.

The delightful warmth of the cabin had almost the impact of a physical blow after the sub-zero temperatures outside. Here was a primitive but cheerful shelter. Flames crackled in the stone fireplace, and the open-hearth stove in the kitchen quarters at the left grinned redly. Death rode with the wind above the shake roof, but here the smell of living was abroad: the odor of burning spruce knots, of drying clothing, of coffee simmering on the stove.

The girl was standing uncompromisingly before the fireplace, her back to it and her hands behind her. Ravenhill glanced at her only briefly, blinking the snow from his eyelashes and pushing back the hood of his parka. She was blue-eyed and dark-haired, dressed in flattering outing togs. She was no child, certainly, but a capable, poised woman—a person of cultured background, Ravenhill guessed.

Homer's back was to the door. He was short, but broad and thick-limbed, a barrel of a man. He had aged since Ravenhill had seen him last. His hair was more grizzled, and his broad, determined, once-good-natured face was deeply lined and seared with successive frostbite. Yet his enormous physical strength seemed unimpaired by his bitter struggle for survival in the wilds.

"You made it, Riv," Homer said in his deliberate way, his heavy-lidded eyes momentarily alight with heartfelt welcome. "How you done it I'll never know."

"Nor I," Ravenhill admitted, taking off his gloves and shaking them out.

"We heard you talking to Sergeant Graham," Homer said, helping Ravenhill off with his parka. "If it was me, they'd have heard my teeth chattering clean over to Whitehorse. We couldn't hear Graham. What was he trying to put over on you just before you signed off?"

"That's what I was gonna ask you," Shorty put in. "You got out from under something, and fast."

"I hate to bring bad news," Ravenhill apologized. "Graham's flying in, the moment the storm's over. He ordered me to wait here—if I made it—and said nobody was to leave the Fork. I'm afraid that means you, Homer."

Homer shrugged apathetically. "I ain't surprised. They were bound to figure I was heading this way. That finishes me, then."

"Don't say that, dad," the girl said quickly, not with outright malice, but certainly in mocking vein. "Mr. Ravenhill's here, you know. Doesn't that take care of everything?"

"Get off that horse, Pat," Shorty advised, with cheerful impatience. He had shaken the snow from his Mackinaw, but had not yet removed it. . . . "What ails her, Homer? Riv's supposed to be one of them honored guests. Ain't she had the right fetching up?"

"This here, Riv," Homer said, with a gloomy twinkle, "is my daughter, Pat. She's a schoolma'am down in B.C., and a danged good one. She's even undertaking to teach us old dogs some new tricks."

Ravenhill murmured a polite acknowledgment. The girl surveyed him steadily and silently, her outright suspicion tinged with something like resentful surprise. Prepared by Shorty's and Homer's lurid accounts of Ravenhill's buccaneer career, she had obviously expected—and was armored against—a swaggering, swashbuckling adventurer whose evil attributes would be plain to the eye.

By contrast, Ravenhill was a slender, erect, almost military figure in burnished boots, whipcord trousers and tailored leather jacket. His features, framed in the flier's helmet which he invariably wore for comfort and convenience—disdaining the sometimes slovenly ski cap affected by the average bush pilot—were remarkably handsome after a hard, somewhat dissipated fashion: clean-cut, hollow-eyed, a tiny waxed mustache imparting a dandified air instantly belied by the bitter cynicism of his lips and the contour of his lean, truculent jaw.

> The drawback to reasoning with a child is that it so often destroys your own.
>
> FLOYD R. MILLER

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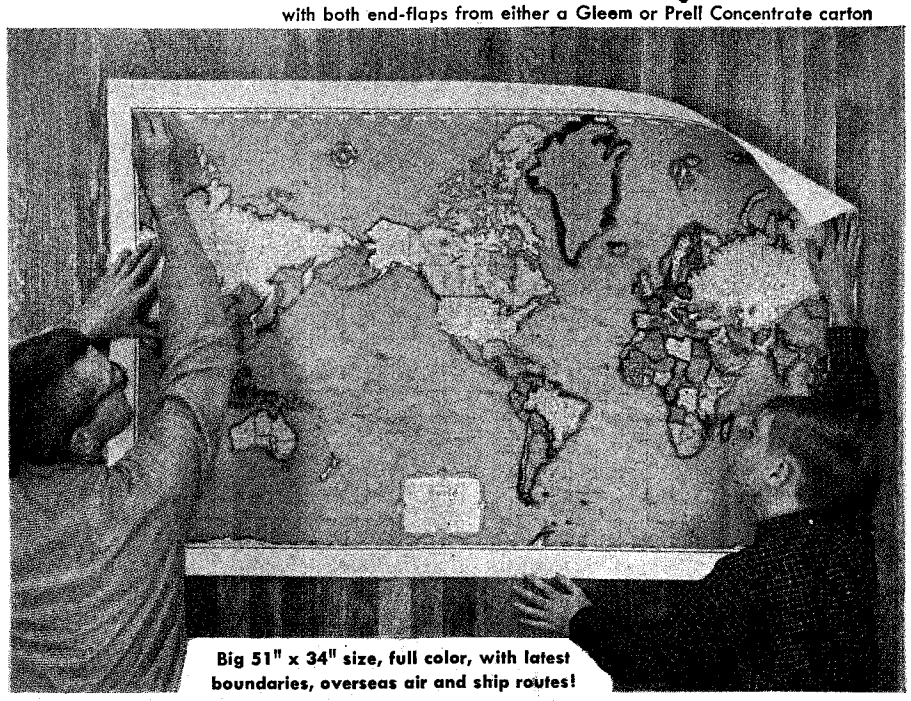

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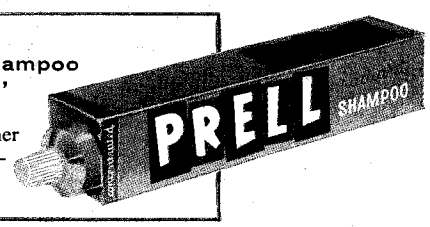

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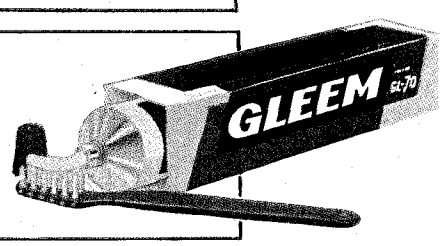

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Moreover, something about this renegade Englishman was alien to the harsh environment through which he chose to move. He was of it, yet, a man apart. A nameless poise surrounded him—the imprint of caste and class, the stamp of Eton and Sandhurst—which had somehow survived the acid corrosion of wastrel years in the north.

As a perfect foil to Ravenhill's natty appearance, Shorty was a squat, shaggy, disreputable figure with unkempt hair and bitterly humorous eyes. Yet between this mismated pair, poles apart though they were in background and breeding, was a mutual respect and understanding, a *rapport*, that was plain to the eye.

Baffled though she was, the girl moved to the attack at once. "Let's not beat about the bush, Mr. Ravenhill," she invited. "I've some questions to ask. You prefer frankness, I hope?"

"Always," he assured her. "Hew to the line."

The girl looked at him steadily and surveyed his richly furred parka and burnished boots with an obviously critical eye.

"I heard your discussion with Sergeant Graham," she said. "It was all very brave and debonair and all that. You knew, of course, that there were listeners. You were, sort of, talking to the gallery?"

Ravenhill nodded, getting out his cigarette case. "A touch of hamminess, I think they call it."

"Tell me this, then," she said, smiling a little and at the same time flushing under his bland, amused gaze: "What's the plain truth of it? Just why did you come, Mr. Ravenhill?"

Homer began a growling protest, "Now then, Pat ——" but Shorty cut him off.

"Let 'em alone," he advised in a hoarse whisper. "Riv's doing O.K. Leave her find out right now that she's out of her weight class."

"It was just a lark," Ravenhill told her, offering a cigarette. She accepted it automatically, and he produced a lighter and lighted both. "I was bored," he asserted. "Homer had done me a good turn once, so I flitted over to investigate. Shouldn't I have?"

"Did Shorty promise you a reward of some sort?" she demanded.

"A reward? No. No reward was mentioned."

"Please understand this," she said. "Shorty means well, I'm sure, but he didn't consult us before inviting you to 'flit' over. Certainly he shouldn't have assumed ——"

"Stop right there, Pat," her father cut in. "You're a regular female bull in the china shop. You trying to pick a fight with helpful ol' Shorty also?"

"Never mind me," Shorty said dolefully, spreading his hands. "I'm nothin' but a lowly worm amongst these giant intellects."

She disregarded them both. "My point is this, Mr. Ravenhill: please don't assume we're in your debt in any way whatsoever. We're bound by no promises Shorty made. I don't know what he wrote you in his letter, of course ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill cut in, reaching inside his leather jacket. He produced Shorty's note, in its original envelope. "Read it," he invited. "It's an excellent letter."

She scanned it, her color deepening a little. During the momentary silence Shorty cocked his head, listening, and began to rebutton his Mackinaw.

Homer eyed him morosely. "What ails you? Afraid of a snowslide?"

"Not yet," Shorty said. "There'll be a humdinger when this blows over, that's for sure. But they never hit this side of the ridge." He took up his cap, shook it and placed it on his head. "What I've concluded," he told Homer, "is that Riv and me made a mistake which I aim to rectify right now. . . . Read the postscript out loud, Pat."

She did so dutifully: "'P.S.: Bring three gals'—that's gallons, I presume—'square-face.' Whatever that is."

The impact on Homer was immediate. "Lawsy!" he breathed. "The real McCoy, Riv—in jugs? I've dreamt of it a hundred times up in the mountains, when I was ready to break down and start howling at the moon. You fetched 'em with you?"

Ravenhill nodded. "I wangled them from old Matt Britt, down at McPherson Creek. They're out at the ship."

• •

All the Leaves That Fall

By Hannah Kahn

Once upon a golden day
I met a golden boy.
Summertime and apple
rhyme,
Huckleberry-picking time.
Nothing here to stay.

Somewhere now the berries
fall,
Someone fills a pail.
Purple stain and drizzling
rain,
Tree bark marked against
the grain,
Swallows chirp and call.

Once upon a sudden day
I found myself alone.
Darkened sky and
questioning why
All the leaves that fall must
die.
All leaves blow away.

• •

"Not for long," Shorty promised. "You got some stout string, Homer? Some old fishline, maybe?"

"I sure have." Homer moved to the wall and burrowed among the duffel eagerly. "There you are—better than a hundred feet of it. Anchor it on a rock and swing out till you hit the ship."

Ravenhill would have protested, but Homer leered at him meaningly and waved Shorty on. "Don't fall down with those jugs," Homer warned.

"Not me," Shorty swore. He shook a finger at the girl. "Go easy on Riv," he advised. "It'll save you wear and tear. Better gals than you ——"

"Get along," Homer urged.

Shorty opened the door and plunged outside. Before Homer could close the door and make it fast, driving snow belched into the room, the stove grinned redly and the candles flickered.

"It's a humdinger," Homer said, returning to the fireplace. "Don't you be scairt," he told Pat. "You heard Shorty. If there's a slide, it'll sound like the mountains are rolling down, but it'll be over on the North Fork."

"It follows each heavy snowfall," Ravenhill explained. "The ridge rises steeply. When the drifts begin to settle and a fragment breaks away, it triggers the whole mass. It's quite a spectacle."

The girl shuddered. "A terrible country. . . . You wintered here once, Mr. Ravenhill?"

Ravenhill nodded, spreading his hands to the fireplace. Homer leaned opposite him. The girl was in the center, facing the flames, her firm yet gently molded features high-lighted and the reflected sparkle of the glowing coals in her long-lashed eyes.

"A drunken brawl, wasn't it?" she asked. "All winter long?"

"A binge of sorts," Ravenhill admitted. "These are lonely men, my dear. It's a harsh environment."

"And right now," Homer said deliberately, looking hard at the girl, "I'm laying it on the line for Riv. All of it. That's one reason Shorty went out after that square-face—to leave us alone here. Any objections?"

The girl shrugged. "I've been told pointedly that I'm out of my depth. I guessed wrong on Mr. Devereaux. Perhaps you'll guess right on Mr. Ravenhill."

"One moment, Homer," Ravenhill said. "If what you're about to reveal affects Pat's interests—if I may call you Pat, my dear?"

"You may," she said. "In this harsh environment, why not?"

"Then you, Pat," Ravenhill went on, "should certainly have a voice in the matter."

She glared at him. "I've only one interest—to help dad out of this terrible situation. But he's about to mention something of interest to you, Mr. Ravenhill. I mean—gold. Quantities of it. Are you sure it won't distort your judgment in the least?"

"Quiet," her father told her, almost harshly. "Riv, I'm pushing in my last chip right now. Listen close. When I sneaked into the Forks last fall, I laid low up in the glaciers for a spell. I knew it would get the boys in bad here. Shorty knew I was somewhere close by. I'd sneak down when they were out on the diggings, steal a little of Shorty's grub and leave a little dust to pay for it. Finally I needed cartridges, and when I come to steal 'em, here was a note from Shorty. He said, 'I've talked to the boys. When the first storm hits, move in. We know where you've been.'"

"Good," Ravenhill said, touched. "Shorty's a durable citizen. You couldn't have wintered up there."

"I was through," Homer said flatly. "It was the first word I'd had from my fellow man for three years, and it was a kind word. There comes a time, in the black of the night, when a guy says to himself, 'What's this all about? Who says so, and why?' And the answer's plain: the hell with it."

Ravenhill nodded. "I know."

"I was holed in below a blue glacier," Homer went on. "A helluva place. Nothin' but rock walls and boulders and this cliff of blue ice hanging overhead, and the blasted wind rolling down from the snowfields. Maybe there's a lonelier spot in creation, but I ain't seen it."

"That's all over, dad," the girl reminded gently. "You're safe and warm now. It may not last long, but for the moment you're among friends again—I hope."

"I got friends," Homer said. "I don't deserve 'em, but when the chips were down they stood up to be counted. Like Shorty and those other lads over at Midas Creek. And Riv, here. Not a one of 'em said, 'How much?' Riv didn't know the size of the pot. He didn't ask. He just come running."

"Tell him, then," she urged. "You've got a phrase for it—shoot at the moon."

"I was camped amongst the boulders below this blue glacier," Homer told Ravenhill. "There was a stretch of sand flat enough for my plenty ragged tent. After I got Shorty's note I kind of pulled myself together. Having nothing else to do, I panned down to bedrock. All that glacier's gravel has been prospected years ago by guys looking for the source of the old Midas Creek gold. Everybody knew it was no good. Colors, but nothing else. But what they all overlooked was that this was a dead glacier, in its own canyon to the west, out of the path of the snowfields ——"

"Which was rotting away each summer," Ravenhill put in, anticipating the climax like a wolf sniffing a thicket. "Ten, even thirty feet each season, perhaps?"

"Around twenty," Homer said. "Thirty years meant six hundred feet of new ground. And there it was, at bedrock."

"A rich deposit?"

Homer nodded. "Maybe the granddaddy of 'em all. This basin's floored with the stuff—rotten quartz, nuggets and dust. Richer than Ten Below at Elderado. Millions, maybe."

Ravenhill stared at him, entranced and secretly staggered. A strike of these proportions immeasurably increased the scope of Homer's dilemma. "You staked the claim, but can't record it," Ravenhill said, shaking his head. "Until it's recorded, anyone could jump it. You confided in Shorty, of course. Anyone else?"

"Only Devereaux," Homer said.

Ravenhill stared at him, aghast. "Devereaux?"

"Yes," Homer admitted, with a brooding, heavy-lidded glance at Pat. "It ain't Pat's fault. She'd never run up against a slicker like him before."

"Laugh if you wish, Mr. Ravenhill," she invited, flushing with mortification and shame. "I didn't know he had that terrible letter. I thought he felt sorry for dad. At least," she defended herself miserably, "I didn't tell him where the strike was. I let him think it was somewhereover on the Pelly. Shorty thinks so too."

"Good," Ravenhill approved, trying to ease her embarrassment. "Such as it is, that's an advantage." It couldn't be worse, he knew. To persuade a wolf to abandon its kill would be easier than to head off Devereaux now. He turned to Homer. "And, of course, you didn't take Pat up to the claim so she could personally record it?"

"With Devereaux breathing down our necks?" Homer returned bitterly. "Not a chance. On top of that, a blind man could have followed our trail up there. The canyon's already choked with snow. This blizzard makes it final." He spread his hands hopelessly. "So there it is, Riv. The Mounties will be here soon—maybe tomorrow. The claim ain't recorded, so it's finders keepers. I can't record it. Pat couldn't even find it by herself, after I'm gone."

"But Mr. Ravenhill could," Pat said smilingly. "Quite easily. . . . Couldn't you, Mr. Ravenhill?"

"I think so," Ravenhill said, pretending to misunderstand her plain intent. "The blue glacier? This side of the snowfields, to the west? It would have to be less than five miles from where we're standing. Yes, it should be quite easy."

"And doesn't that fact," she insisted, "make this whole adventure—this 'lark,' as you called it—a great deal more attractive?"

"For Pete's sake ——" Homer began, outraged anew; but Ravenhill waved him down. Oddly, the girl's animosity was sauce to the pudding.

"It does, my dear," he assured her cheerfully; "it does, indeed."

TO BE CONTINUED

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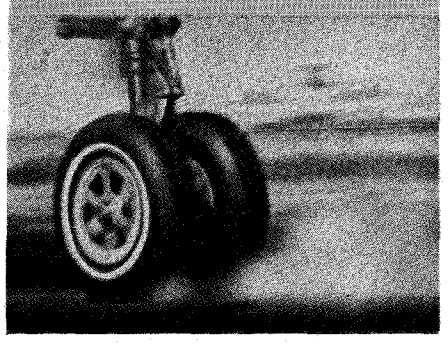

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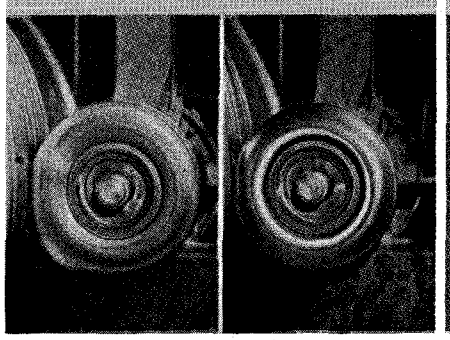

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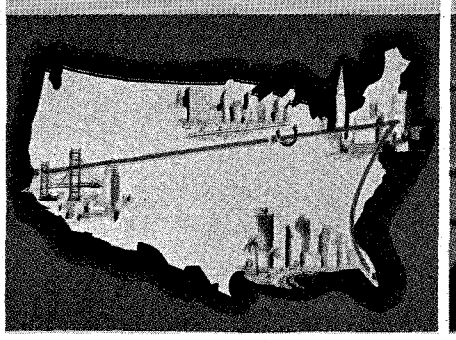

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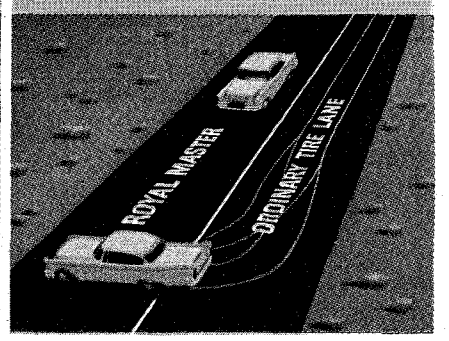

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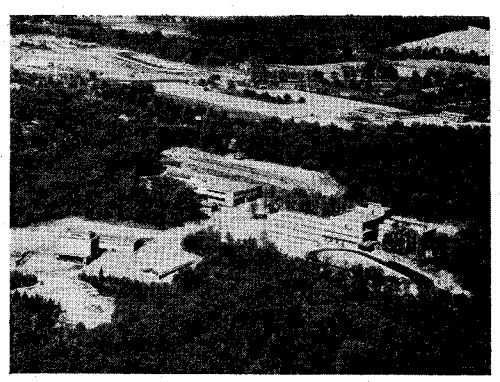

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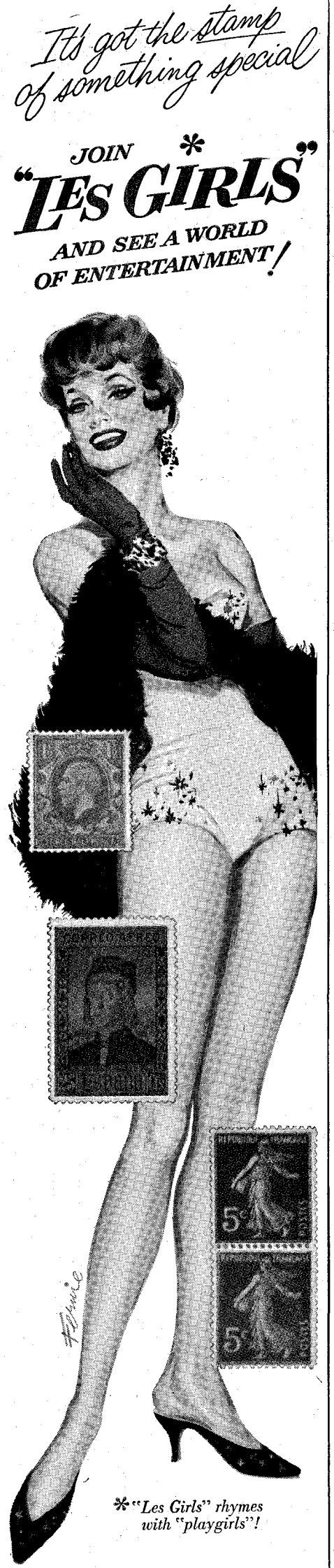

*"Les Girls" rhymes with "playgirls"!

Something to watch for at your favorite motion picture theatre.

I Call on Clark Gable (Continued from Page 24)

"Tell him about the robbery, Clark," Howard said helpfully, or "Tell him about that screwball paternity suit, Clark." And Gable had told me. We even worked out a method of tackling our projected writing job. "We'll put it all down; then we'll cut out anything that might hurt anybody," Gable said. I said that was fine with me.

It shaped up as a pleasant assignment. Gable was forthright, down to earth, easy to get along with, at least 200 per cent male.

When we said good-by, he said, "Give me a month to think it over," and I said, "Sure."

That was where I goofed. I should have been persuasive enough to make a deal then and there, and have shaken hands on it. Gable is the kind who would have gone through with it, come hell or high water, once he'd shaken. As it was, when his month's thinking period was over, he told me, "I don't feel I could do an honest job for you if I leave out some of the emotions I've had and some of the things that have happened to me, and there are things I don't care to have the public know. They're extremely personal. They belong to me." He softened the blow by adding, "When you come to the coast again give me a ring. We'll tilt another one together."

Three years intervened between those tilts.

Last spring I dropped in on Bing Crosby and spent a couple of hours yakking with him about anything that popped into our heads. I asked questions and he answered them if he felt like it, and in the way he felt like answering them. When Gable read that interview, he sent me a message. I was told, "If you want to do it that way, he's game."

"I'll be there," I said.

This time no transparent pool glittered in the sun. When Gable walked into my hotel room, he wore no safari clothes. His dark suit fitted faultlessly. His black shoes were glossy. His blue tie was polka-dotted. He was the very model of a man ready to preside over a directors' meeting, buy a foreign car or go shopping with his beautiful wife. It turned out he was embarked upon the third mission.

"My wife, Kay, is stopping by at three o'clock to pick me up," he told me. "You ask me questions and I'll tell you the truth. If you ask me something too personal, I'll say, 'That's a question I don't care to answer; I'm keeping that to myself.' But if you ask me something that I feel I can answer honestly, I will."

"I've never forgotten a couple of the stories you told me that afternoon around Howard's pool," I said. "I'm hoping you'll tell them to me again. One was about a robbery in your home."

"The robbery was like this," he said: "When I first moved to the ranch where I live, I wanted it in good shape. I'd been too busy to irrigate the trees, and they needed it. So the first leisure time I had, I thought, *I'll get out there and get it done.*

"It was in 1939. I was married to Carole Lombard, but she had gone to the studio early, so one morning between nine and ten I went out to dig ditches in the orchard. A ring on my finger was too tight so I went back to the house to get rid of the ring and pick up a pack of smokes. As I pushed the ring off in my dressing room, there were mirrors behind me and before me. Behind me, I saw a door open slowly. A foot came out, then a hat brim. And a guy stepped out with one hand in his pocket. He wasn't facing me, so he didn't see me."

"What happened?" I asked.

"I let him have it behind the ear," Gable told me; "he went down, with me on top of him. I was after the hand he had in his pocket. When I got it out, the hand had one of my own guns in it. I took it away and tossed it into a corner. 'Get downstairs,' I told him, but he was inclined to be stubborn about it. I grabbed him by his collar and said, 'If you won't walk, you'll have to go the other way,' and I dragged him down the stairs and into the kitchen. It was a bouncy drag."

"Were you two alone?" I asked.

"I had a servant or two," Gable said, "but they were outside. The guy I'd been dragging was little more than a kid. He didn't look more than twenty-one. I pulled him to his feet in the kitchen, and asked, 'What are you doing here?' and he said, 'I wanted some money.'

"'You have a peculiar way of asking for it,' I told him. 'There are better ways.'

"I didn't know it then," Gable told me, "but he had been there the night before, peering through my windows. He'd looked through my gun-room window, he'd seen my guns, and seeing them had swelled his larceny gland. In the morning he'd come to the kitchen door and told my housekeeper-cook I was a friend of his.

"'I'll go see,' she'd told him. While she was looking for me, he walked into my gun room and took one of my guns. But I didn't think he was a professional stickup man, so I said, 'You shouldn't be doing things like this. Aren't you sorry?' He said, 'No, I'm not sorry.'

"'Oh . . . so?' I said. 'That puts a different light on it.' He made a lunge for the door, and this time I tackled him the way an end tackles a halfback. Then I called the police and they took him away.

"I had to appear against him. I don't know what happened to him after that. If he had shown any signs of remorse I wouldn't have called the cops, but when I asked him if he was sorry, he just kept saying 'No' in a sulky way. What with my gun in his pocket, he might have given me a bad time if he had seen me in my dressing room before I saw him."

He thought of something else and grinned. "That story has a funny angle. I had a boxer watchdog guarding my place. Later on, I found out that the robber and my dog had slept in my automobile in my garage, the previous night. After that I called my watchdog Old Dependable."

"Then there was that anecdote you told me about a threatened paternity suit," I reminded him.

"That started slowly," he said, "then it built. I got a letter or two, at my home, from a woman in Canada. She asked me if she could see me about a personal matter. I didn't know her. In fact, I had never heard of her, so I ignored her, but her letters kept on arriving just the same."

"Did she tell you what that personal matter was?" I asked.

"She finally said I would remember her because she had been in England in such and such a year, that I'd had an affair with her then, and, as a result of that affair, a child had been born. Her letters said she thought something should be done about providing for the child.

"At the time she said all this happened, I'd never been in England. I'd never been out of North America—so I'd never had a United States passport. As affairs go, the one she described was a long-distance project. It must have set a world's record, so I decided she was nuts and forgot about it.

"Then Walter Winchell began to get letters from her about me, and another columnist, Jimmy Fidler, got letters too. And letters also began to arrive at my studio, M-G-M, and Fidler and Winchell and the studio asked, 'What is all this?'"

He said, "As I remember it, I was told by the United States district attorney in Los Angeles that his office had heard about those letters, and he sent an assistant United States district attorney to see me. He told me, 'You'll not only have to prove that you weren't in England when this child was conceived; you'll have to prove where you actually were at that time. Can you do it?'

"'It's not going to be easy,' I said. 'When the woman who wrote those letters said I was in England, I was pretty much of a wandering trouper. I was in shows and out of shows and working in lumber camps.' But with this threat in mind I reached back into my memory and I was able to prove where I'd been. I came up with two kinds of proof: old, dated theater programs with my name on them, and pay (*Continued on Page 64*)

"Can those of you in the rear hear me clearly?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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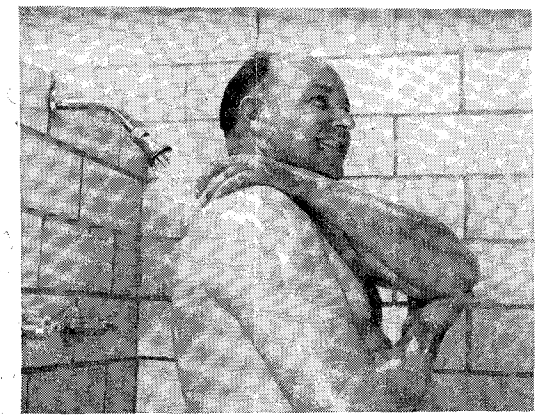
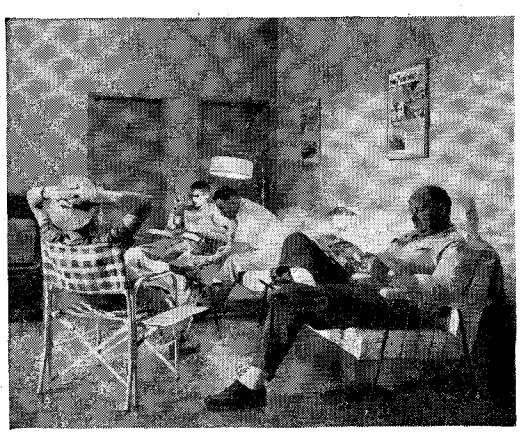
...with all the trimmin's"

A day out of Cincinnati on the St. Louis run and with 212 miles of busy Route 50 behind him, Ray Mott, veteran driver for Interstate Motor Freight System, pulls into Holland's Pure TruckStop at Flora, Illinois, with his 15-ton cargo. While Ray is resting and relaxing, his rig will be refueled, safety checked from stem to stern and made road-ready for tomorrow.

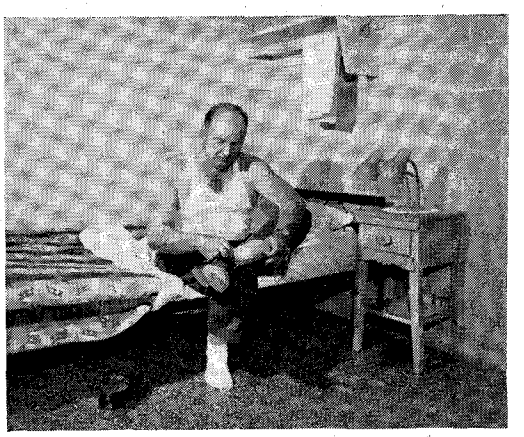


After signing in at Holland's Pure TruckStop, Ray's first move is toward a hot shower . . . "to wash that Route 50 right out of my hair."

In the dining room Ray talks shop with fellow drivers. "I talk so much about the food here," he says, "I think my wife's getting jealous."



A comfortable sofa and a magazine take Ray's mind off the long hours on the road. Later, he'll probably join the crowd watching TV.



After an hour or so of relaxation, Ray climbs into an immaculate bed. "Sure beats sleeping in the cab along the road," he says.

Driver and truck feeling like new again, Mott gets an early morning start for St. Louis. A veteran of 23 years on the road, he always tries to pick a route that has a Pure TruckStop.

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(*Continued from Page 62*) checks made out to me by the Silverton Lumber Company, in Silverton, Oregon. When I was supposed to be in England, I had been piling lumber in Oregon for three dollars and twenty cents a day."

"I'd say that was pretty good proof," I told him.

"That wasn't bad," he agreed. "My attorney handed those things to the United States district attorney's office. After that the postal authorities took over."

"Sounds like attempted blackmail," I said.

"The postal authorities had the woman indicted for using the mails to defraud," Gable told me.

On April 16, 1937, a jury trial of the case began before Judge Cosgrave, in the United States District Court. The trial resulted in her conviction on April twenty-third. On April twenty-eighth the Appellate Court reversed her conviction on the ground that the charge of using the mails to defraud was not a proper charge, but that it should have been a charge of extortion or attempted blackmail. On February 7, 1938, she was deported to Canada and warned not to attempt to enter the United States within a year.

I was glad he'd told me that story, for it turned a spotlight on how phony an attack aimed at a star can be. *When the public reads such a story in the papers,* I thought, *it jumps to the conclusion that where there's smoke there must be fire. Gable's experience with the woman who'd been deported proved that, where there's smoke, most of the time there's nothing but smut; not even a tiny spark of reality.*

"You may not like my next question," I said. "Is it true that you don't like to talk about Carole Lombard because it reminds you of her tragic end and distresses you?"

"That isn't true," he said. "My feelings are under better control than that. I have great respect for Carole and the place she had in my life. I want to keep that to myself. It's not to be kicked around. I'm the one who can control it."

"I don't see how you control it unless you talk about it," I said.

"That's how I do it," he said. "By not talking about it."

"O.K.," I said. "Maybe you'd like to talk about your present wife, Kay, instead."

"I don't have to say anything about her. I'm a very happy man. I reflect that, don't I?"

I agreed that he did. "Then that's my comment on her," he said.

"It's not quite the same thing as saying a few words about her," I said.

"I don't know whether she'd want me to. You decide that when you meet her."

"I'll take my chances on that," I said; and I asked him about three pictures he'd been in: It Happened One Night, Mutiny on the Bounty, and Gone With the Wind. "I've heard you wanted to be in none of them," I said, "but in each case somebody talked you into changing your mind."

"It Happened One Night came along early in my motion-picture career," he said. "I'd played a lot of comedy on the stage. The last show I did in New York was a satirical comedy, Love, Honor and Betrayed, starring Alice Brady, but almost everybody has forgotten I had a New York stage career. I can't blame them. I didn't exactly set that town on fire, and I was brought into the motion-picture business as a heavy, because of my performance as Killer Mears in the road company of The Last Mile. I wasn't in New York in The Last Mile. Spence Tracy starred there. The Killer was a gangster who killed practically everybody in the show."

"He must have ended up lonely," I said.

"He did finish pretty much by himself," Gable said. "For two years after M-G-M put me under contract, I pulled guns on people or hit women in the face. Then M-G-M assigned me to a bad part in Dancing Lady, with Joan Crawford—a picture I didn't like. But as bad as the part was, it wasn't as bad as my health."

"What was wrong with you?" I asked.

"I'd lost a lot of weight. They'd been working me hard and I was tired. I told myself, 'If I have a few operations, that will take care of my health and the part in Dancing Lady too.' I had my appendix and my tonsils out, but it didn't take care of everything, for M-G-M was mad at me. For some strange reason they thought I'd taken evasive action to avoid their picture. They bided their time during the eight or nine weeks I was in the hospital. Then the very day after I got out they called me in and said, 'We're sending you over to Columbia Pictures on a loan-out.'"

"Was that punishment?" I asked.

"At that time Columbia was on the wrong side of the tracks," Gable said, "and being sent there was a this-will-teach-you-a-lesson deal. I didn't know anybody at Columbia, but I'd been told, 'Report to Frank Capra,' so I reported to him.

"'I'd like to talk to you about our story,' Capra said, and I said, 'I don't want to talk to you about it. Just give me the script. I'll read it. *Then* I'll talk to you.'

"Frank is a nice guy, and he was tolerant of my attitude, which, to put it mildly, wasn't good. He didn't know I felt that I had just been swept out of M-G-M's executive offices with the morning's trash. I took home the script of It Happened One Night and I read it. I had a couple of drinks and thought, *It can't be that good. I'd better look at it later.* So I had dinner and read it again. It was still good. The next morning I called Frank and said, 'I want to apologize for my behavior yesterday. I was rude and I had no reason to be. You've got a fine script. Why you've chosen me to be in it I don't know. You've never seen me play comedy on the screen.'"

"Did he ever tell you why he chose you?" I asked.

"I don't know to this day," Gable said. "I told him, 'If you think I can do it, I'll try, but after three or four days, if you don't like what you see on the screen, you can call the whole thing off and there'll be no hard feelings.' We worked a few days; Frank came to me and said, 'We'll have no trouble.'"

"Had you seen the daily rushes?" I asked.

"I wasn't important enough to see the rushes," Gable told me. "But I didn't need to. Frank told me, 'We'll carry on the way we're going. We're in business.'"

I said, "There's a legend that the classic touches in that film—the piggyback scene, the passengers singing The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze in the bus, Claudette Colbert thumbing a ride by lifting her skirt and adjusting her garter while passing motorists slammed on their screaming brakes—were thought up by Capra on the spur of the moment, as he went along. Were they in the script," I asked, "or were they shot off the cuff?"

"They were in the script," Gable said. "Frank and Bob Riskin put them in. Frank was the director; Riskin was the writer. They were an unbeatable team."

He didn't mention another unbeatable team, the stars of the picture. Claudette Colbert and he himself won Academy Awards for the year's best performance by an actress and actor. Gable isn't a great one for talking in terms of awards he's won. The picture itself won the award as the outstanding production of 1934. Capra won an Oscar for his direction. Riskin won a similar award for the year's best screen play.

I mentioned another legend that grew out of that film: that he had sabotaged the undershirt industry overnight by peeling off his shirt in the picture and revealing nothing under his shirt but him.

"I didn't know what I was doing to the undershirt people," he told me. "That was just the way I lived. I hadn't worn an undershirt since I'd started to school. They made me feel hemmed in and smothered. I still felt that way when I joined the Air Force in World War Two and I had to put on a T shirt. I felt swathed in fabric, like a mummy.

"I didn't want to be in the second picture you mentioned, Mutiny on the Bounty, because it was a story about a crew of Englishmen, and since I obviously wasn't English, I felt badly miscast. M-G-M had already assembled a group of all-English players, with the exception of Franchot Tone, who had a Cornell accent instead of an Oxonian one. However, Irving Thalberg had cast me in the picture, and while Irving was one of the most fabulously successful movie-production men who ever lived, I butted heads with him about it. 'You've guided me right many times, Irving,' I said, 'but not this time. I can't do this. The public will never believe me as a first mate in the British Navy. I'd be more believable as the first mate of a Puget Sound scow.'

"For a while there was a deadlock. It was broken by Kate Corbaley, who headed M-G-M's story department. God rest her soul, she's dead now, but she was a wonderfully kind, white-haired, brilliant woman. She knew I was giving Irving a bad time, and she didn't like civil war in the studio, so she came to me and said, 'I think you're making a mistake. I've read this story and I can't see anybody else playing Fletcher Christian but you.'

"'Not me, Kate,' I said stubbornly. 'I'd have to wear knee britches and a three-cornered hat. That's more than I can stomach.'

"'Don't be such a mule,' she told me. 'Listen.' So I listened, and after I listened, I said, 'O.K., let's go,' although I still didn't like it."

"What did she say?" I wanted to know.

"She said that the role called for maleness and independence, and that those two things were far more important than an English accent and knee britches and a three-cornered hat. 'It's going to be a big picture,' she told me, 'and you'll be its hero, not its heavy. How can you lose?'"

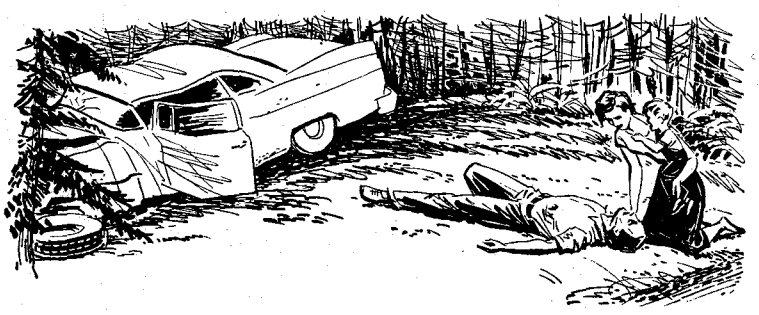
"Did you feel better about it as you went along?" I asked.

"Not me," he said. "I told everybody who'd listen, 'I stink in it.' I didn't realize I was wrong for several months. After the picture was finished, I went to South America on a ten-week holiday, and while I was there they previewed Mutiny. Afterward I got a cablegram from Thalberg: THE MOVIE IS WONDERFUL. WE'RE PROUD OF IT. YOU'LL LIKE YOURSELF IN IT. I had to believe Irving because he was a guy you could believe. He didn't kid himself or anybody else."

"I don't see how you could have avoided playing Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind," I said. "The whole country cast you in it long before the cameras began to roll."

"That was exactly the trouble," Gable said. "Not only that, but it seemed to me that the public's casting was being guided by an elaborate publicity campaign."

I disagreed. "That casting was a natural thing," I said. "No studio or producer controlled it. I sat in any number of bull sessions in friends' homes while we cast that picture. Nobody said we ought to cast it, we (*Continued on Page 66*)



What Would You Have Done?

It was late in the summer. The young husband and wife, with their small children, were hurrying home by car from their vacation. They took a short cut through a lonely stretch of road in a national forest in Northern California. The husband, weary, dozed at the wheel. The car plunged off the road. The husband pitched out, injured and unconscious. One of the children screamed in pain. The wife shouted for help. Only silence answered. No cars came along the dark, deserted road. But she remembered something she had seen miles back. Quickly she got aid. If you were the wife, what would you have done?

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She built a crackling fire in an open space. In a few minutes, a forest ranger sped up from a lookout tower which the family had passed. He radioed for an ambulance.

MRS. ARTHUR S. BELL, JR.

The Post pays $100 for true-experience contributions. All must be typewritten, with stamped return envelopes. They will be acknowledged within a month. Where several are similar, the first which meets editorial requirements will be given preference.

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Ed Sullivan as photographed by Arnold Newman on the set of his CBS television show

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(*Continued from Page 64*) just did. And the way we nonmovie employees cast it was the way it was eventually cast on the screen. Almost everybody agreed on you as Rhett Butler, Leslie Howard as Ashley, and Olivia DeHaviland as Melanie."

"My thinking about it was this," Gable told me; "that novel was one of the all-time best sellers. People didn't just read it, they lived it. They visualized its characters, and they formed passionate convictions about them. You say a lot of people thought I ought to play Rhett Butler, but I didn't know how many had formed that opinion."

"Enough," I said.

"There are never enough," he told me. "But one thing was certain: they had a preconceived idea of the kind of Rhett Butler they were going to see, and suppose I came up empty?"

I'd never heard that phrase before, so he explained, "I thought, *All of them have already played Rhett in their minds; suppose I don't come up with what they already have me doing. Then I'm in trouble.* If they saw one little thing I did that didn't agree with their remembrance of the book, they'd howl. I'd done the same thing myself when I'd wanted to be a Shakespearean actor. I'd taken a copy of Hamlet or Richard II or Othello to the theater with me and I'd sat in the balcony—I couldn't afford to sit anyplace else—and I'd checked on the Shakespearean actors. I'd say, 'Why that —— missed an "and"' or 'He left out a "but." He can't do that.'"

"I've seen Gone With the Wind three times," I told him, "and I had the feeling you enjoyed it."

"It was a challenge," he said. "I enjoyed it from that point of view. But my chin was out to there. I knew what people expected of me and suppose I didn't produce?"

"But you did produce," I said.

"Maybe so," he said noncommittally.

"When did you finally get it through your head you'd done all right?"

He said, "The night we opened in Atlanta, I said, 'I guess this movie is in.'"

"How did you figure that?" I asked. "Did you enjoy it yourself or did you gauge it by other people's reactions?"

"Other people's reactions," he told me.

"I've dug down into a mass of stuff about you," I said, "and I can't figure whether it was Darryl Zanuck or Irving Thalberg who took a look at your ears and thumbed you down as an actor."

"Darryl and Irving both did that at different times," Gable said. "Darryl was head of production at Warner Brothers. I don't know the details of his story, but I do know the Thalberg 'ears' story. I'd been the juvenile lead in The Copperhead, with Lionel Barrymore, on the stage here in Los Angeles, but I couldn't seem to cut the mustard in pictures, so I went to New York and found work on the stage. While I was there, Lionel became a director at M-G-M. Later I came back to Hollywood in The Last Mile, and Lionel came to the old Majestic Theater to see me in it. He came backstage afterward and said, 'Come on out to the studio. I want you to make a screen test.'

"'No use,' I said. 'I've tried working in pictures. They don't want me.'

"'Wait a minute,' he said; 'there's a thing called sound in pictures now, and these actors out here can't talk. You can.' I went out to M-G-M and Lionel said, 'Go over to make-up.' I went over and they curled my hair."

He bent his head and I could see the natural wave in his hair. "You see how much I need a curl," he said, "but they curled it anyhow. Then I went over to wardrobe, where they stripped me and gave me a G-string. The sound stage where they were making the test was a long way off. I'm no exhibitionist and I was embarrassed making that trek."

Somebody knocked at the door of my hotel room and I opened it. A beautifully groomed blonde walked in. Gable said to her, "Come in, mamma. How are you?"

The tall, chic blonde said to me, "This is me. How are you?" She did something to the room by just being in it. Suddenly the space in which we sat was bigger, airier; the sunlight that streamed through the Venetian blinds was brighter. Without trying to, she shot off sparks like a Fourth of July sparkler.

Kay Gable's marriage to Clark Gable is his fifth. It is her third. She was born Kathleen Williams in Erie, Pennsylvania. She grew up on a farm and did her share of the work there. Somewhere along the way she was a Powers model, and she also had a brief flurry as a Hollywood starlet. Her last husband prior to Clark Gable was Adolph Spreckels 2d, a California sugar heir. Their turbulent and unhappy marriage ended in divorce in 1952. She was married to Gable on July 11, 1955, at Minden, Nevada, at the home of Justice of the Peace Walter Fisher.

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The Magical Harvest

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

The little ditches of New Mexico
No longer flow;
Their work is done;
The autumn sun,
The autumn airs,
Are spiced with pears:
Between the desert's reaching arms,
The glowing of triumphant farms.

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"I'm glad you two finally got together," she said to me now.

"I've only been waiting three years for this talk with your husband," I said. "I hope you'll give me five or ten minutes more with him."

"Certainly not," she said. "It's too warm in here." But she smiled when she said it and sat down.

"He's telling me about his first screen test," I told her.

"Go right ahead," she said. "I'd like to hear that myself."

"When I showed up on that M-G-M sound stage," Gable said, "I asked Lionel, 'What is this? Why am I curly-haired and half naked?'

"'I'm directing The Bird of Paradise,' he told me. 'I want you to play the native boy in it.' A prop man stuck a hibiscus behind one of my ears, shoved a knife in my G-string, and there I was, creeping through the bushes, looking for a girl. Lionel had made a big thing out of 'these actors out here can't talk,' but he'd given me nothing to say throughout the test. Then my test was sent in for Irving Thalberg to look at. He called Lionel in and said, 'You can't put this man in a picture. Look at him!'

"Lionel said loyally, 'He's a good stage actor. He's young, but he'll be all right.' Irving said, 'Not for my money, he won't. Look at his big, batlike ears.'

"Fortunately a woman agent had seen me and believed in me enough to sell me to Pathe for a while. Then I was at Warner's for a spell, and in December, 1930, I came back to M-G-M."

"If you'll spare me a moment," Kay Gable said, "I'd like to take a measurement. Our second wedding anniversary is coming—cotton." She took a tape measure from her handbag and said to her husband, "Hold out your hand." She tightened the tape around his wrist and said, "Eight inches plus."

"I want you to know that there's a tape-recording machine over there in the corner," Gable told her. "It's going, and anything you say will be held against you."

"That's very interesting," she said brightly.

"What was that wrist-measuring bit about?" I asked.

"I'm buying the man some new shirts," she told me.

"I've never heard of a shirt measurement that included the circumference of a wrist," I said to Gable. "Maybe what she's really plotting is a wrist-watch band for you."

"Can't be," Gable said. "I have one already." Then he told her, "That's a very thin story. I don't buy that."

"You never know what I'm doing," Kay Gable said. "I'm a woman of mystery. That shirt talk was just a decoy. Just say I'm having the Mau Maus make you something of value. Maybe a metal band of some kind. I think I'll call it a Band of Angels after your new picture. Plug."

She put her tape measure away, and I said to Gable, "There's a theory that you're primarily a personality. On the other hand there are people who think you're an actor. What do you think?"

"Some people think he's a myth," Kay Gable said. "It just so happens that I have reason not to think so."

"I've never worked hard at being a myth," Gable said. "But I've spent a lot of time learning to be an actor. I'm still learning. I don't know how you go about learning to be a personality, but I know how you learn to go about being an actor, and I work at that. Everyone has a right to his opinion, even me. No matter what I was, I'd work at being as close to the best as I could get, and I choose to think of myself as an actor. It's a profession I'm proud of. It's my job. Not that I am the best, but I try."

"I think the first time I saw you on the screen was as the chauffeur in The Red-Headed Woman," I said.

"I played a chauffeur in Night Nurse, with Barbara Stanwyck," Gable told me. "You must have seen me in that. I wasn't in Red-Headed Woman."

"Anyhow, it was before you had your ears pinned back," I said.

"Speaking of myths, that's one," he said. "They were never pinned back."

I looked at him and said, "They certainly don't stand out any more. What happened?"

"He weighed only a hundred and fifty pounds then," Kay Gable explained. "When you're that slim your ears can look like handles."

"I thought maybe he'd had a small operation," I said.

"No," Kay told me. "Look behind his ears. No scar tissue!"

"Since I'm down to fan-magazine level with my ears-pinned-back question," I said, "how about these quotes I've read: 'Clark Gable is a man nobody knows. It takes him a long, long time to make friends.'"

"Those quotes don't quote me," Gable said. "They're a writer's opinion. I've given no thought to whether I make friends slowly or fast. I don't have a lot of friends; I do have a lot of acquaintances. Friends are something else."

"I'll tell you one of my definitions of a friend," I said. "If I do, maybe I can get one out of you. To me, a friend is a man with whom you can sit in a room and you can both read and you enjoy being together without saying anything. You don't feel any sense of strain. You have no compulsion to entertain each other."

"Being a friend goes deeper than that," Gable told me. "I don't feel any sense of strain in the present company, but a friend is someone in whom you can confide. You can say to him, 'I'm going to tell you something just between us,' and you know that it'll be just between you. Then, when you get down to the short rows and the going gets rough, a friend is someone who will help you. And he also knows you're available if things get rough with him. I don't mean in a monetary way, but in a companionship way or any other way you need."

"That reminds me," I said. "I once told my editor, 'I've got an idea. Why don't you insert a notice that I've been fired in the motion-picture trade publications as well as the weekly Variety; then send me out to Hollywood and let me find out how many people will still be my friends and let me into their houses and studios? It would make an interesting personal-experience story!'

"Nothing came of that idea, because my editor said, 'I wouldn't do that to you. That's a grisly notion. You're the sentimental type. It would kill you. You'd shrivel and die.'"

"I'm glad you didn't try it," Gable said. "It could have been brutal."

"Have you reached the point where you're shy about mentioning the date of your birth?" I asked him.

"February first, Nineteen One," he said. "It's simple to check. The county courthouse in Harrison County, Ohio, will tell you the day when I was born, and the hour."

"I used to lie a year about mine, but I've given it up," Kay Gable said philosophically.

"I'm about through, unless you have something on your mind you'd like to add," I said.

"The only thing I've got on my mind right now is a holiday," Gable told me. "Kay and I'll go up to Del Monte. We'll stay at the Lodge and we'll play a little golf. We haven't played any golf lately because she's been sick."

"She doesn't look sick," I said.

"I have angina pectoris," she told me. "I get pains."

It was odd listening to her say she was ill when she seemed so bursting with energy and animation, and I said the obvious thing, "You can't tell there's anything wrong by looking at you. Do you carry those little dynamite pills around with you?"

She corrected me, "You mean nitroglycerin. Yes, I have them right here."

"She had a scare when she was on location with me not long ago, up in Utah," Gable said; "she thought she had indigestion."

"I ate pounds and pounds of baking soda," Kay Gable told me.

"You did everything you shouldn't have done," Gable said to her reprovingly.

"I was doing the cooking," she said. "Naturally I thought it was indigestion."

"Not to change the subject," I said, "but as you get older," I asked Gable, "do you think your leading ladies ought to be older too? Do you have any feeling of self-consciousness when you play opposite a young girl?"

"That," Gable said, "is an interesting question, and before I answer it I want to make it very clear that I'm not criticizing any other male star, even by implication, for what he does or doesn't do."

"This is just about you," I said. "No one else." (*Continued on Page 68*)

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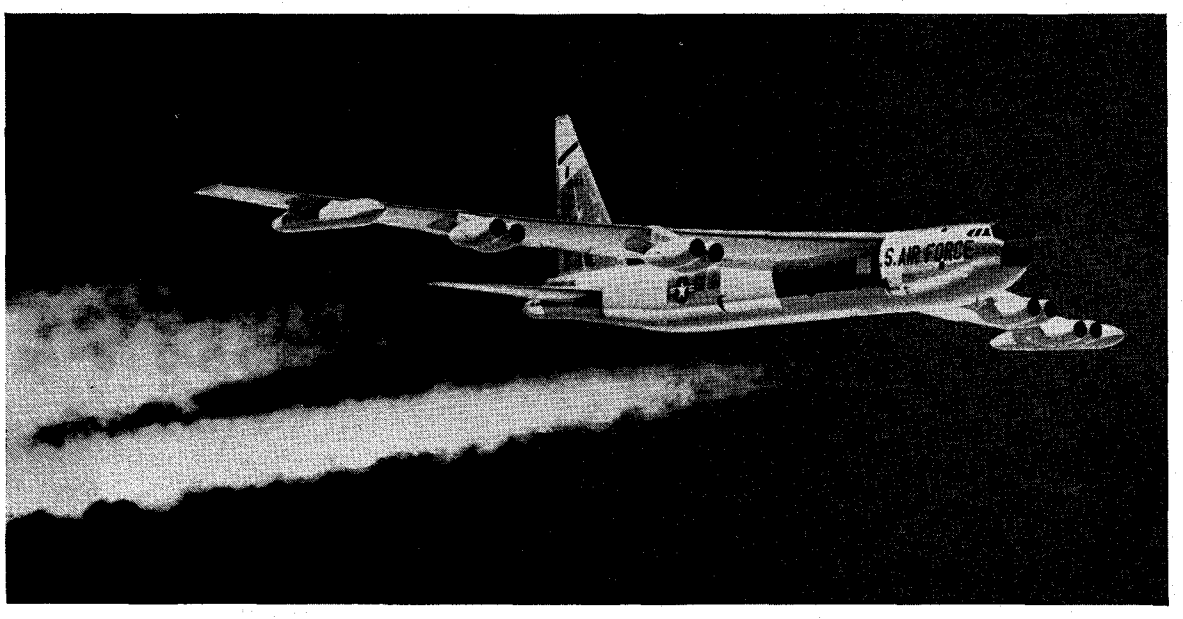

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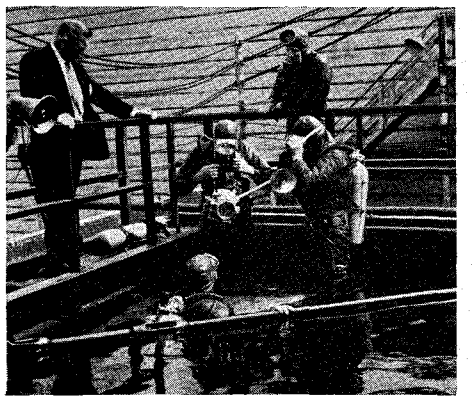

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BOEING

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(*Continued from Page 66*) "O.K.," Gable said. "In that case, yes, I think we actors with a touch of gray at our temples ought to have leading ladies who balance us agewise. It should be possible to find a leading lady who's not too young or too old. As you can see, my leading lady here is not too old."

Looking at Kay Gable, I said, "I haven't any idea how old she is."

"It's no secret," Kay Gable told me. "I was born in 1916. I'm forty-one."

"I think there's such a thing as having a leading woman too young," Gable went on, "but that's not for me to say. Casting is done by a studio or a producer. That's their business."

"You'd think he didn't tell anybody anything about making one of his movies," I said to Kay Gable. "You'd think he does exactly what they tell him to do."

"You ought to work with him for a while," she said. "You'd find out."

"I've told you the truth," Gable said. "I admit that I have taken evasive action with you sometimes, but you've asked me some pretty sharp questions."

"I wasn't trying to be sharp," I said.

"I know," he said, "but there are some things I just can't say."

I said, "Have you ever considered retirement? What do you think about your future?"

"That's a logical question, and I'll give you a logical answer," he said. "When the public doesn't want me any longer, I'll quit."

"How will you know?" I asked. "Other actors and actresses have told me the same thing, but when the showdown came, they were slow getting the public's message. I remember one actress who swore to me that she wouldn't wait for her popularity to fade; that if she ever dropped out of the first ten at the box office, she'd quit, but the public practically had to carry placards saying 'Jane Doe, go home!' before she got the hint."

"They won't have to slug me over the head," Gable told me. "The day they stop coming to see my pictures, I'll know they don't want me."

This doesn't seem likely to happen in the near future. He had just signed to appear in a submarine story, Run Silent, Run Deep, with Burt Lancaster. Shooting is set to begin this fall. This picture will be the third picture Gable has worked in since last January, giving 1957 the heaviest work load he's undertaken in recent years.

"You have no dream of sitting on your rear and reading and fishing?" I asked.

"Not me," he said.

"I feel the same way," I said. "I hope to keep on working till I die."

"By the same token," he told me, "I don't want to stay around long enough to bore people, and I won't. They have their own way of expressing themselves, and unless an actor deliberately looks the other way, he can see the warning. But, after all, it's their own money people are spending to go to my pictures, and as long as they still do it, I'll do my best to entertain them."

"You travel a lot, you go fishing and hunting," I said. "But the news of your comings and goings doesn't hit the gossip columns. There are no photographs of you arriving or leaving, yet you get there somehow. Do you have a private plane?"

"I have a station wagon," he told me. "Kay and I go in that. Sometimes when we go to Mexico, we tow a jeep behind us."

"Do people recognize you?"

"Yes," he said, "but I don't molest them, so why should they molest me?"

"You're lucky," I told him. "When I was working with Bing Crosby on his story, Call Me Lucky, I went to Europe with him on the Liberté. He had to give up eating in the main dining room and have his meals served in his cabin because a couple of women got loaded on cocktails every evening and made his life miserable."

"That I understand," Gable said. "That could happen. But it isn't common. The truth is people are no trouble as far as I'm concerned. I respect them and I hope they respect me."

"What do you think about television?" I said. "Do you have any reticences about that subject?"

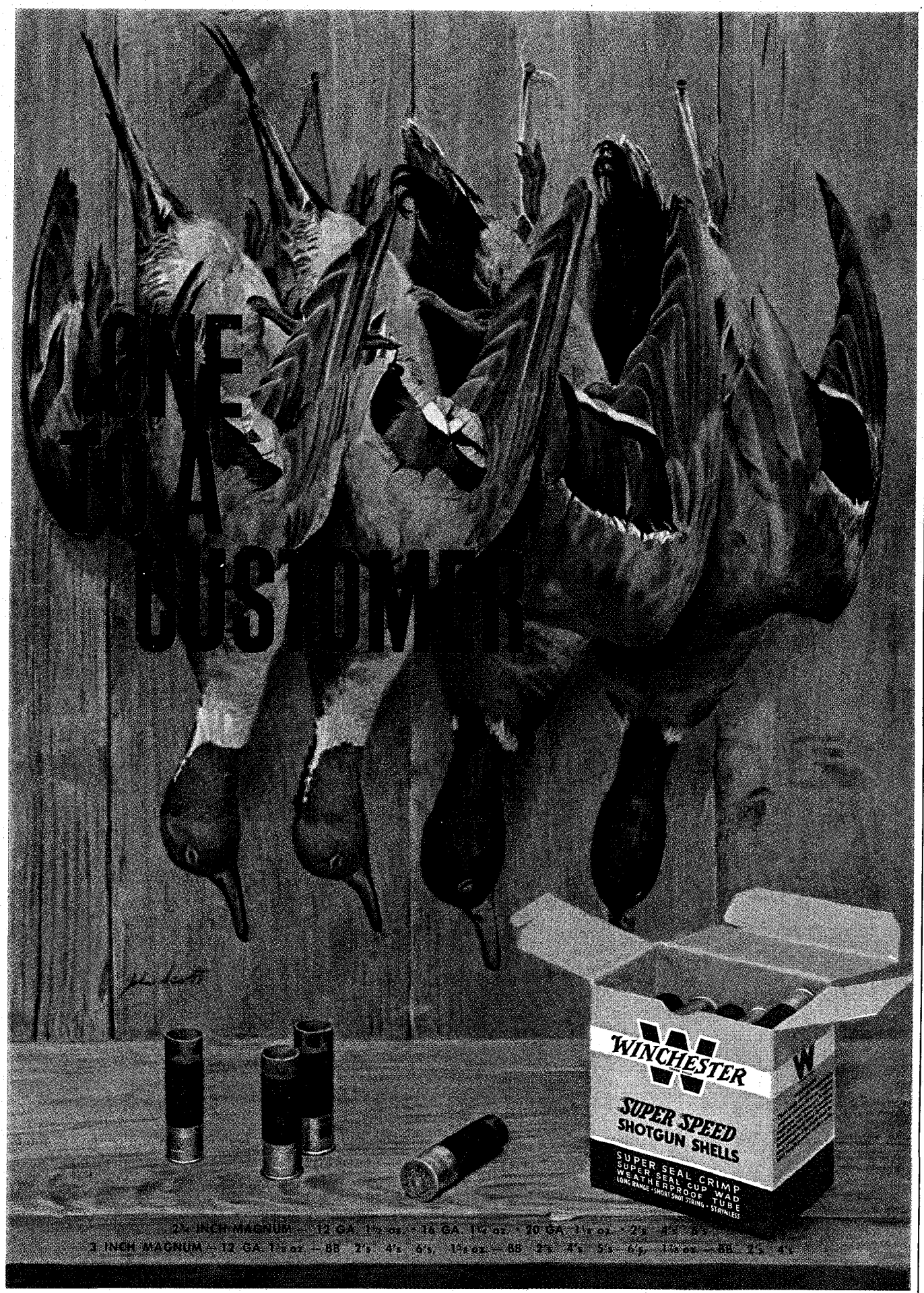
"I can tell you in a very few words what I think about it," he said. "I don't want any of it."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's hurting a profession I'm very grateful to—motion pictures," he said. "TV is here, and I know it's not going away, but I'm going to help as much as I can to keep the picture business strong as long as I can. I owe motion pictures that much, as well as the people who have worked in them with me for years. Television is fine, but as a medium of entertainment I don't think it's in the same class with motion pictures. Not with that tiny screen. I'm still a motion-picture personality and I intend to stay one as long as I'm around."

"Has there been pressure on you to try television?" I asked.

"No," he told me. "I let the television people know where I stood right away. I said it emphatically. I said it was a medium I didn't intend to try. That word got around very quickly." THE END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Battler From the Backwoods

(Continued from Page 31)

famous rough-and-tumble fighters for the past forty years, they are convinced that Roy Harris can "whup" any man in the world.

Ironically, the first of the battling Harrises to gain national notice for his fighting is a mild-mannered young man who teaches school and shows little real liking for fisticuffs.

"You'd never know Roy Harris is a boxer unless you ask him what he does, and then he'll probably tell you he's a schoolteacher," says Ed Watson, editor of the Conroe Daily Courier. "He doesn't drink, smoke or swear, and he walks the road as clean as a man can walk. You better not say anything against Roy Harris in Montgomery County or you'll get whipped, big man or little man, because Roy Harris has lived like we wish we had.

"This county is deserted when Roy fights. We call this 'The Miracle City,' because the geologists said there wasn't any oil here, and now it's the third largest and richest field in the nation. Roy Harris is another miracle."

Roy's father, Henry Harris, currently serves as his manager, but Roy's career is being guided by Lou Viscusi, proprietor of lightweight champion Joe Brown and former featherweight champion Willie Pep. In preparation for Roy's match in Houston in June with Willie Pastrano, the world's third-ranking heavyweight, Viscusi imported sparring partners from New York and Florida. Roy, who had previously done his training in the Harris front yard, worked out with his new spar mates in a ring set up at the rodeo arena on the outskirts of Conroe.

"Every afternoon there'd be three or four hundred people there," Viscusi says. "They'd get so excited they'd get to hollering, 'Kill that ——, Roy! Knock that —— out!' We had to explain to them that it was just a workout. Why, at Roy's fights, when he throws a jab or a feint, you'd think he'd thrown twenty-seven punches from the noise they make."

The Capitol Drug Store in Conroe sold $6100 worth of tickets to the Pastrano fight, which drew a total of 9286 patrons and a record Texas boxing gate of $46,962.50 to the Sam Houston Coliseum. Many of the Harris supporters were ready to back their boy with their bank rolls. About 300 rival fans came into Houston from New Orleans, the home city of Pastrano, who had not lost a fight since 1953 and had never been defeated as a heavyweight. Afterward, according to the stories, a number of the visitors were lucky to get home with the clothes on their backs.

"One said he couldn't even buy himself a soda water on the way back," says Bob Harris, an uncle of Roy's. "I give him five dollars so he could get somethin'."

Angelo Dundee, Pastrano's trainer, protested that the unanimous decision for Harris had been a miscarriage of justice. This opinion was not shared, however, by Whitey Esneault, Pastrano's manager, or by Pete Baird, sports writer of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, who gave Harris seven of the ten rounds.

Harris and Pastrano were scheduled to meet in a return match on August twentieth, but the date was set back to September tenth because of a training injury to Pastrano. Then Harris incurred a cut on his forehead, and the bout was called off again. There was no immediate indication as to when the fight would be rescheduled.

There have been mixed reactions to Roy Harris among the professionals of the boxing business who have inspected him with an objectivity unaffected by sectional enthusiasm.

"He's a good prospect," says Charlie Goldman, who trained Rocky Marciano for Al Weill, and who seconded Weill's latest heavyweight hope, Claude Chapman, against Harris in Houston in January. "In our fight he hit Chapman with everything but the water bottle, until Weill stopped it in the eighth round. But who can tell?"

Heavyweight Joe Rowan, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, was drubbed by Harris four weeks later in a ten-rounder. Rowan had previously been in with such men as Pastrano, Bob Satterfield and Johnny Holman. After his Harris fight, Rowan said, "He looks like an amateur, but he fights like a pro."

In April against Bob Baker, veteran trial horse of the heavyweight division, Roy was outweighed by twenty-eight pounds. In the fourth round he found himself on the floor from a looping right hand. While this sent a silent chill through the auditorium, it gave Harris the opportunity to establish that he has the will to survive a good punch and win. He took a nine-count, got up and outboxed Baker the rest of the way.

"Roy hit that canvas like he fell out of a tree," says Henry Harris, his father. "Fella turned to me and said, 'Roy's down.' I said, 'He'll get up.' Fella said, 'When Baker hits 'em like that they don't get up.' I said, 'Turn around. Roy's up now.'"

Three months after that fight, Baker announced his retirement. In his valedictory Baker claimed that, as he stood looking down at the fallen Texan, he had felt himself to be a stranger in a strange land, and had decided that it would be unwise for him to hit Roy hard again.

"Harris is no fighter," Baker contended at the time of his retirement.

It will take further tests against less equivocal opponents than Bob Baker to determine the true abilities of Roy Harris. Meanwhile one asset that everyone concedes to Harris is exceptional physical condition. "Out in Cut and Shoot they say they're born in condition," declares Benny King, a Houston pharmacist and former amateur fighter who for a time was Roy's manager. "One day in January a couple of years ago, I went out to see the Harrises. It was cold and sleetin', and Roy was out in the yard, takin' a shower with a hose hung over a clothesline. I was freezin', and I said, 'You'll catch pneumonia.' He said, 'I'm used to it.'"

If Harris accomplishes nothing else in his boxing career, he has at least introduced the name of Cut and Shoot to newspaper readers from coast to coast. Until Harris emerged from The Big Thicket to win local and then national attention, there were many people in Houston who had never heard of it. Citizens of Conroe have long known of it by reputation, but few have dared set foot in it.

"Cut and Shoot got its name from a church squabble they had there in 1910," says J. T. Montgomery, principal of Conroe's William B. Travis Junior High School and an authority on local history. "There were two factions in the Baptist church on the banks of Caney Creek, and I don't know how much cuttin' and shootin' there actually was, but Alfred Morris, a lawyer here in Conroe, named it and the name stuck.

"I'll tell you one thing about those people in The Big Thicket. When they like you they're for you all the way. When they don't like you, you don't know it until you wake up in the hospital or with somebody throwin' cold water on your face. You never know what those people are thinkin'.

"You have to remember that they're independent people. That's why they went into the thicket—to maintain their independence. They've always believed in the law, but their own law. They've got an extremely high code of honor, and they've always fought for it."

To say that Roy Harris comes from a fighting family is like saying that Nelson Rockefeller comes from a wealthy one. The Harris clan, led out of Oklahoma by Roy's grandfather, John Wesley (Cussin') Harris, moved into The Big Thicket in 1913. During the next twenty-five years, three of the sixteen offspring of Cussin' Harris established themselves as the best fist, knee, knife, club and heel fighters in the area—Jack, now sixty and a resident of Matagorda Bay; Bob, now fifty and a merchant seaman; and Henry, forty-seven, the father of Roy.

Henry, who helps train his son and seconds him in the ring, is a ruggedly handsome man with a deep dent in his skull. He stands six feet two and a half inches, and now weighs 237 pounds. When he was in his twenties he weighed 210, and had a thirty-three-inch waist, a seventeen-and-a-half-inch neck and sixteen-inch biceps.

"Is it true," this reporter asked Henry, "that one afternoon Bob laid out fourteen men with an ax handle?"

"Don't know how many Bob got himself," Henry said, pausing to spit tobacco juice. "I remember they took sixteen to the hospital. After it was over there was a tuft of brown hair here, a tuft of black hair there, teeth over there. Lookin' at that piece of ground, you'd think men fought over it for ten hours."

"How long did the fight last?"

"Ten minutes," Henry said, spitting, "but I'd rather not talk about that kinda thing. I don't want no damn family fracas startin' up again."

Roy, a soft-spoken 1956 graduate of Sam Houston State Teachers College, was asked, "What brought on these fights your folks had?"

"Mostly they'd come about when somebody'd invite them not to come to a dance," Roy said. "Once they invited Jack not to come to a dance, and he and Henry and Bob went. Jack, he went

NEXT WEEK

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By MAJ. SAMUEL W. TYSON, U.S.A.F.
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Broadway's Most Famous Dance Hall: Roseland

STRUGGLE FOR POWER UNDER THE PALMS
A Correspondent Reports From Indonesia

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around and asked each lady to dance, and none of them would. Then he walked to the middle of the floor and he said, 'There isn't a lady here wants to dance. I asked them all, and before I let any of you make 'em dance, I'll die and go to hell.'

"One of them pulled a pistol on Jack, and Jack took his pistol and beat it to pieces on him. That pistol was pretty shackledy when he got done, and that fella was bleedin' from the mouth and ears, and if Bob hadn't turned him over he'd 'a' drowned in his own blood. Then another one ran up behind Jack and hit him with a rail off a rail fence, and Jack grabbed it and hit him across the back and broke his back. You see, when people came out to Cut and Shoot to a dance and got back in one piece, they thought they'd really done somethin'.

"Another time there was a gang of boys had beat up several people in town. There was eleven of them, and one night they called Bob out on the road to give him a drink of whisky. When he turned it up to drink, they hit him over the head with a car jack, and then one of them jumped Bob on the ground and started knifin' him. Bob, he opened his own knife with his teeth, and he cut that fella's neck through on one side and then the other. That fella got up and ran in a circle about fifteen feet and then fell dead. But he'd cut Bob to the holler in thirteen places."

"To the what?" the reporter said.

"To the hollow parts of his body," Roy said. "They thought Bob was gonna die, but he didn't. Bob always said that other fella was the best one of the bunch, and he was sorry he'd had to kill him. He said the others had talked that fella into it."

Until an oil boom started in 1932, most of the denizens of The Big Thicket had little use and less respect for the outside world. They raised their own crops and livestock. They fished, shot game and made moonshine whisky. When any of them fell afoul of the law, Cussin' Harris, a six-foot-three-inch 200-pounder who had been a justice of the peace in Oklahoma, stormed into Conroe to defend them.

His most famous victory was scored over revenue agents. Cussin' Harris convinced the court that the assortment of hardware displayed in evidence did not prove that a still had been in operation, and then he obtained a court order forcing the agents to return the evidence to its owners and to reassemble it.

A leading Conroe authority on the Harrises is the former sheriff, Guy Hooper, now retired on an oil fortune.

"The Harrises are really great people," Hooper says today. "They fight like hell, but they're honest. They never lie."

Twenty-five years ago Hooper had to have a stockade erected to hold the Harrises and other "nesters" of The Big Thicket whom they led in open warfare against an invasion of their soil. The invaders were the "town-raised" unmentionables who had found beneath the sandy loam and clay that reservoir of oil.

Principal Montgomery, the local historian, explains, "When the oil boom started, the population went from two thousand to fifteen thousand almost overnight. People came from all over, and there were so many of them that they even had a tent city at Four Corners. Now, the people in The Big Thicket resented this. They didn't understand it. The oil people started to lease land and fence it off, and where there were just trails in there they made roads. The Harrises led the people in the thicket, and they pulled down the fences and got up on horses and went in gangs. They'd get up on a drillin' platform and pull the roughnecks off and give 'em a whippin'. Then they'd ride off to the next place and do the same thing. It was so bad they got the Texas Rangers in.

"After a while, Jack Harris decided he wanted to make some money on this oil too. He started out to quell the insurrection out there. He went around and hired the toughest guys he could find to dig slush pits for the wells. He had a couple hundred of them, and he had his own tent city. But at night Henry and Bob would take those men and go raidin' like before. In time, when those people got to understand what it was all about, it quieted down. But that's the kind of independent people Roy Harris comes from."

When finally a truce was arrived at, the Harrises leased the oil rights to their 300 acres. There are now four producing wells, and Henry is employed by the lessee to check them daily. He raises vegetables and owns a dozen hogs, twenty horses and a herd of seventy-five cows and beef cattle.

"The oil is split eight ways in our family," Henry says, "so it don't come to too much, but it's somethin' to have."

One of the first wells was drilled on the site of the two-room log cabin on the bank of Little Crystal Creek where Roy, the second oldest of the three sons and four daughters of Henry and Gladys Murray Harris, was born. This event took place at dawn on June 29, 1933, with his paternal grandmother and his Aunt Mary Metts in attendance.

When that cabin was burned four years later to make way for the well, the Harrises built a four-room log house a quarter of a mile away. Fifteen years ago they jockeyed a five-room, yellow-painted clapboard cabin up to the southeast end of the log house.

The two buildings, now joined into one with a porch running across the front, are elevated a foot and a half on oak piles. The roofs are of corrugated tin. A wisteria vine climbs the two-by-fours of the porch. Under the porch roof, the front of the log house is placarded with yellow advertising posters for Roy's fights with Buddy Turman, Oscar Pharo, Charlie Norkus, Chapman and Baker.

The front yard is strewn with worn automobile tires, sections of inner tubes, rusting hub caps and dried corn cobs. A traffic of hounds and chickens circulates from the yard to the shade beneath the house.

In the side yard four baby alligators wallow in a rusty, cut-down oil barrel. Behind the house is a 100-gallon water tank on twelve-foot pipe legs. It supplies an outdoor spigot and a faucet in the kitchen. The water is forced up into the tank under gas pressure from one of the oil wells, which adds a taste of gasoline.

Electricity came to the Harris homestead five years ago. There is a naked light bulb centered in the ceiling of each room, and the kitchen contains a refrigerator, a freezer and a washing machine. Loose screening hangs over the windows in the clapboard section, but the other windows are open to the flies, moths and mosquitoes.

Roy Harris observes, "My Uncle Jack used to say that the mosquitoes grow so big around here that they can stand flat-footed and kiss a turkey."

Two years ago Roy married Jean Groce, of Cut and Shoot, whom he first met in a homemaking class in the high school in Conroe. They live in a white, blue-roofed, three-rooms-and-bath cottage seventy-five yards from the Henry Harris home, where, with their parents, live Roy's brother, Henry, Jr., seventeen; and his sisters, Frances, fifteen; Wynne, thirteen; and Patsy, eight.

Of his own house, Roy says, "It was built by the Howard Lumber Company, but they paid me a dollar and a quarter an hour to work on it with them."

Between Roy's home and his father's a boxing ring has been standing for the past four years, and is now the worse for weather and wear. Beyond it, on the shores of the mustard-colored fish-and-alligator pond, the upper half of a heavy punching bag hangs from an elm that is festooned with Spanish moss. From another branch a climbing rope dangles, and a light punching bag is affixed to a limb of a sweet-gum tree. Over the pond a natural-gas flare burns night and day to attract insects that, singed by it, drop into the pond to fatten the perch, bass, catfish and bream.

"There's only a couple of 'gators in there now," Roy said, "but at one time we had more. About six years ago my brother Tobe went over to a lake about ten miles from here, and he got out in a boat and he roped one. The 'gator turned the boat over and he dragged Tobe through the water, but finally Tobe got ashore and he tied the rope around a button-willow tree and he came home.

"All that night that tree played that 'gator, and the next day my dad went down in the truck. They horsed that 'gator with the truck for a while, and then pulled him out and brought him over here. He was fourteen feet, two inches, and weighed about 1000 pounds. He ate a couple of our dogs, so Bob shot him."

It was on this ground, between the Harris front porch and the pond, that, nineteen years ago, much against his will, Roy started learning how to fight. He much preferred to fish, hunt and swim with his Cousin Armadillo or to listen to the tall stories of his uncle, Roe Brown.

Of Cousin Armadillo, now twenty-eight and living alone in a one-room cabin, Roy Harris says, "Clemens Moorehead is his right name. About ten years ago they had a bounty on armadillos here. They'd pay you ten cents for a pair of ears, and when we'd wanta go fishin', all Clemens wanted to do was hunt armadillos. He'd come in with thirty or forty pairs of ears, so we gave him that name."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As a schoolboy, Roy Harris was an honor student in junior high school and high school. He attended Tarleton State College, in Stephenville, for one semester, but found it too expensive and too distant. He put in five days at Texas A. & M., where he disliked the large classes and the "bullyin'" to which freshmen were subjected. He wound up commuting daily by bus to Sam Houston State Teachers College in Huntsville, thirty miles north of Conroe.

Today, in addition to punching out a living, he teaches spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, language and geography in the modern yellow-brick-and-glass Stephen F. Austin Elementary School in Cut and Shoot.

Roy is a Sunday-school teacher in the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, and a second lieutenant in the Army Reserve. Last June he put in two weeks with the 90th Infantry Division at Fort Polk, Louisiana.

In Roy's development as a boxer, the principal figure during his boyhood was his brother Ove, called Tobe, who is sixteen months older than Roy. Tobe turned pro ahead of Roy. He had twenty-seven professional fights as a middleweight and light heavyweight and lost only three, but his career was halted when he was thrown by a horse and suffered a shoulder separation.

"The boxin' started when I had some old ducks here," says Henry Harris. "Tobe said, 'Can I have those ducks?' When he come back, he'd traded them for a set of boxin' gloves."

Roy found himself pressed into regular service as Tobe's sparring partner. "I more or less had to do it for Tobe," he says. "I'd try every way I could to get him to forget to work out, but he'd remember it."

The two boxed barefooted in a ring set off on two sides by barbed-wire fencing protecting a vegetable patch, and on the other two sides by ropes. In time, word of what was going on in the Harris front yard spread, and other young hearties began to come out of the thicket to take their turns at it.

"Roy and Tobe had harder fights here than in the ring," Henry says, "with just me and Uncle Cleve settin' up here on the porch in these rope-bottom chairs and watchin'."

"That's somethin' they can't take away from Roy," says Tobe, "those ten thousand rounds right out there on that ground. It got so that I was whuppin' everybody else, but Roy was whuppin' me."

"What I did," says Henry, "was run me up a gas flare, and they'd box under that, startin' every afternoon at five o'clock. We'd have six to a dozen here every night."

"And how long would these sessions last?" a reporter asked.

"Maybe to midnight," Henry said, "dependin' on how many arguments started. Then I used to go in and haul the bullies out of those honky-tonks. You know, those I-kin-whup-anybodies. I'd haul 'em out here and put 'em in with the boys, and the boys'd lick 'em."

"That's right," Roy says. "They'd bring all kinds of drunks out here to box us."

Tobe says that the problem with Roy as a fighter "is gettin' him mean enough."

The father says much the same thing. "Roy never did have a temper," Henry declares. "Tobe, he sure do love to fight, but Roy, aside from his boxin', he had only one fight in his life."

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This took place on the campus of Sam Houston State Teachers College during Roy's sophomore year. His opponent was the senior who was the commanding officer of Roy's R.O.T.C. unit.

"He'd chew on me," Roy says. "In military class he'd say how shaggy I looked, and he'd straighten my cap. He'd do that four or five times in one day, in front of everybody, and I'd just say, 'But I haven't touched my cap, sir, since you fixed it.' At first I thought it was a joke, but then he'd do it in civilian clothes too. He was from Houston Heights and a dignified dresser, and a lot of times I wore blue jeans, and he'd say how country I looked.

"This day I guess I was a little on the bad side, and he met me on the campus and he said somethin' about my clothes, and I swung on him with a right hand. He kinda ducked and it grazed him and spun him around, and I hit him a left hook over his eye and split it and knocked him down. I kicked in a couple of his ribs, and I kicked him in the face. I skinned most of the hide off one side of his face and part off the other. There were some teachers came runnin', and some were hollerin' out of the windows, and they stopped it. If I'd 'a' had time to do a good job on him, I believe I'd 'a' made a friend of him. Half whippin' a man like that doesn't do any good. You just make an enemy, and I felt sorry about that. I really did."

After a hearing before a military board, Roy was expelled. The following week, when student organizations threatened a strike, he was readmitted.

Roy had eighty-three fights in amateur tournaments, and won seventy-three of these. In 1952 he was the Texas Golden Gloves middleweight champion, and the next three years he won the state light-heavyweight title.

"The Cut and Shoot thing," he says, "was the idea of Glen Buffalo, the football coach in junior high when I was sixteen and a welterweight. He trained Tobe and me. We growed our hair pretty long, and my dad and Bob let their beards grow, and we went up to Lufkin for the regional tourney for the Golden Gloves. Tobe and me fought in cutoff britches, and they gave us haircuts in the ring, more or less for publicity.

"Then, about two or three years ago, we had some fights goin' every Friday night at Speedy's, on Highway 105. It was a beer joint and dance hall, more or less a night club, and there'd be around two hundred people there, and they'd charge a dollar admission."

The fights were promoted, announced and refereed by Benny King, who was later to manage Roy for a time. King found it difficult to obtain amateur opponents for Roy, so he imported professionals under assumed names.

"I'd give the pros five dollars a round," he says. "Roy would lick 'em, but he'd run like hell. It took a lot of work to get him movin' forward."

"In the amateurs I was pretty runny," Roy says.

"Roy's the coolest man in a fight," says Tobe. "He's never gonna get excited. His type fighter learns a lot fightin' a man the first time, though. The second time he can skin his head easier."

From all this it may be gathered correctly that Roy's ring style is a renunciation of almost all the fighting traditions of Cut and Shoot. A cautious, calculating counterpuncher, he has scored only eight knockouts as a professional. However, he has improved rapidly during the past year, and is now a fairly good boxer who places his punches well.

Weighing Harris' potential, those behind him hope to keep him out of nationally televised fights, and to cash in at the gate on his local popularity. They believe that if Harris can maintain his standing among the leading heavyweights, they can parlay this rating with Texas enthusiasm and oil money into enticing Floyd Patterson into coming down and defending his heavyweight title against Roy.

"How far do you personally think Roy will go as a fighter?" a reporter asked Henry.

"Don't know," Henry said. "He trains hard, but whether he's fightin'-conscious I still don't know. He'll either go places quick or he'll quit."

"If you make a lot of money fighting, what will you do with it?" the reporter said to Roy, who has netted approximately $7000 from his fights this year.

"Buy land," Roy said.

"What about the luxuries of life?"

"I was in Chicago four times for the Golden Gloves," Roy said, "and I'd rather live out here under a tree. I have all the luxuries of life, anyway. I've got a wife and a home and a good job, and I can go huntin' and fishin' when I want."

Japan vs. Girard: The Inside Story

(Continued from Page 33)

"For one thing, it wasn't fitting. But she used to go anyway, mainly to pick up spending money for the children." On a very good day an industrious shell picker could earn 3000 yen ($8.30) at this dangerous occupation. Mrs. Sakai's money went to the younger generation of her six children, whose ages range from four to twenty-three years.

It seemed a relatively safe scavenging day this Wednesday because there were no exploding artillery shells. About fifteen members of Company F were trying to take a hill defended by another squad also firing small arms. But shell pickers were all over the place, 150 of them, according to the regimental commander, Col. Herbert A. Jordan. By the lunch break things got so bad underfoot, Jordan called in the live ammunition and issued blanks.

A lieutenant ordered Girard and his buddy, Specialist Third Class Victor Nickel, to protect some field jackets and a machine gun on a ridge from the scavengers.

This particular section of the ridge—the Japanese call it Monomizuka, and the Army calls it Hill 655—is shaped like the back of a horse. Girard and Nickel were standing part way down the mane, overlooking the saddle.

With Mrs. Sakai was a twenty-nine-year-old Japanese named Hidetsugu Onozeki. In his testimony and in our conversations with him, Onozeki vividly recalled the incident:

"One of the soldiers threw about ten casings at us, and called, '*Mama-san, daijobu*' ['it's O.K., mama.'] I went with Mrs. Sakai toward where the soldier had thrown the casings when I saw him put a casing into an attachment on the end of his rifle and point in my direction."

He said Girard was no more than ten or fifteen yards away. Girard later paced off the distance as twenty-nine feet, but after that maintained it was twenty to thirty yards.

"I was afraid," Onozeki continued, "and started running. He fired and the casing landed near my left foot. . . .

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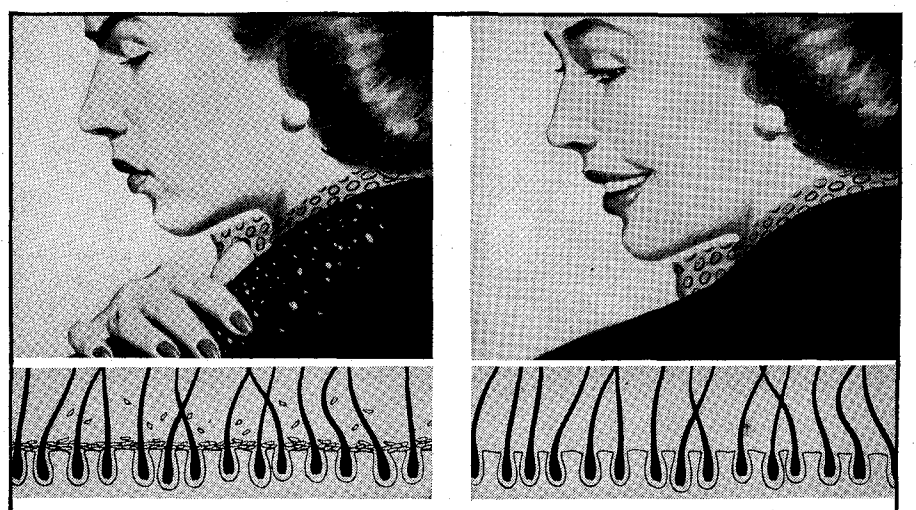

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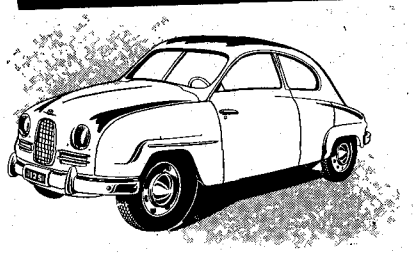

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When I turned around I saw him crouch down and put another empty cartridge in his rifle. He stood up and came close to the hole where Mrs. Sakai was. He shouted, 'Get out of here, get out of here.' Just then Mrs. Sakai started to climb out of the small hole. There was another shot, and I saw Mrs. Sakai fall forward on her face with her arms spread out. She moaned, but didn't say anything. Girard ran up to her. He looked frightened. He leaned over and put his hand on Mrs. Sakai's back and shook her, but she didn't move. Girard turned to me and yelled. He made gestures for me to put Mrs. Sakai on my back and carry her away. Mrs. Sakai was '*daijobu*' he told me."

Frightened himself, Girard called a U.S. medical corpsman on the range. The medic cleaned the dirt from Mrs. Sakai's wound and tied it shut with a bandage. Army officers and Japanese police from Gumma Prefecture came and Girard was driven away in a jeep.

Girard's buddy, Nickel, told the police the shooting was an accident. He did not change this story for many days. Later he sheepishly asserted Girard asked him to lure Mrs. Sakai closer. In an affidavit to the United States Supreme Court, Government attorney Robert Dechert quoted Nickel as saying he collected empty casings and threw them to the Japanese.

". . . Girard told me to throw those cartridges. The purpose was to scare the Japanese off by firing over their heads when they came to pick up the cartridges."

Girard, however, denied enticing the woman. "I'm completely innocent," he insisted. "I was real shook up, and I'm sorry."

Girard could have had no idea of the accuracy of his weapon. When a cartridge is fired from a grenade launcher there is no telling what it will do. Sometimes the casing comes out straight as an arrow; other times it comes out end over end. Japanese police, however, insist that at ten yards it will rip through a half-inch wooden plank. In any event, the brass that hit Mrs. Sakai penetrated upward into her back three and a half to four inches, severing an artery in the upper lung. Using the weapon in this way was "unauthorized," but soldiers sometimes did it to drive off scavengers when they thought their superiors were looking the other way. In fact, the prosecution at Girard's trial charges he fired in this manner at several other shell pickers before aiming at Onozeki and Mrs. Sakai.

Up to this point, no one except those at the scene had any inkling of how Mrs. Sakai died. The newspaper Yomiuri the next day carried a routine report under the headline ANOTHER SHELL PICKER KILLED, relating she had been hit "by a stray bullet." While Japanese were reading the story, Onozeki was pouring out to Gumma police his damaging account of how Girard had lured his victim. The Japanese detectives remained quiet, waiting for the "U.S. side" to make a clean breast. But Girard and Nickel weren't saying the same things Onozeki was. By Friday the Gumma police were hopping mad because of the Army's silence. They started to charge Girard with murder, then changed their minds and accused him of "bodily injury resulting in death" instead, concluding that a man in his circumstance could have been acting only "in mischief."

The Army was perplexed. It was Onozeki's word against Girard's and Nickel's. Besides, the Army was pretty disgusted with the whole shell-picking nuisance. Onozeki, meantime, freely circulated his story in the local bars, where he had a reputation as a handy man with a bottle of *sake*—Japanese whisky. Word got to Shigemitsu Akanegakubo, a Socialist who represents the district in the national Diet. Akanegakubo spells trouble to Americans. He is a rabid left-winger who for months had been agitating against the United States' continuing to hold military bases in Japan.

The Army sensed that trouble was brewing—by now Onozeki's version was burgeoning in the newspapers—but nobody in authority seemed to know just what to do.

On Saturday morning, three days after the shooting, a provost marshal's report was forwarded to the Public Information Office at Camp Zama, headquarters of the Army Forces Far East Command, of which Girard's 1st Cavalry Division was a subordinate unit. An officer wrote a press statement identifying Girard, stressing that a full inquiry was under way. Critics, blessed with hindsight, claim the Army should have slapped Girard into a guardhouse and court-martialed him right at the start to kill off the growing Japanese hullabaloo. This wasn't normal, under the circumstances. But it certainly would have been normal to meet public interest by releasing available detail.

Instead, Col. Charles R. Revie, a strict West Pointer with no previous PIO experience, seized the prepared announcement and withheld it from the public. Revie maintained that the announcement was killed that Saturday morning by a higher authority, who was—and is—still carefully shielded in anonymity. The Far East Command had a sizzler, so responsibility for holding off the press was bucked down to the division's PIO office in Tokyo. Manifestly, the buck was passed with restrictions so severe as to make the blackout complete.

While the Army was playing hide and seek over the weekend, Socialist Akanegakubo on Monday hustled up the Diet Cabinet Committee to demand immediate Japanese jurisdiction over Girard. The Diet member had been in Gumma, talking to Onozeki and "other witnesses." He claimed Girard deliberately murdered Mrs. Sakai in an off-duty act.

That afternoon Maebashi officials notified Colonel Jordan that their inquiry held the Army responsible for the death and asked the United States to indemnify the Sakai family, a normal procedure.

But the Army policy was: Lay low, say nothing; maybe it will all go away. Almost four months passed before compensation was paid.

Girard's buddies did pass the hat around. They collected $77.78 and sent it to the Sakais with their regrets.

On Wednesday, February sixth, at a Diet hearing, Akanegakubo dramatically announced, "This woman was shot in the back." The Army, after a week of silence, finally issued a 500-word whitewash communiqué of which more than half was devoted to criticizing shell pickers for trespassing. It maintained, in defiance of Japanese accounts to the contrary, that "a soldier" had fired a shot "into the air as a warning signal." The Army still refused to identify Girard by name. Japanese reaction was furious, and sensing an Army cover-up, newsmen and public alike concluded there was indeed something to hide.

Now Japan decided upon a rocklike determination to prosecute Girard in its own courts. Ordinarily, under the United States-Japan Administrative Agreement, Japan waived jurisdiction over G.I.'s whenever the Army asked the favor. For example, of 14,831 cases between October, 1953, and June, 1957, in which it had the right to exercise primary jurisdiction, Japan waived rights in all but 529. None of these 529 was contested by the United States. But now, the Liberal-Democratic Party government, sensing that the Socialists had an embarrassing issue, could only steal the ball and run with it themselves, hoping Washington would understand.

The Japanese certainly believed they were on firm ground. The agreement said they could try any serviceman who committed an offense against a Japanese unless it arose "out of an act or omission done in performance of official duty." Clearly, Tokyo claimed, Girard was not acting "in performance of duty" any more than a military policeman was who, while cruising, jumped from his patrol car to punch a Japanese.

On February eighth, two days after the Gumma police identified Girard by name—reported by one newspaper as Gerald S. Williams—the United States chargé d'affaires, Outerbridge Horsey called on then Foreign Minister Nobusuke Kishi to express his nation's "most sincere sympathy and regrets." The Socialists responded with a cry of "deliberate murder" and ailing Prime Minister Tanzan Ishibashi sent a solatium to the Sakais

"Fore!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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from his sickbed. Everyone was getting into the act except the Army, which, Horsey explained, was then still "urgently seeking to ascertain the facts." The next day the Japanese police formally charged Girard with committing manslaughter.

The Army's buck passing reached almost hysterical proportions by February ninth, when AFFE was referring all questions to 1st Cavalry, which referred callers to the Far East Command headquarters of Gen. L. L. Lemnitzer, which said: "Call the embassy." The embassy said nothing.

The Army goof by this time had leaped above Colonel Revie's head, and Japanese newsmen trying to fix blame placed it squarely with either Lemnitzer or Gen. I. D. White, who ran the AFFE ground forces at Zama. White, however, considered himself a troop commander and understandably wanted to avoid a political imbroglio. By a quirk, Lemnitzer, whose headquarters properly had a diplomatic function, was in no position to rescue White, even if he had wanted to. For both senior four-star generals, at the moment, were being considered for nomination to Vice Chief of Staff of the United States Army, a position Lemnitzer ultimately won. "It wouldn't have been cricket," an officer on his staff told us, "for Lemnitzer to undercut White at the time." Finally, on February twelfth, almost two full weeks after the shooting, Far East Command confirmed that Specialist Third Class William S. Girard was indeed the man involved. It took another day of arguing to shake loose the identity of his home town.

On February fourteenth Japan formally announced it was going to try Girard. United States officials balked, maintaining he had acted on duty; so the matter was tossed into the lap of a joint United States-Japanese committee which met six times while the case itself disappeared from the public eye. Behind the scenes, Japan was not budging. On May sixteenth the United States representative on the committee, with reluctant approval from Washington, announced the United States was waiving its right to try Girard.

Senate Armed Forces Committee Chairman Richard Russell, of Georgia, commented somewhat reasonably that the case, to this point, had been "miserably handled."

When word of the decision got to President Eisenhower, he asked Secretary of Defense Wilson immediately to delay delivering Girard for trial pending "a full investigation." G.O.P. leaders later said the President intended to head off adverse criticism at home. It was the Wilson "hold order" that on May seventeenth catapulted the drama to a Page I stage and kept it running. The "Girard Case" leaped from an ordinary incident to an international episode. In Japan the Socialists rubbed their hands, and for the nation itself it became a matter of *kao make*—loss of face. The Maebashi District Court, as if in defiance, on May eighteenth formally indicted the man Japanese readers now knew familiarly as "Girard-o."

While the crisis deepened, for Bill and Candy, at least, things were going better. Girard was restricted to base under guard, but on May sixteenth Sgt. Gilbert Saylor, Jr., a friend of Girard's, offered the lovers the privacy of his home so they could rendezvous during Candy's daily visits to Camp Whittington. Betty Jean Saylor sympathetically explained Bill and Candy "had no other place to go."

Even so, there was the ever-present M.P. who sat on the living-room couch while Bill and Candy held hands or Girard played with Saylor's three small children until their bedtime. About ten o'clock the M.P. escorted his charge back to his special bedroom in the provost marshal's office. Candy usually left a little earlier to make the last bus back to her tiny one-room apartment.

"Since all the trouble began," she told us during the "crisis," "I've been to visit Bill every single day." If anything, the rough life she had been forced to lead made her feel even closer now to Bill. After running through a series of jobs—at a confectionery plant, as a salesgirl, then a maid—she joined the bar-stool circuit in Osaka and other Southern Honshu cities, then to Tokyo, and finally, in February last year, to Kagohara, where she became a hostess at Charlie's Bar.

"It was the day before I started working at Charlie's that I met Bill—at a friend's house," she recounted. "The first words he said to me were 'Hi, cutie!' and he had had too much to drink." She had become inured to a lot of things in her battle for survival, and in her estimation intoxication deserved sympathy rather than condemnation.

"I felt there was a reason for it, that he must be lonely, and I decided then and there to see what I could do for him. It wasn't easy. In fact, hardly anybody really knows the rough time I've been through."

After a month at Charlie's, Candy quit to become Girard's "only," and it was then that Candy launched her campaign to sober up her soldier.

"I knew I couldn't get him to stop drinking all at once. And he kept piling up drinking debts at the bar. I had to spend the forty thousand yen I had saved up, and pawned my wrist watch, my ring and other belongings. My girl friends advised me to stay away from him. I asked the *Mama-san* of the Charm Bar to give him beer instead of whisky, and also to gradually cut down on the amount she would allow him to charge."

By August—when Girard proposed—Candy's efforts, plus her oral scoldings and the fights that resulted, had led to a considerable cutdown in his alcohol intake. "And by October, he had quit altogether!"

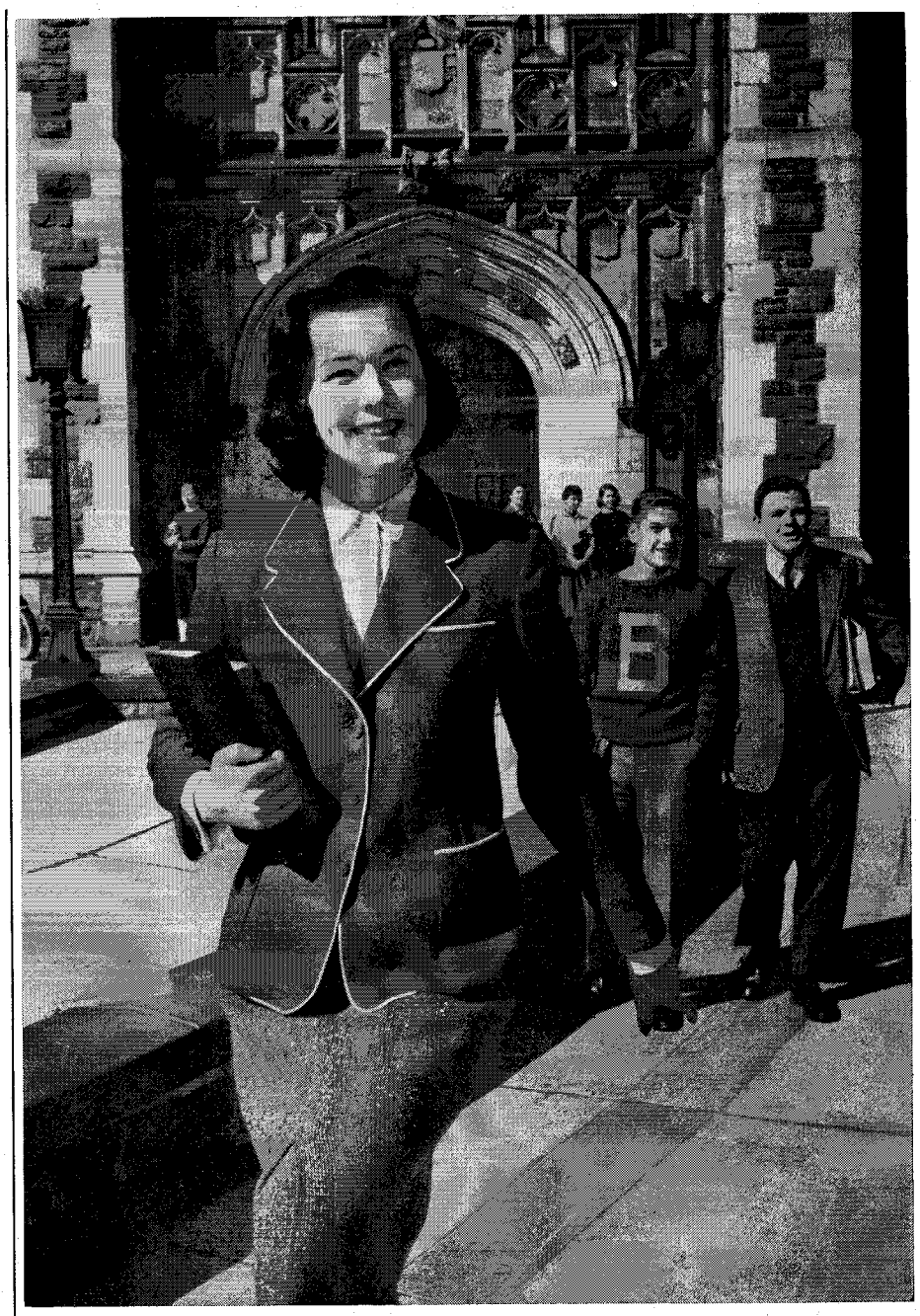
It took from mid-May to June fourth this year for the United States to make up its mind whether to turn Girard over or to renege on its word to the joint committee. One would suppose the Administration itself had been "shook up" by anti-American rioting in Taipei in the interval. Japanese could riot too. Whatever the reasoning, Secretary of State Dulles and Secretary Wilson ruled that Girard was Japan's, lock, stock and barrel.

"Appeasement!" cried Ottawa, Illinois, where Girard's older brother, Louis, now lived. Mrs. Walter Carroll fired off a telegram to President Eisenhower: "You have traded the loyalty of the mothers of America for the traitorous yeses of a country that has proved its sneakiness. Remember Pearl Harbor, Mr. President?"

A New York publicist named John David Griffin convinced brother Louis he ought to get a lawyer. Louis got three, including Earl J. Carroll, a fifty-three-year-old former Army Air Forces major who raised a lot of ruckus defending G.I.'s in Europe after World War II.

Carroll launched a legal move on June fifth in a Federal court to prevent the Army from surrendering the bewildered soldier. Girard got the word from Maj. Stanley F. Levin, appointed that day as his "personal legal adviser." Levin explained what a writ of habeas corpus was. "It looks good to me," Girard beamed.

The same day, also, Girard's mother, Dorothy, left the Peoria State Hospital,



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where she had been a voluntary patient for a nervous disorder, and returned to Ottawa. She retained two Peoria lawyers for the fight, unaware that Louis was 'way ahead of her.

At Whittington, meanwhile, Girard started getting the first of a barrage of trans-Pacific telephone calls from brother Louis and lawyer Carroll. They told Girard to fire Itsuro Hayashi, the crackajack Tokyo criminal lawyer Girard picked to defend him. Hayashi wouldn't budge. JAP LAWYER REFUSES TO QUIT GIRARD CASE, headlined the Indianapolis News on June eighth, reflecting the general interest. Hayashi was allowed to hang on, his legal fees being paid by the United States Government.

In Washington, Carroll argued before Federal District Judge Joseph C. McGarraghy that turning Girard over to an alien court would set a precedent for United States troops everywhere in the world—"even in Saudi Arabia, where a boy who steals five dollars may have his hands cut off or his ears cut off." McGarraghy listened and issued a temporary restraining order.

Brother Louis, a twenty-eight-year-old mechanic now swept into prominence in Washington and New York, solemnly telephoned Bill on June seventh that he was "a national hero." And Carroll decided that Girard need not fire Army adviser Levin, after all, as others had suggested, because "the boy needs someone to talk to." Several thousand miles away, Levin brushed off the crack, for he had now become Girard's alter ego, father confessor and legal adviser. He functioned as the boy's brain from June sixth forward. Levin, a conservative, warm, forty-nine-year-old career Army lawyer from Hollywood, California, was to become Girard's most trusted and loyal friend.

He was a natural press agent, dropping "feature bits" to American reporters that Girard never cusses, isn't vicious and goes to church every Sunday. Benignly peering at Girard over his spectacles, Levin also pre-empted the soldier's press conferences, which came to indicate the importance this country boy had assumed. Girard is singularly inarticulate, his stand-by phrase being "I ain't got no comment." When stumped for words, Girard invariably turned helplessly to Levin. One day, pressed by a caustic newsman for a reason why he was going to marry Candy, Levin broke in, "Because Girard loves this girl. Isn't that right, Girard?"

"Yes, sir, that's right," Girard echoed.

The fact was, Girard needed a fundamentally solid, sympathetic and able counselor like Levin to offset the publicity circus that was touring in his name in the United States. It was becoming obvious, however, that young Bill was not easy to handle. The heady aroma of Page I ink was getting to him.

"See, I made the headlines again," he said to one of the ubiquitous MP's at his side. To the fourteen military policemen who at one time or another drew "Girard duty," Bill was no hero.

"He was a pain," one of the MP's related later. "If we talked sharply to him, Girard would squawk to Levin, and pretty soon we'd catch hell."

With reporters Girard was also occasionally irritating. He betrayed a streak of ego, marked by a vain attempt at being blasé, and a jabbing finger that pushed his "no comments" home. He was genuinely miffed at brother Louis for calling him "a national hero" and turned one news conference into an inquisition trying to smoke out a reporter who wrote: "He even tries to walk like a hero."

"Who wrote that stuff?" Girard bellowed, jabbing his finger. "C'mon, now, who wrote that stuff?"

He "instructed" newsmen that as a press-conference subject Candy was off-limits.

But behind the tough-guy front was a normally gentle, terribly perplexed youngster. Girard chewed his fingernails whenever he was bewildered, which appeared to be often. "You see those two tattoos on his arms?" a friend said. "He's going to chew right up to there if this pressure on him isn't relieved pretty soon."

On June eighteenth Judge McGarraghy ruled in favor of brother Louis, who had brought the suit to save Girard from Japan. He ruled Girard had the constitutional right to be tried before a United States Army court-martial.

It was three o'clock the morning of June nineteenth when the decision was flashed to Tokyo. An International News Service reporter was the first to reach Levin. "What's your reaction, Major Levin?"

"My reaction is that it's three-thirty in the morning, that's my reaction!"

"But aren't you going to wake Girard with the news?"

"I'll wake him at a decent hour," Levin snorted and hung up.

Lawyer Carroll beat Levin to the punch and called Bill by overseas radiophone at 5:30 A.M. Later, he accused Levin of "concealing" the "good" tidings. Girard, suddenly casting himself as Levin's defender, spent most of a midmorning press conference denying Carroll's charge. He seemed hardly interested in Judge McGarraghy's ruling.

"On that," Girard said, "no comment." (Later, Girard said privately, "I hate being a guinea pig. It's me who'll have to serve time in jail, not them.")

Candy didn't like the "good" news at all. "I'm scared," she moaned. "If he has American trial, maybe he'll have to go to the monkey house."

Monkey house is what many Japanese young ladies believe to be the term Americans use for jail. Candy said Bill told her only the day before he wanted a Japanese trial. The reason was becoming evident: Girard stood to get no more than a suspended sentence from lenient Japanese courts, although the offense with which he is charged carries a two-to-fifteen-year penalty under law. An Army court-martial more likely would have dealt him a dishonorable discharge if not three years in prison.

McGarraghy's decision denying Japan the delivery of Girard's person loosed a torrent of angry headlines, read in turn by 90,000,000 angry Japanese. American civilians living in Tokyo, eager to show their displeasure at the *Diktat*, took up a fund for the six Sakai children.

Things had indeed reached a serious pass. American politicians seized their opportunity to appease strong isolationist sentiment. The House Foreign Affairs Committee actually voted, 18–8, in favor of a resolution by Congressman Frank Bow, of Ohio, which would have forced President Eisenhower to renounce all status-of-forces agreements with all countries. If this resolution had become law it would have meant, inevitably, the withdrawal of American forces from Europe as well as Japan and the rest of the world. Bill Girard had been catapulted into history as surely as Dred Scott.

The weighty constitutional issues that Bill Girard had triggered were now at last before the Supreme Court. The high tribunal decided on June twenty-first to accept jurisdiction after an Administration appeal, setting arguments for July eighth. Eight of the nine justices gave up two weeks' vacation to deliberate, but by now so much was at stake that this seemed entirely equitable. (Justice Douglas had already left for the Far East before an appeal to the Supreme Court was filed.)

On July second, escorted by a United States vice-consul and an Army interpreter—she speaks very little English, even to Bill—Candy drove to Tokyo in a shiny sedan the Army thoughtfully provided, to register her marriage. This registration, in Japan, makes a couple legally man and wife. Girard, still under restrictions, was conspicuously absent from his wedding. In Japan, either party can seal the act.

The registration over, we invited the new Mrs. Girard to the Imperial Hotel to celebrate her marriage over a drink. "It's funny," she remarked, "it just doesn't seem real." Candy, a Buddhist, was looking forward to Protestant rites in the post chapel on Friday, which was coincidentally her birthday.

If she was happy to be married, though, she didn't show it. She mused over the drink, "Things won't really be settled until this trouble is over with."

Bill and Candy solemnized their marriage in a ten-minute ceremony on the afternoon of July fifth. Nothing indicated better the sacrosanct stature to which Girard had by now risen in the mind of Army brass than the unprecedented memorandum—in both English and Japanese—signed on behalf of the 8th Cavalry Regiment commander. It sounded like wedding plans for the superintendent of West Point.

Paragraph b, for example, told harried reporters that: "Sp3 Girard has indicated he has no objection to photographs being taken of him or Mrs. Girard as they enter and leave the chapel and that he and Mrs. Girard will pause briefly as they enter and leave to permit any desired photographs to be taken. He has indicated that any statement he has to make concerning his marriage may be made by him during a brief period following the ceremony as he and Mrs. Girard leave the chapel."

Girard's statement on the chapel steps, his bride on his arm, could hardly have been more brief. "This is happy moment. I wish my mother and brother were here."

Paragraph c said Girard requested "that the sidewalk leading off from the chapel to the street in front of the chapel be roped off, and that personnel of the garrison and others not be permitted to block or impede the orderly and dignified exit of the wedding party following the ceremony."

The aforementioned camp garrison, however, failed to materialize, except for a handful of rubbernecking officers, one of whom told three enlisted men who happened to be standing at a respectful distance, "Don't you have anything better to do than stand around here?"

The proceedings were somewhat enlivened when one photographer jockeying for position knocked another one cold.

The six-member wedding party included Sergeant Saylor, who, in addition to being Girard's best man, conveniently landed the job of guarding him—minus the standard M.P. .45 pistol this time—inside the chapel.

There was no honeymoon, for as a further Army communiqué stated, there were no quarters then available on base for enlisted men of his grade. Candy went home from the Saylors' as usual.

While the Supreme Court hearing continued to rock the headlines, newlywed Girard chewed his nails and waited. He had lost ten pounds. "Sure I'm nervous," he said. "Who wouldn't be in my position?"

"What this kid needs is a mother, not a wife," a Whittington officer somewhat coldly observed. Levin did his best.

Candy, seizing the prerogative of an assured bride, finally said publicly what she had been telling Bill privately all along. In an interview, she angrily assailed brother Louis and her newly acquired mother-in-law in Illinois.

"They are causing a lot of trouble. They're fools to want a court-martial. They don't know the situation here. Here, at least, maybe he won't go to jail."

Bill was perturbed when his Government, seeking somewhat desperately to win its case, turned over the Onozeki-Nickel "enticement" affidavits to the court. "I don't care," Girard said defensively. "I know I didn't entice that woman. It was a complete accident. I am not changing anything. I can't change the truth."

The next day, July eleventh, the Supreme Court laid down its historic ruling. At least half of Congress was wrong. McGarraghy was wrong. Carroll was wrong. Brother Louis was wrong. The decision by the Eisenhower Administration to turn Girard over to the Japanese was deemed constitutional.

In Japan, the decision brought relief. Had it gone the other way, there unquestionably would have been a devastatingly serious breach in United States-Japan relations, requiring months, possibly years, to heal. The important thing for Japan was that its "face" had been saved.

"I know I will get a fair trial," Girard said happily. Then he laid down the law. He didn't want any of those Stateside lawyers coming over here to the Japanese court. He said he wanted to go in there with Levin and Hayashi. Then he cut brother Louis short for sending a telegram to President Eisenhower begging "on bended knee" not to turn Girard over.

"My brother hasn't been over here to Japan. He doesn't know the Japanese people like I do." Decisively, he said, "I'm through taking orders from Louis."

There was still some resentment in America and angry reaction crackled over Capitol Hill, but Bill Girard finally had what he wanted all along, although no one had bothered to ask him: a Japanese trial.

The trial is not as quiet as he would like, because suspicious attention is being paid to Maebashi to see how the three-man court—Japan has no jury system—does by Bill. The affair has brought several observers from the United States to see Japanese justice in operation, and seventeen foreign correspondents and twenty-five Japanese newsmen have been allotted half of the courtroom's spectators' seats to report every detail of the drama to the world.

Presiding Judge Yuzo Kawachi's handling of the trial has elicited mostly praise, even from such observers as American Legion representative Alvin Owsley, who, after the opening session, commented: "Girard is having a fair trial." He added that "in fact, the court is better to the accused than an American court would be." If convicted, Bill's Army career is finished. His hitch is up, anyway, in late October.

Girard is not sure in his own mind whether he would like to team up again in Uncle Sam's Army or not. He has changed his mind half a dozen times since the big boo-boo started. The Army has caused young Girard a lot of trouble. Bill has given the Army its worst headache since the Pusan perimeter. But wherever his future lies, Girard will go down in history as the lowly soldier who by a single act almost changed the course of United States foreign policy. THE END

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Runaway Rig (Continued from Page 27)

didn't know any of the rules. Barney welded his forearm to the ring.

Come on, come on, guy! For the luvva Pete! Don't those lights blazing in and out of your rear mirror mean anything?

Barney's eyes searched desperately. To his left was the divider, sort of hollowed like a shallow gully. He couldn't take the rig in there. But he couldn't go to the right either. Not with that serpentine line of hay haulers, pole dollies, tankers, boxes and stakers creeping down The Corkscrew. But that guy ahead could slip in between them. He would burn rubber, slide onto the shoulder maybe, go into the ditch, but wasn't that better than what could happen?

Hadn't he been reading the papers lately? Hadn't he seen the pictures of what happened to a guy like himself? The big wheeler went right over that other guy, flattened him and his passengers and the new car right down to a fourteen-inch pancake and kept on going.

Barney held the wheel steady, locked in position like his teeth as he bore down on the ranch wagon's taillights. Then, at the same instant that the driver must have become aware of him, Barney saw the tousled little head lift just inside the rear window, a pink blanket draped around the tiny shoulders. And ahead of the waking child his blazing headlights caught the woman beside the driver as she jerked around to peer back.

Barney winced. This was like his family traveling at night because it was cooler and the kids could sleep—and because he knew he could count on the nighttime wheelers to give him a break if anything went wrong.

Yeah, he'd have to play along. Looming down on that ranch wagon with his runaway rig crammed with thirty-five tons of machine parts, he knew he could never wipe out this family and then face Flo and his own kids. He eased the combo toward the sunken divider.

But then the ranch wagon began frantically seeking an escape niche in the wall of trucks to the right. Barney shook his head. There wasn't time or room enough for him to get by. The box would careen the rig over. He'd lose control completely, go gouging on his box sides right across the divider into the oncoming upgrade lanes. A nightmarish shambles. He wasn't too sure he could prevent it by deliberately swinging in the sunken divider. But maybe, at least, he could keep it all for himself right there in the weeds between the strips of pavement.

Then blue smoke burst from the ranch wagon as the driver gunned her. Barney nodded grimly, holding his thundering rig steady. Maybe this was an out. Maybe not. But he wasn't thinking just about himself. It was that guy ahead.

Watch yourself, mister. You ain't geared for this. You've been driving easy back and forth to work every day, Sunday picnics. You can't suddenly come out here and let all those horses run wild with you. I've picked up too many of you guys who thought they could.

Barney sucked breath through his teeth as the light car, matching his own speed, slewed on a turn and threatened to sideswipe a semi inching down in creeper gear. Barney took his heavy rig around as though he were on tracks. But even so, he was scared, wondering if all the pushing weight in the trailer would jackknife his unit.

His eye caught a flash of red from the big outside mirror. He waited until he had the rig lined up smoothly on the straightaway, a hundred feet behind that fleeing ranch wagon. Then he whipped a glance toward the mirror. That red light came from a pursuing police car. At last!

Barney smiled tightly. Then he heard the siren undulating in the surging rhythm that was the distinctive style of Joel Nichols. Barney shook his head. He'd been right in telling Joel he took his job too seriously. Out here chasing a truck instead of standing by his wife in the hospital.

The police car closed in behind Barney's trailer, bobbing over a rough dip in the pavement. The siren screamed to give warning ahead. Barney, going downgrade faster than he'd ever driven in gear under control, began overtaking the ranch wagon. But why? That job had more soup than that packed under her hood. And the guy should be able to hold her on this straightaway. Then, looking over and beyond the car, Barney saw that the driver was planning to swing into a long gap in the trucks in the right lane.

"No!" Barney shouted, blasting his horns, flicking his lights. "Keep going!" he yelled, waving his right arm. Behind him the siren shrilled frantically. Ahead, a hay hauler whipped off onto the shoulder in a cloud of dust. Two hundred feet farther on a flat-bedder with a tarped load shot a plume of black smoke toward the stars as the wheeler spurted ahead to clear the entrance to the emergency ramp, a strip of pavement that gradually angled from the highway, and went up a hill that would slow a runaway truck and then bog it in soft sand.

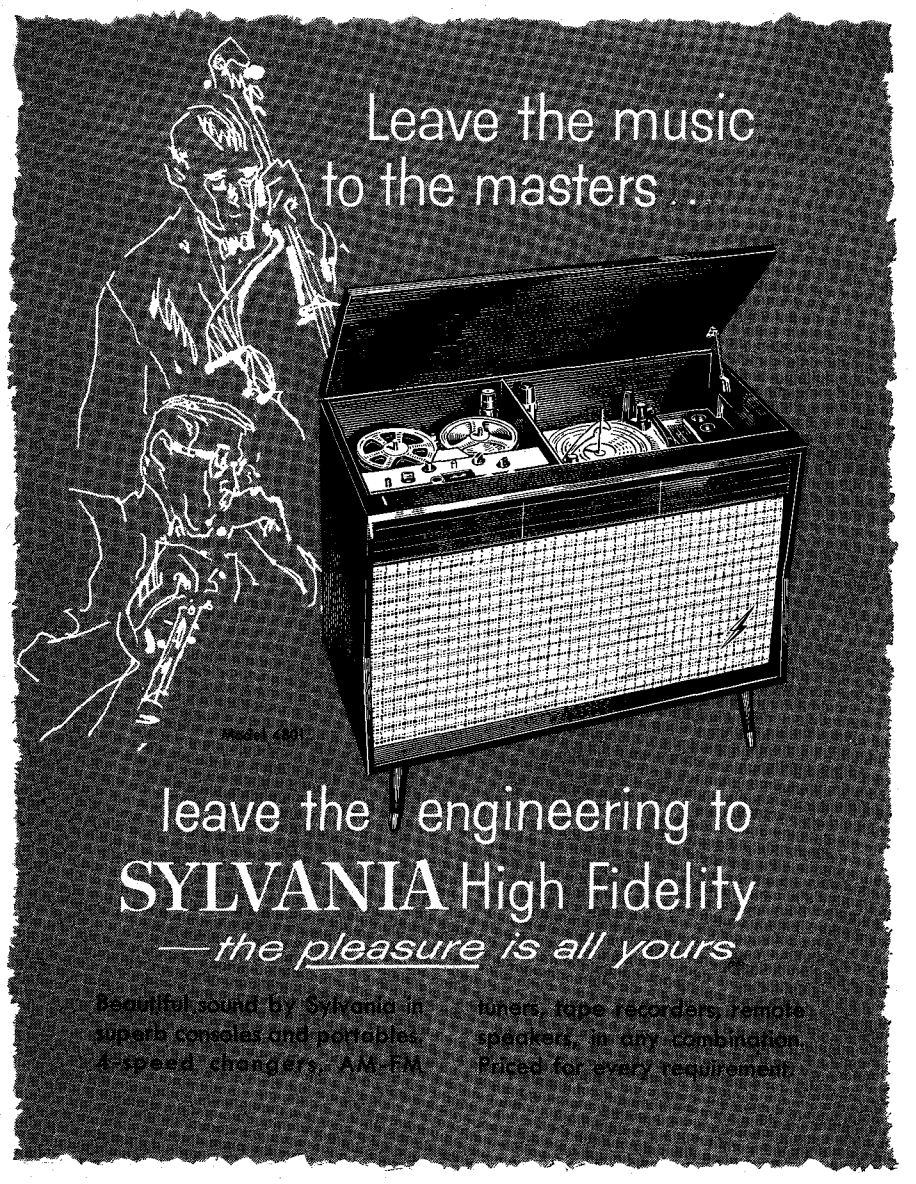
But the ranch wagon swerved into the right lane, blocking Barney's chance to ease into the escape route. The bull's-eye stop lights blazed, the guy's tires smoked to keep from rear-ending the flat-bedder. His arm came out, waving Barney on by.

Barney's locked teeth combed his curse into explosive hisses. Why shouldn't he try to hit that ramp? His life was just as important as that guy's. He would smack across the rear of that ranch wagon. Maybe the guy could keep from rolling over or slamming ahead into the heavy flat-bedder while Barney steadied his rig on up that ramp. Barney nodded, and in that split instant of decision words came from way (*Continued on Page 78*)

One Small Quirk

By Elijah L. Jacobs

Each person has his
blemish, I suppose.
How many faces folly wears,
who knows?
This Francis is a thoughtful
sort. He sits,
Detached but interested;
smiles at bits
Of frivolous talk around
him, thinks, I guess,
Of things he does not
trouble to express:
Chuckles now and then at
some attention.
He has one fault that honesty
makes me mention—
A screaming fury, finding
himself in his chair,
His bib in place and his
bottle not yet there.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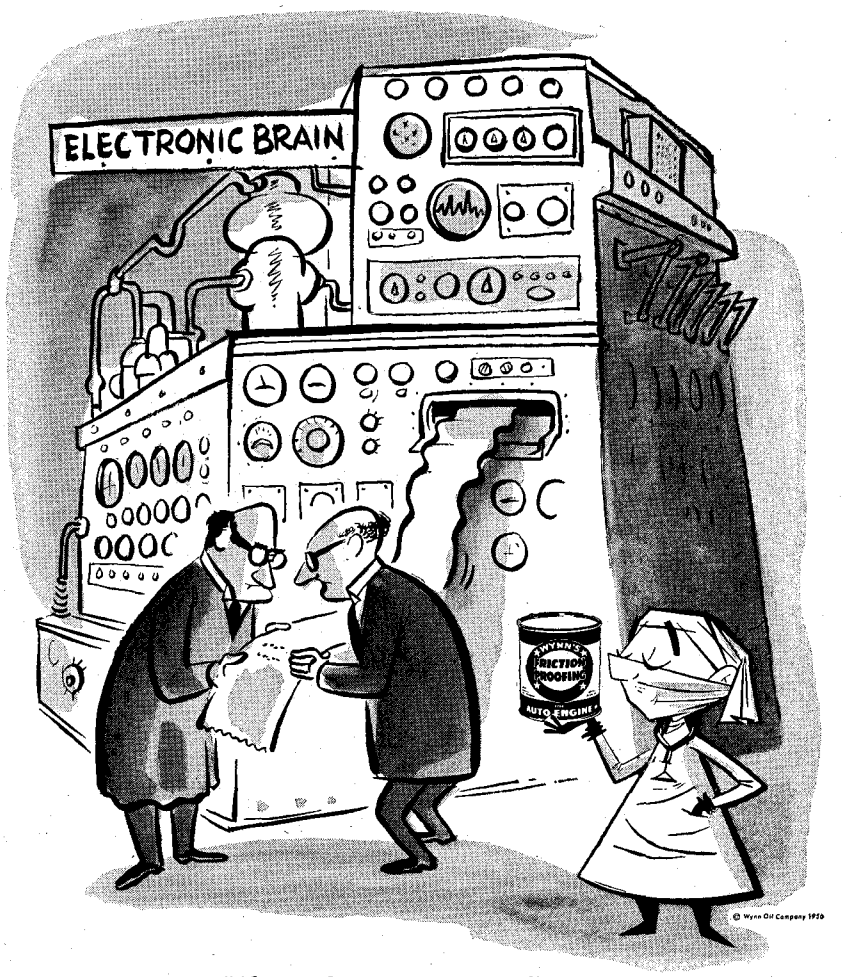

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A $10 BILL AND A 3c STAMP GIVE YOU A SHARE IN FLORIDA'S FUTUR

As a vacation resort, sportsman's paradise or place to retire, the climate of the sun coast attracts young and old. Now the way is open to acquire a Port Charlotte homesite you can build on, sell or hold as a hedge against inflation. For $10 Down and $10 a Month.

By FREDERICK B. CLARKE

The experts can spell out any number of reasons why people from all over are plunking down their dollars to become land owners on Florida's sunny shores.

They'll state that Florida's year 'round climate, ideal for vacations or retirement, is bringing folks in at a rate that virtually guarantees rising land values. They'll cite Florida's industrial expansion as another reason why property here has attracted so many buyers. Or they'll say inflation has prompted small investors to follow the lead of the big money men who put their dollars into real property in this prosperous, growing community.

There is truth in all these explanations but they don't tell the whole story.

Because what's really paved the way for so many small investors to latch on to property in the sunshine state is an unusual example of combined effort by a big property owner and a big developer, both leaders in their fields.

The property owner ranks among Florida's largest and is the General Development Corporation. They have acquired what many authorities believe to be one of the choicest large tracts available on Florida's Southwest coast at Port Charlotte. This has been divided into individual lots priced so each one is an unusual value. The troublesome, costly red tape that too often goes with land ownership has been eliminated and Port Charlotte property is easy for anyone to buy.

The company selected to develop the prope is the largest developer and builder in Florida a probably in the United States—the Mackle Co pany. The communities already created by t Mackles—Westwood Lake, Key Biscayne, Po pano Beach Highlands and others have won r tion-wide attention from builders and commun planners. The Mackle brothers have been c scribed as the first to bring to the business of pr erty development the kind of efficiency practis by an industrialist or manufacturer of mass-p duced goods.

The details of this opportunity for prope ownership and the unusual terms of the money-ba guarantee are all covered on the page at the rig

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Three brothers who became Florida's largest builders and developers by "giving the other fellow more than he expects," outline the Mackle Plan

Elliott, Robert and Frank Mackle have their own formula for success. As they put it, "We make a point of giving the other fellow more than he expects. We satisfy him and he tells others. That way we sell in such tremendous volume we can afford to sell at lower prices."

As a result, the Mackles have satisfied more people with the values they've offered—and have built more communities—than any other developer or builder in Florida's history.

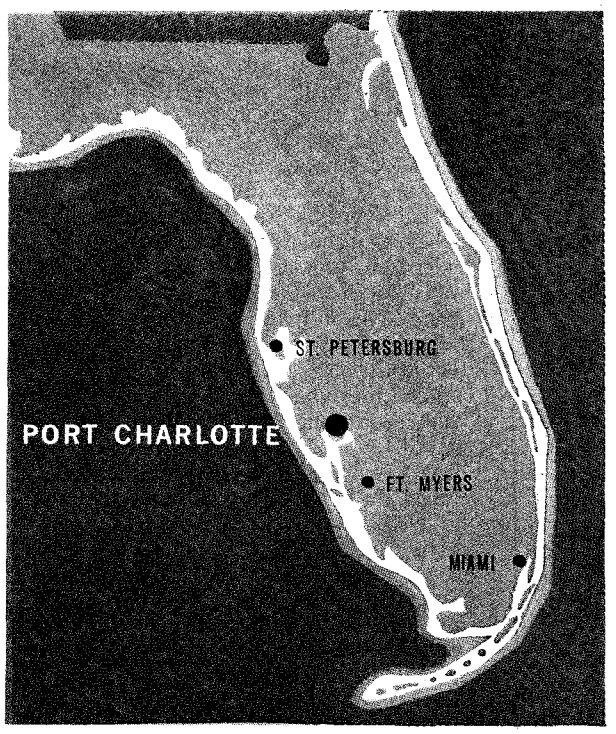
From their experience in helping people from all parts of the country to select and purchase Florida property, the three brothers developed the Mackle Plan.

1. The Mackle Plan makes it easy for you to finance the ownership of property which in the estimation of Florida's most experienced developers, offers the best promise for increase in land values.

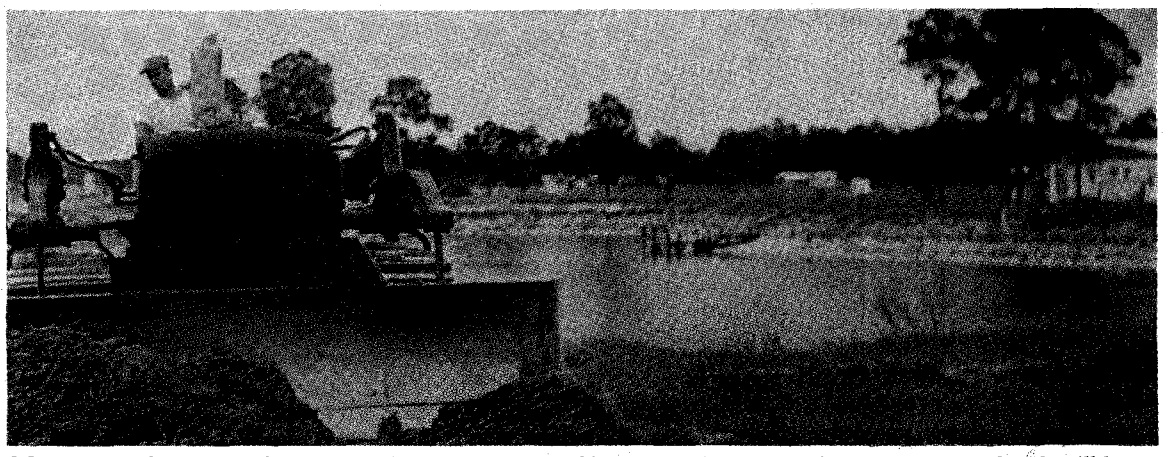
2. The Mackle Plan gives you the benefit of lower prices made possible through the largest-scale operation in the field so you make more if you re-sell when property values rise.

3. The Mackle Plan makes certain your property conforms to Federal, State and local regulations avoiding delays, disappointments and extra expense.

4. The Mackle Plan is the best assurance of the soundness of your investment because the Mackle Company enables you to buy your homesite in a planned community of homes, shopping centers, parks, churches, and schools.



Port Charlotte brings you Florida living at its best. Over 40 miles of picture-book waterfront; unsurpassed fishing, boating, bathing. 28 miles of frontage on U.S. 41, the Southwest Coast's main highway. 2 miles away is Punta Gorda, a thriving community with churches, schools, shopping centers and medical facilities.



Machines and men speed growth and progress at Port Charlotte. The section above, when completed, will have a beautiful lakeside location. The Port Charlotte Master Plan calls for special sites to be set aside for parks, schools, churches and business areas. No details are overlooked if they mean pleasanter, more convenient living.

$10 deposit and $10 a month buys a choice Port Charlotte lot at today's favorable price. Total cost is only $795.

This is high, dry land ideal for year 'round living with an average annual temperature of 71 degrees. When you've completed your purchase here you have a king-size lot—80 x 125—a full 10,000 square feet. You have paved and graded streets, a private bathing beach (see picture at left) a fishing pier, dedicated parks . . . in fact, Florida living at its best. And it's ready for living now. Roads and electricity are already in. So are motels, shopping facilities—with additional construction going up fast.

Get your lot now. You don't have to dig into savings—you don't face any big down payment. You pay only $10. down and $10. a month (which includes 5% interest). No assessments, no extra charges.

Imagine—just by setting aside $10. a month you can make an investment in America—you can own land in a prosperous, growing part of your country.

The important thing is to secure your property by mailing in your $10. now. "First come, first served"—so don't delay. When your deposit arrives, you'll be sent a contract and a map showing the exact location of your property.

30 day money-back guarantee. You take no risk because you have thirty full days to make sure you want to go ahead. Your deposit will be refunded without question if you so much as request it.

Just be sure you buy your property now. Then each time you read in your newspaper about Florida's growth and prosperity, you'll be glad you had the foresight to make this important step. So clip the coupon now and take advantage of the Mackle Plan.

CHART SHOWS AVERAGE INCREASES IN VALUE OF DEVELOPED LAND

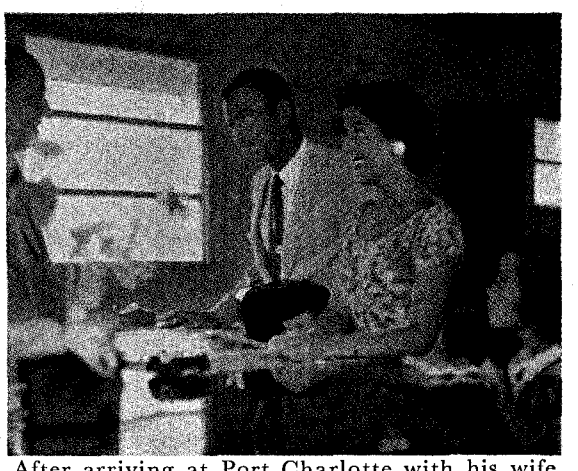
Pompano Beach	1954 to 1957	80%
Ft. Pierce	1950 to 1957	90%
Greater Miami	1954 to 1957	75%
Charlotte Harbour (Port Charlotte)	1954 to 1957	40%

PROPERTIES DEVELOPED BY MACKLE COMPANY INCREASE IN VALUE AT A MORE RAPID PACE

Pompano Beach	1955 to 1957	150%
Ft. Pierce	1955 to 1957	200%
Greater Miami	1954 to 1957	200%
Port Charlotte	1957 to —	?

Statistics certified August 1957 by an Independent Research Organization —The First Research Corporation of New York, Miami and Atlanta, Ga.

Loading up the groceries are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Entress of Waterway Circle, Port Charlotte. Mr. Entress says, "Port Charlotte appealed to us so much and we got such wonderful treatment from the Mackle's staff we made up our minds to settle here."



After arriving at Port Charlotte with his wife and daughter, Earl Cummins discusses the lots he has bought. Mr. Cummins, who has an eye for value, says, "I figure my Port Charlotte property puts me money ahead whether I re-sell or live on it."

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THE MACKLE COMPANY INC. · HALF A CENTURY OF SOUTHERN BUILDING

Inquire about the Port Charlotte Division at Florida State Chamber of Commerce Jacksonville, Florida

Chamber of Commerce Miami, Florida

Chamber of Commerce Punta Gorda, Florida

Port Charlotte Division **Dept. M310**
General Development Corp.
P. O. Box 465
Miami 45, Florida

Please reserve . . . . . (fill in number desired) lots (each 80 x 125 ft.) as described in this advertisement. I enclose $10. payment on each. Rush map showing location. My deposit will be returned promptly and without question if I notify you within 30 days.

(Please print—giving name exactly as you want it on purchase contract)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** ____ **STATE** _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER _____

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(*Continued from Page 75*) back in memory, as clear as though he were speaking them again.

"No, sergeant, we take our wounded with us or we stay here and die in Korea."

Barney held his runaway rig straight on its way down The Corkscrew. He flicked his markers off and on twice to the white-faced driver of the ranch wagon. That's the way you usually thanked a guy for giving you a chance to keep rolling. But thanks for what now? Just a chance to live a little longer and wonder if he could somehow manage to die alone.

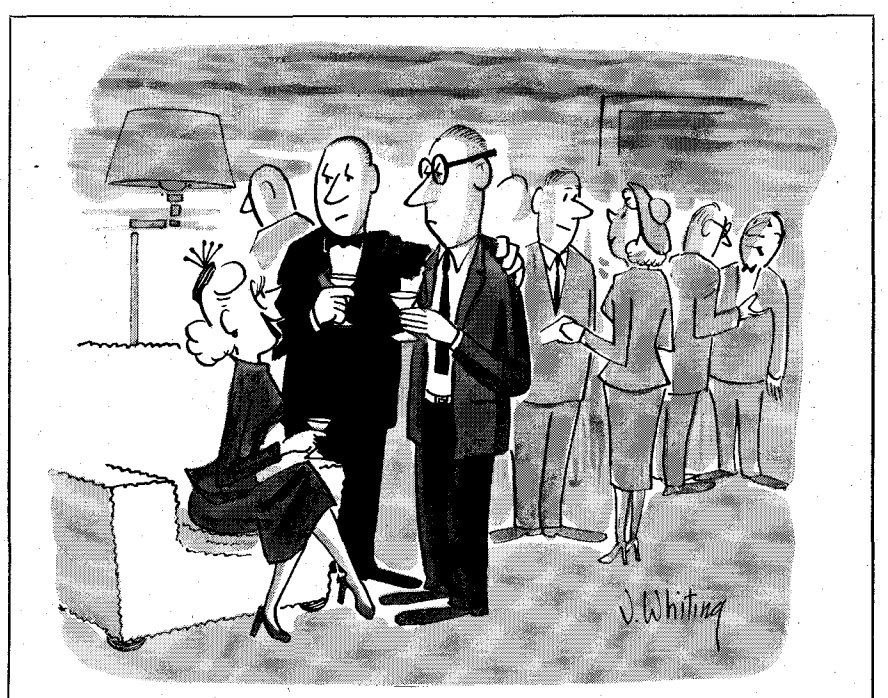
The police car shrieked right after him. Tail-gating. A sure citation if Joel Nichols caught somebody else doing it. Not a chance to stay out of it when Barney hit something or piled over. "Cut it out, you fool," Barney muttered.

He fought the swaying combo around into another straightaway, surprised that his rear tractor wheels were still in contact with the pavement. If you could call it contact at better than a hundred miles an hour. He didn't have to look at the speedometer to know that. Even with the far beams on, there wasn't a chance to see the details of anything on the highway or beside it. Like that fifteen-foot smear where a drum of white paint had tumbled off a staker a week ago. Tonight it was just a speck of white that zoomed out of the darkness and whisked right under him. And under that sirening fool behind him. Barney put his foot on the useless air brake, dabbed it on and off to flash his stop lights, trying to tell Joel to drop back and stay out of the inevitable pile-up.

Another curve. This one to his left. Thank God there was nothing on it, because he couldn't hold her in his lane. She screamed rubber across the white line and kept on scorching toward the shoulder. One aching fist high, one low on the racking wheel, he wondered how much he dared tighten his arc without jackknifing or rolling over. But if one of those burning doughnuts—just one!—sneaked off the pavement ——

Leaning to his left, bracing into the wheel, fighting to hold her on the last inch, the corner of his eye caught the police car squalling by on the inside of the turn. Its black top tilted toward him like a gleaming ebony table reflecting his markers. She slewed right in front of him. Joel corrected, fought the counterskid, fishtailing. Then he must have rammed his foot through the floor boards, squatting the rear end to scoot ahead, red light stabbing from mountain shoulder to divider trees, siren caterwauling through the dark canyon.

Faster, faster, faster they went down through The Corkscrew. The black-and-white police car screaming interference for the rocketing runaway. But Barney felt no elation, no triumph, no hope. What good was this going to do with that final spine-busting S a mile ahead? Neither of them could take it at this speed. And they would take a lot of other guys with them. Downgraders and upgraders. Because there wasn't any divider in there. Too narrow. Just a little hump of concrete between the opposing lanes of traffic.



"Tell me about your book, Mr. Shafer.
I hate to spend four-fifty for it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Barney wished he had thought of that sooner. Why had he let Joel lead him into this trap? He should have piled her up before he caught other wheelers and people in private cars in a rending, smashing charnel of litter. He desperately sought some way to do it now. But how in this canyon with rigs and cars lining both shoulders? It would be just as horrible as in the S.

Wait a minute. Both shoulders? Yeah. Nothing moving on either side of the highway. Nothing except a police car on the upgrade side. It swung into a turnoff, made a wild U turn and began to race down on the wrong side, trying to pace him, like Joel ahead of him.

That could mean only one thing. Joel had been shouting into his radio way up and back there on the way down; maybe almost from the moment he spotted the runaway. He'd gotten them on the job down here. They'd stopped traffic, got it off the pavement. But what could anybody do about that S?

Barney saw he was creeping up on Joel. Creeping? He was catching up as if Joel had his brakes on. Barney began flicking his lights. An arm reached gingerly out of the police car into the blast of wind. It waved for him to come on. Then the car spat exhaust smoke and barely held its lead.

Bewilderedly, Barney tracked after it. Here came the S. Joel and the others were fools to think he could make that first swing to the right. Never. Not even at half this speed. Then he sensed, rather than saw—because his eyes were on that police car—there were no trucks or cars in here! Both sides, both shoulders were clear! Joel's car didn't even try to take the start of the curve. It went straight over the six-inch hump as though it weren't there, to the far side of the road.

"O.K. Gotcha!" Barney muttered, eyes unblinking. Maybe he could straighten this thing out enough to get through. It was his only chance. At sight-blurring speed he never felt his left tires cross the hump. And he didn't unfreeze the wheel until he was sure the right trailer wheels were over too. That hard little wrinkle could flip him into a turnover.

He swerved a bit, then held her straight to streak across the far shoulder, skinning by the canyon wall and the drainage ditch. Back on the pavement. Over the divider hump again. Then the other shoulder.

Hitting the pavement again, the tractor cab began to yaw, tugged side to side by the semibox behind him. If he didn't keep the razoredge of control she'd pull him over. Or jackknife and crush him in the cab. Or ram the tractor into the rocks while tons of machine parts crashed through the bulkhead behind him.

In the mirror he caught the markers of the trailer box swinging far out to the left. Yeah, this was it! Then the skidding duals hit the hump. For an instant they held, smoking along it. Now they would lash back to the right and —— But he wheeled the tractor to the right too. He picked up that skidding box, checked it, lined it up and waited for a head-on smash because most of his attention had been rearward.

He winced expectantly, focusing fully dead ahead. All he saw was straightaway. He yelled. No words. No meaning. Just a bottled pressure that had to get out of him, and it came as a yell. He would bet they could hear it way ahead. Even beyond Joel's police car shrieking yards in advance of his front bumper. They could probably hear it way down there in the valley, that valley with the parkway divider looking lush green under the highway fluorescents. Someday soon he was going to lie on that grass and let its coolness kiss his hot face. No; he was going to do the kissing.

Far ahead down there, red lights winked on police cars. Minutes later he waved as he flashed by them. On past drive-in eateries, people out of their cars, staring, holding half-eaten 'burgers, bottles of pop. To his left the big screen of a drive-in movie swept by obliquely, but slow enough so he could glance at the picture. A guy in a cowboy hat pointing a rifle at horsemen dust-clouding down a rough slope. Barney shook his head. How come those guys never broke their necks riding like that?

Seven miles farther down the valley, where it leveled off, he scraped his sidewalls screechingly along a curb. The rig slowed, but still rolled across an intersection against a red light. But Joel was holding back traffic while another police car leapfrogged ahead to the next intersection.

Finally the rig stopped.

Barney sat on the running board. Nothing would hold still in him. His clothes stuck and dragged with sweat. He wanted a cigarette, but his hands were all fingers that wouldn't behave. Joel came back, his boots glistening. His face had a grin that looked as sickish as Barney felt.

"Hi," Barney managed to say. It was silly, crazy, but it was enough. Joel sat down beside him and put both hands around Barney's right one holding the pack of cigarettes.

"Now try it," Joel said shakily. "And get one for me."

Some other trooper struck a match for them. Barney stretched his legs out, then drew them back. Everything shook, no matter what, even his left hand gripping the edge of the running board. Joel blew out a deep puff.

"Nice wheeling, Barney."

"The other guys, you mean. The ones who got out of my way. Except one darn fool."

Joel looked at him. "Why didn't you jump, after you got the kid safely out?"

"Why didn't you stay at the hospital?" Barney retorted. He stood up. "Before you write out a citation I better set out my flares and reflectors."

Joel, smiling, stood up too. "I'll help you. It's a boy, Barney."

"Congratulations," said Barney, holding out his hand. "I hope the stork gave him a better ride than we had."

His legs felt wobbly, but the rest of him began to feel good. Real good.

Out of My Past (Continued from Page 29)

They know I'm a soft touch and hand out money when I have it. I don't mind a clever bite. I've needed cash myself at one time or another. But I don't like blackmail.

The man in London stirred up a whole nest of memories, and later I thought it was ironic that he mentioned the alky business, which was probably the least of my offenses against society. I remembered the incident all right. It happened around 1924. I had lent my car to a fellow named Jack Burns, and he loaded it down with bootleg alcohol. En route to Albany there was a squeeze play of some kind with the law, and Burns abandoned the car on the road. I beat that case without any courtroom fuss, but my car was confiscated and I never got it back. If you were around during Prohibition, you know that some of our best people were busy buying, selling, making, transporting or drinking illegal liquor, and it wasn't hard to arrange a fix.

Like many other people in show business, I might not have become a movie star without the speak-easies and night clubs. I was going nowhere at the time. I had fooled around every dance hall in New York and Jersey, getting broken bones or knife wounds along the way, and for eating money I had danced in and out of a string of theaters in New England known as the Poli Circuit.

I wasn't even winning dance contests any more. Every time I competed in a theater like Proctor's, where I thought I couldn't possibly lose, I saw the prize money go to a short, beefy character who specialized in a dance called the Whirlwind. If you can imagine a sawed-off silo spinning at about 500 r.p.m. you've got the general idea. When he showed up the rest of us knew we were licked. I imagine Ezzard Charles, Joe Louis, Jersey Joe Walcott and others got the same feeling about him in later years. "The Whirlwind (*Continued on Page 80*)

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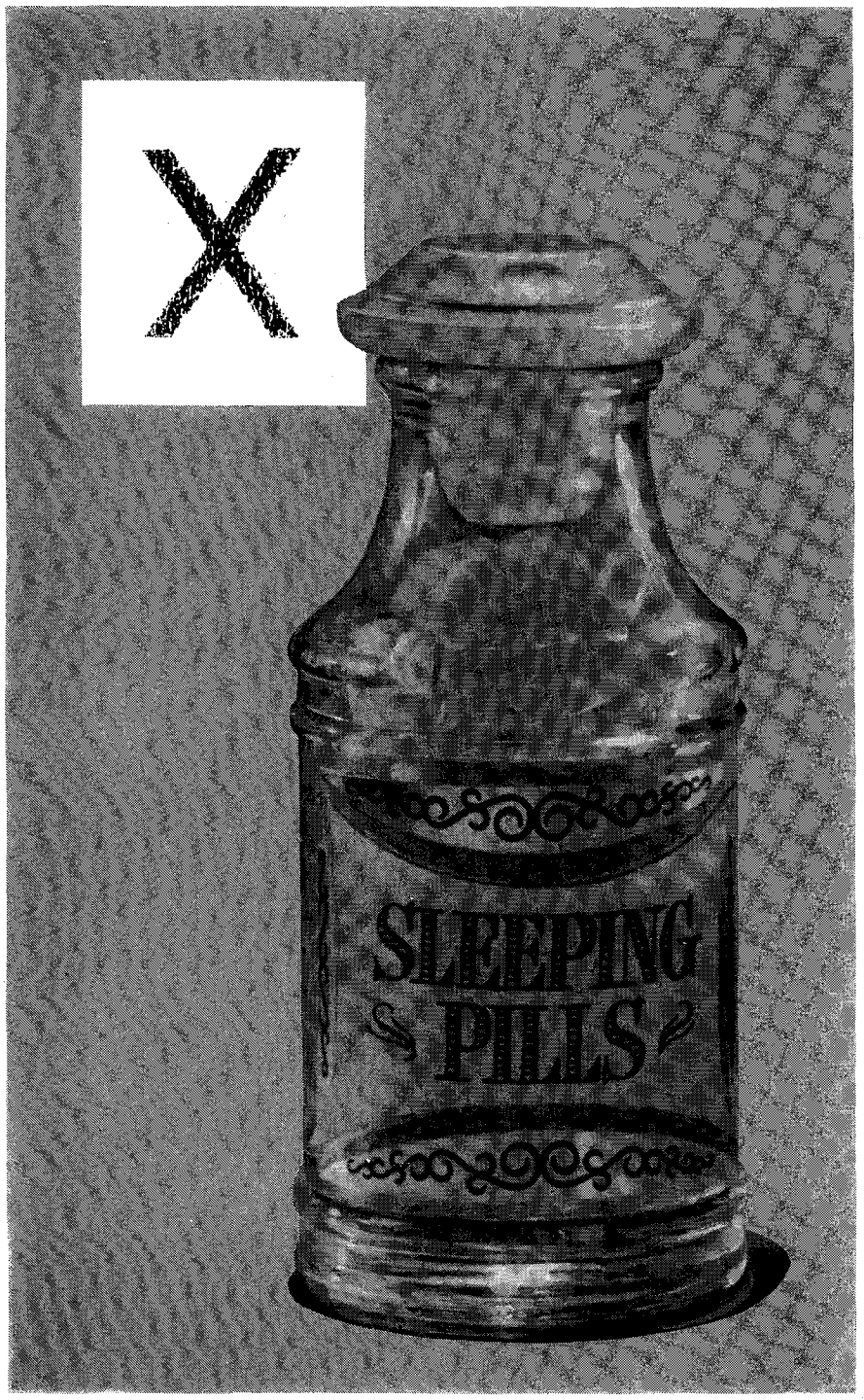
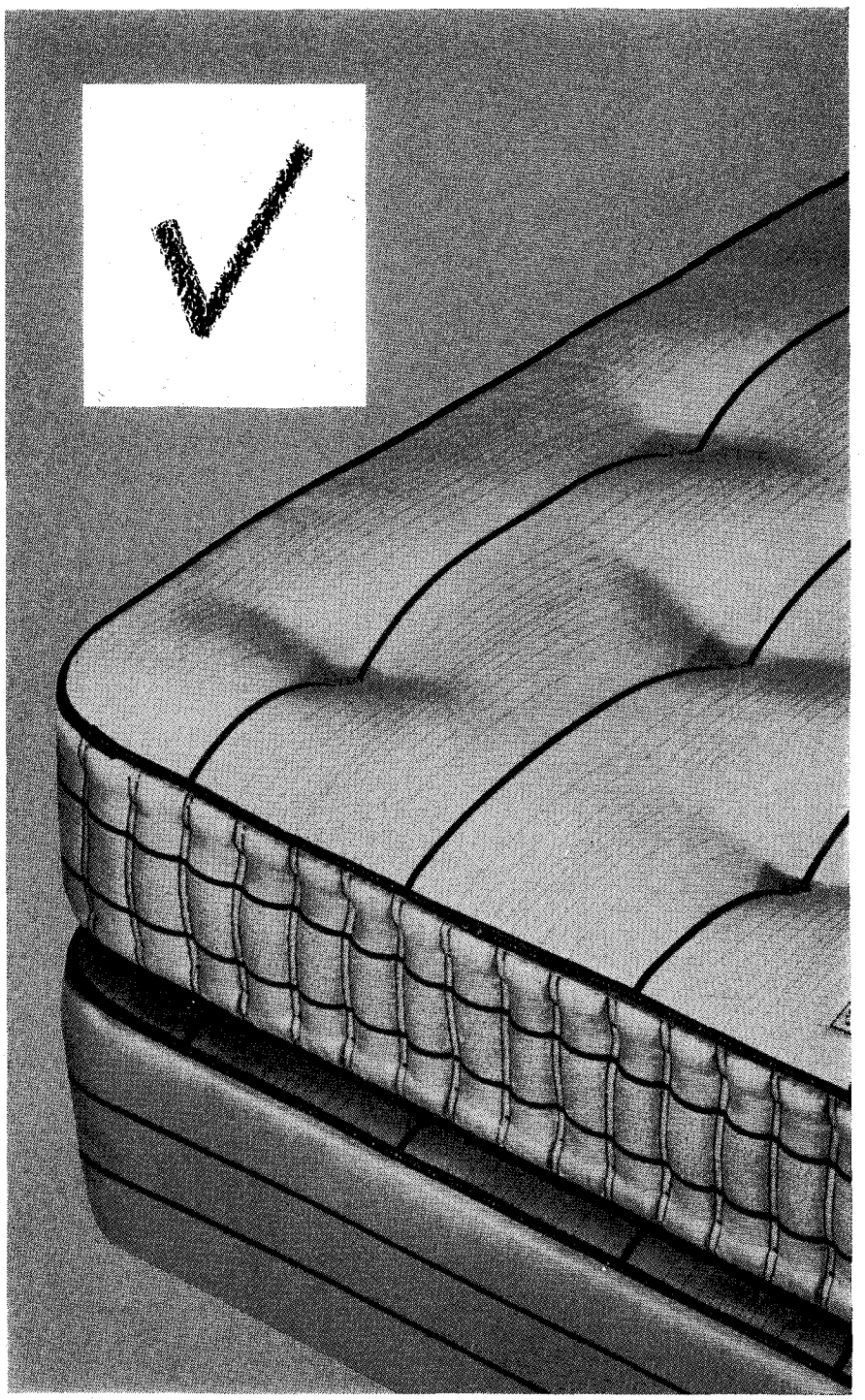




Which is the right sleep prescription?

You can't get a first class sleep on a second-class mattress

Every year millions of people spend millions of dollars on sleeping aids of all kinds.

They can be invaluable if you have a serious sleep problem . . . *and if your doctor prescribes* them.

But your problem *could* be right under your back, in the mattress you sleep on.

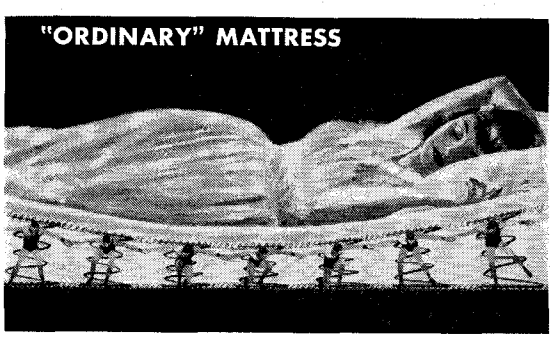
It's a fact that there are 25,500,000 obsolete mattresses in use today—sagging, worn-out relics that can steal the sleep right out from under you.

You simply can't get a first-class sleep on a second-class mattress. You need Beautyrest* firmness and support.

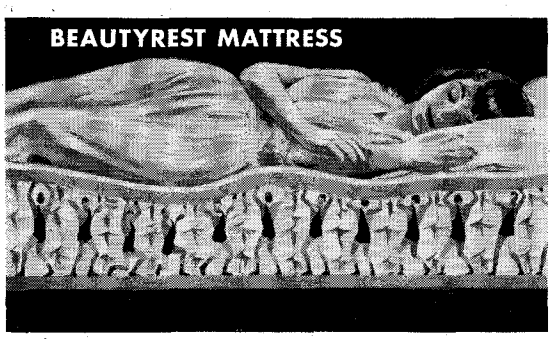
The secret is in the springs. Beautyrest is different. Let the innerspring pictures at left show you the difference.

The best costs the least. Here's why Beautyrest at $79.50 is least expensive to own!

In durability tests made by the United States Testing Co. with every leading type of mattress, the Beautyrest stood up 3 times longer than the next best. And it will last many, many times longer than so-called "bargain buys."



This ordinary mattress lets you down. It's made with about 200 springs. They're wired together, and sag together under your weight. No buoyant, push-up support from these springs.



This Beautyrest mattress lifts you up. Has 837 separate springs. Not wired together, they're sag-proof. Free to push up and give firm, buoyant support to the weight and shape of your body.

Simmons WONDERFUL
Beautyrest

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1957 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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(*Continued from Page 78*) man," as I called him, was Al Weill, and he master-minded Rocky Marciano into the heavyweight championship of the world.

With nothing on tap, I went to work in a place called the College Arms at Coney Island. Siberia with bathing suits and popcorn.

For twenty dollars a week I was on stage about eight times a day, and they threw in a free dinner—hot dogs and coffee. I grabbed owner Tony Kelly one night—he was a tough Sicilian who had given himself an Irish name—and I said, "This is a cheap joint. I can steal more than twenty bucks a week." He gave me a refrigerator look and said, "Go ahead and steal it." I quit, and spent the evening getting some badly needed laughs in another Coney Island club called The College Inn. The main attraction was a crazy-type piano player with a nose like a sash-weight. His name was Jimmy Durante—then called "Ragtime Jimmy"—and he was on the way up.

That fall Jimmy opened a place on West 58th Street in Manhattan called the Durant Club. I was fond of Jimmy, and he liked me, and I killed a lot of time just kibitzing the floor shows and the action around the bar.

I had always felt that if you hang around money some of it might stick to you. In this case it did. When there was a lull between shows I'd go out on the floor and do a fast Charleston. I wasn't on the payroll, but this was the Roaring '20's or the Jazz Age, whichever you prefer, and the celebrants were throwing money away. I scooped up many a crumpled fifty dollar bill, but if the take wasn't enough, Jimmy would pull me aside and whisper, "If you're short, kid, help yourself to the cash register."

One night when I was low, I eased up to the cash register as Jimmy had suggested, and reached for a piece of green. Cashier Frank Nolan came up behind me just as I was sliding out a twenty and deliberately slammed the cash drawer shut on my hand. My fingers were swollen for days afterward, and I never tried it there again. Eventually Jimmy took me on as a regular act, and I was considered a member of the lodge.

There was a small garage below the street level of the club, with a connecting staircase through a back room, and I soon discovered that this musty, smoky cave was one of the not-so-secret locations for a notorious floating crap game. I wasn't a dice shooter myself, but I liked the big-money atmosphere, and as a newcomer from the sidewalk school I was naturally flattered to meet the important graduates.

Arnold Rothstein, who was the front man and banked the game, was there. So was George McManus, who was later tried and acquitted of murdering Rothstein. Al Capone, then known as Al Brown, was a frequent visitor and I saw huge Waxey Gordon, once the slickest pickpocket on the lower East Side. I met Charlie Luciano, who was called "Lucky" because he survived a Staten Island ride that was supposed to have killed him, and Larry Fay, a West Side mobster who had made a fortune running booze from Canada. Owney Madden came, too, and it was our first meeting since my regular visits to see him at Sing Sing during the seven or eight years he spent there, starting in 1914. He was now out on parole, and was working for Fay.

One night in 1923 Lou Clayton, Jimmy Durante's partner, hocked his wife's diamond ring and used the proceeds to win $98,000 from Rothstein. Delirious with this windfall, Lou came to my dressing room and tossed me a fifty dollar bill. "Georgie," he said, "go buy me a new collar, and keep the change." Three days later, broke again after a bad run of dice, Lou came backstage once more. "Hey, pal," he said with mournful eyes. "Don't you need a collar?"

I saw thousands of dollars change hands on that crap table, but I never played, and so got none of it for myself. Occasionally there would be a raid warning, and the big shots would vanish through a rear exit. When the cops finally got in, there would be half a dozen stooges making motions around the table—I was one of them—and we'd all be taken to the nearest police station. I never used my own name. I was not fingerprinted or booked, and the charges were always dismissed. I got a five-dollar fee for these stand-in pinches, and it seemed generous to me, considering that I didn't know the odds in craps, and still don't.

Years later, when I told Hollywood friends about my menial role in the gambling raids and similar situations, they said I must have been a real chump. Perhaps I was. But at the time I couldn't see it.

I knew that Owney Madden, Larry Fay, Big Bill Dwyer, Waxey Gordon and others were powerful in New York. They all wore expensive clothes, drove custom-built cars and lived in kingly suites. Despite a prison record, Madden was chummy with Walter Winchell, Damon Runyon and Mark Hellinger, among others, and he was friendly with every cop and politician in town. As Ed Sullivan once said, "It was like knowing the mayor to know Madden. You just had to ask Owney for anything you wanted, and you'd get it."

To me, a Hell's Kitchen kid with no education and no special talent, the Prohibition gangsters were not criminals. They were big men, the only heroes available in my crowded, violent little sidewalk world. When they patted me on the back and said, "Georgie, you're an O.K. guy," it was like an orphan getting the nod from John D. Rockefeller. When a man is a friend, you stick with him. I couldn't foresee that within ten years Paramount Pictures would be paying me $5000 a week for portraying some of these men on the screen, using their mannerisms, their language and their guns, and, on celluloid, at least, dying their kind of death.

I might have been in the Durant Club indefinitely without a push from Mary Cecilia (Texas) Guinan.

This remarkable, gay-hearted young woman, who became a singer only because it was a way of expressing herself, and whose quips were as sharp as thorns, was already high on the Broadway throne. She was the blond, shrewd and often boisterous hostess of the El Fey Club, a gilded matchbox at 107 West 45th Street. Her mocking salutation: "Hello, sucker!" was known to hundreds of celebrated New Yorkers who cheerfully paid fifty dollars a bottle for imitation French champagne.

She came into the Durant Club one night, watched me dance and offered me a job. I started at the El Fey Club two nights later—at $150 a week—and found myself in a dazzling new world where millionaires and bluebloods mingled with well-dressed hoodlums who, not long before, had crawled out of holes in Brooklyn, Jersey, Harlem and the lower East Side. These thugs were not so dumb as they looked. They had discovered that people would condone clip joints, extortion, graft and even murder in order to get a drink.

Although Texas Guinan hired me, the real boss of the El Fey Club was Lawrence (Larry) Fay, an ex-hacky who had smuggled liquor from Canada and used the profits to buy a string of taxicabs. Fay's cabs, dolled up with colored lights, chrome stripping, musical horns and other refinements, were almost as flashy as the man himself, and before long he had won a strong-arm control of the choicest locations in New York—Grand Central Terminal and the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

Texas Guinan's brother, Tommy, who now lives in Beverly Hills and who has been a close friend for thirty years, likes to needle me about that frantic era. "I was in charge of watering the liquor," he says with a laugh, "and George had the drunk-rolling concession in my sister's club."

Tommy almost makes it sound innocent, but I'm afraid it was not. The Ranft family was in trouble. Three of my brothers—Anthony, Michael and Joseph—were killed during World War I, and the fourth, William, had fallen to death from a building on which he was working as a welder. My only sister, Catherine, was in a sanitarium with tuberculosis, and my aging father was only working part time. I sent money to my mother, but it never seemed to be enough.

Fay was not a Tommy-gun kind of gangster, and he took no part in the violence required to maintain power in his taxi and rum-running enterprises. Owney Madden handled that job with the ruthless skill acquired in two decades of bloody warfare with the gangs.

But at his club Fay was cruel and willful, and he was constantly quarreling with Texas Guinan. Texas was drawing the Park Avenue crowd, and she didn't want any of Fay's gun-carrying hoods sitting at the same bar with Vincent Astor. One night she went into the downstairs bar—or so Tommy Guinan recalls—and found Fay with a bunch of flannel-shirted thugs who were counting money and deciding which enemy might have to be dumped into the Hudson River that week.

"What the hell, Larry!" she snapped. "You monkeys aren't doing this place any good! There'll be a shooting match here some night, and we'll all be out of a job. So beat it!"

Fay and his pals retreated in confusion, but we all knew it was just a temporary truce. With Fay and Texas quarreling, plus the constant threat of Federal raids and the natural fickleness of Prohibition customers, there was no telling how long the club might last. Consequently, it was every man for himself, especially George Raft.

I sat in the El Fey Club night after night and saw the top-drawer names of New York society scattering money like confetti. These big spenders made me jealous, and I decided to get my share.

One evening while I was dancing an encore I heard two well-fed strangers razzing me from a ringside table. When the show ended, one of them, weaving and glassy-eyed, went to the men's room and I went after him. I picked his pocket for $500 and went backstage to see Texas.

"Did you see those two slobs giving me the business from ringside?" I asked.

"Those two slobs," Texas said gently, "are important to me. One is Wilson Mizner, a very funny guy, and the other one, with the rosy cheeks, is Mayor James Rolph, of San Francisco. They're personal friends."

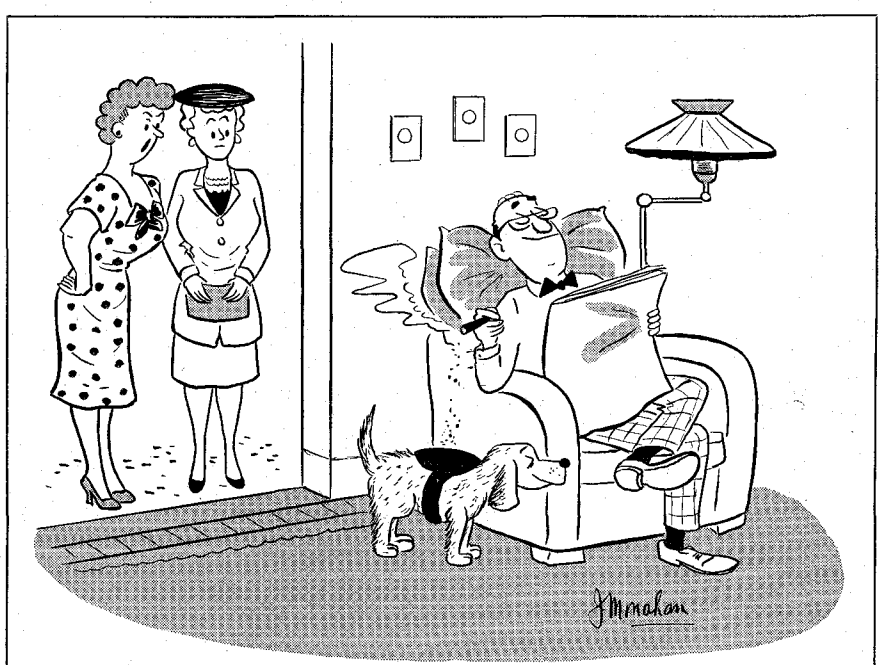
I was embarrassed, to say the least. The next night, when Mizner and Rolph came back with fresh money, I was standing in the lobby. I sheepishly told Mizner what I had done, handed him $500 and apologized.

Mizner slapped Rolph on the back and began to laugh. "Hear that, Jim?" he said. "A clear case of the hydrant wetting the dog. Anybody who can lift five hundred dollars from me deserves the money. . . . Here, young fellow," he said, stuffing the roll into my pocket, "you keep it. You can tell your friends you got it from Wilson Mizner, who invented the words: 'Hello, sucker.'"

I thanked Mizner, and as I was backing away he said, "One more thing, son. Say hello to everybody on the way up, because you'll meet the same people coming down."

I never forgot that advice, and I followed it faithfully through later years when two of my closest friends on the West Coast were Wilson Mizner, by now a popular screen writer, and "Sunny Jim" Rolph, the new governor of California. But I did not tell Mizner that my success with his roll encouraged me to pick other pockets, and it was a poor week when I didn't get my fingers on $1000, one way or another.

The biggest single haul came from Harry K. Thaw, the wealthy playboy whose murder of architect Stanford White in 1906 was recently dramatized in a picture called Girl in the Red Velvet Swing. I didn't see the movie, but I can still see Thaw in the El Fey Club, with $750 in currency fastened to an inside vest pocket with safety pins. Feets Edson, one of Owney Madden's ambitious young hoods, (*Continued on Page 82*)



"It was easier to train Rover than it was to train my husband."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Chicken Chef

1 can (15½ ounces) Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms
½ cup water
½ pound spaghetti, cooked (about 4 cups)
2½ cups cooked chicken, cut in chunks
6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Combine sauce and water. Place half of spaghetti in 2-quart casserole. Cover with half of chicken, cheese and sauce. Repeat layers, having top layer sauce. Bake in hot oven (375°F.) for 25 to 30 minutes, or until sauce is bubbling. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

"Secret of magical meals...real Italian-style sauces!"

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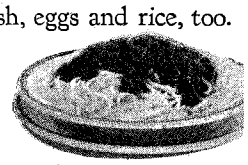
Only Chef Boy-Ar-Dee real Italian-style Spaghetti Sauces do so much for you—so fast! For these savory, perfectly seasoned "pour-on" sauces—meat or mushroom—add tantalizing variety and tempting Mediterranean flavor to more dishes than you ever dreamed of!

Of course, there's no spaghetti like spaghetti with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauce. But Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Sauces make marvelous casseroles—like Chicken Chef shown above—and they do wonders for meats, fish, eggs and rice, too.



Plump tomatoes, slowly ripened in the sun, are simmered for hours with juicy beef or tender mushrooms and real Italian spices.

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(*Continued from Page 80*) challenged me to get the money without having Thaw yell for the police. It was no problem at all for agile fingers, and I got it. I gave Edson half of it, and made the mistake of boasting about my skill.

The next evening Big Frenchie DeMange, one of Madden's partners, got me into a corner.

"You clipped Thaw, Georgie?" he asked.

"Sure I did," I said. "He won't miss it."

"Take it back to him. Tonight."

I put $750 into an envelope, went to the St. Regis Hotel and left it at the desk for Thaw. It wasn't worth $750 to be in wrong with Frenchie DeMange or any other man in the mob, and I could make up the deficit in other ways.

Frenchie had a code of his own, but Larry Fay had few scruples about anything. Too often he would belt some argumentative customer, using a roll of nickels inside his fist instead of brass knuckles, and he was not averse to watering the liquor served to an out-of-town sucker. Many New Yorkers were bringing their own genuine Scotch and keeping it under the table, and I'm sure Fay knew that Feets Edson and I were stealing these bottles like everyone else and refilling them with cheap bootleg booze. Edson also made gin in a bathtub at his Yonkers home, and we sold a lot of it.

On one occasion, when liquor wasn't coming in fast enough through the usual channels, Fay summoned twenty of his hired hands—I was one of them—and said, "You're going for a boat ride tonight." Equipped with Tommy guns, pistols and sawed-off shotguns, we boarded a powerful cruiser and rode ten miles out into open sea. We slid alongside a French freighter in the misty dark, scrambled aboard like old-time pirates, and stuck up the crew. The skipper screamed curses, but we stripped the ship of 500 cases of fine brandy, whisky and wine, and raced back to New York. Fay was waiting at the club and paid each of us $100 for this hijack job. It was easy money and it didn't occur to me that I was not only risking a Federal pinch on my clean record but a gun fight that could have cost me my life.

I might have got into the big-cash bracket with Fay if the law hadn't interfered. Federal agents raided the El Fey Club one night, and in due course the place was padlocked.

"Georgie," Fay said, "Texas and I are going to Miami Beach and open a spot. She says she's got to have you."

I was then working in four night clubs at once, including The Parody and The Playground, and I was also appearing in a Charles B. Dillingham production called The City Chap.

"I can't do it, Larry," I said. "I can't walk out on all these people."

Fay had a nervous little habit of fingering one ear and licking his lips when he was in a homicidal mood—I used it in a movie characterization years later—and he started walking away.

"Texas won't like it," he said, pausing and looking back, "but at least you'll see her off. Yeah?"

I said I would. So the next morning, without any sleep at all, I went to the Penn Station in my Tuxedo and found Fay and Texas waiting outside their Pullman car. I kissed Texas good-by as the conductor yelled "All aboard!" and reached out to shake Fay's hand. Without warning, he socked me on the chin, and the lights went out. I woke up and found myself in a compartment on the moving train, and I could hear Texas Guinan's big voice laughing in an adjoining compartment. My shoes were missing, so was my Tux coat. I waited until the train rolled into North Philadelphia, and saw that my compartment was on the side opposite the boarding platform. I smashed the window with a metal water bottle, walked the tracks and got out of the station. I got a cab and hurried back to New York.

Larry will kill me the next time, I said to myself, and I avoided him thereafter. In 1932, broke and no longer strong with the mob, he came to Hollywood and asked me to help him muscle into the taxicab business there. I told him I had nothing to do with West Coast rackets, so he went back to New York the way he had come—driving one of the now-battered cabs that had made him a millionaire.

Owney Madden, who never abandoned a friend, set him up in a little club in the old Woolworth mansion on East 56th Street. Larry made the error of giving the doorman's job to an ex-cop who hated mobsters, and the two got into an argument on New Year's Day of 1933, one week after the joint had opened. The retired cop chased Larry up a flight of marble steps which were once the pride of F. W. Woolworth, and pumped four bullets into his back. He had three cents in his pocket when the morgue wagon crew went through his clothes.

Recently I was invited to a Hollywood cocktail party honoring Sophia Loren, the lovely Italian actress who has made such a hit in Stanley Kramer's The Pride and the Passion. I had first seen Sophia in Rome when she was still in her teens and had urged Ray Enright, who was directing a picture of mine called Man From Cairo, to give her a part. "She can't speak enough English," Ray said, and that was the end of that. Just think, I might have been able to say that I discovered Sophia Loren. Anyway, Sophia and I were reminiscing about it—her English seems quite acceptable, now that she has filled out here and there—and she noticed that I was holding a glass of milk.

"No cocktail?" she said.

"I've never taken a drink in my life," I said.

"What a new idea!" she exclaimed.

"Not for me," I said. "But it's a long story."

Presently, after half a dozen other young stars had become curious about the milk, I set it down and quietly disappeared out the back door, as I have done so many times at Hollywood parties. I don't belong to any temperance unions and I don't crusade against the cup that cheers. But I could have said I had seen too much in the old days. I saw too many men killed over liquor, too much graft paid, too many minor crimes committed, including my own, and heard too many wagging tongues.

Moreover, I had one unhappy experience with alcohol which convinced me I couldn't handle it. I had just completed one of my better pictures, They Drive by Night, and I was going to Europe for a rest. Producer Mark Hellinger, a confirmed practical joker, hosted a going-away party for me at the Cotton Club, and he nagged me into trying a glass of beer. I had never tasted the brew before and I had to admit it wasn't bad.

"So this is the stuff all the shooting was about during Prohibition," I said to Mark. "I used to convoy beer trucks for Owney Madden."

"Well, convoy some more of it," Mark said. "Good for what ails you."

He gave me a second glass, and presently the room began to float. The club band played Sweet Georgia Brown, which has always been considered my theme song, and I got up on stage and did a wild Charleston. I don't remember anything after that. All I know is that the liner Ile de France sailed to Europe with my trunks while I was still out cold in the hotel. I thought I'd never get up, and that was my first and last experiment with beer. Some time afterward, not long before he died, Hellinger confessed. "I don't want you to start lecturing on the evils of beer," he said, "because I've got friends in the brewery business."

"It was awful stuff," I said.

"Of course," he laughed. "I spiked both glasses with brandy."

Mark Hellinger knew a great deal about my life with the gangsters, and when he became a producer at Warner's—I was a star there at the time—we spent many an hour laughing about our adventures during those earlier years. He knew, for instance, that I went to work for Owney Madden after Larry Fay took off for Florida, and that, among other things, I drove the convoy car for Madden's fleet of beer trucks.

This was a dangerous but important assignment, and I got it after Feets Edson taught me how to drive a big car, gangland style. I had to learn how to cut corners on two wheels, turn on a dime, hold the big machine steady at high speed or take it through narrow or blocked streets where some trigger man might be waiting. One test route for this training was on Third Avenue, and the trick there was to avoid the torn-up pavement and stay on the car tracks from 59th to 110th Street. I did it many times in Madden's bullet-proof sedan, and finally he assigned me to the beer caravans.

I would leave one of the night clubs at dawn, still wearing my Tuxedo, and pick up the loaded trucks at Madden's brewery on 26th Street. I had a gun under my arm, and I shuttled back and forth in my car, ahead or behind the trucks, until we reached 110th Street. There I turned the fleet over to Dutch Schultz or one of his men, who took it on into the Bronx.

Fortunately I was never involved in a gun fight, and I guess my .38 would have been futile against a machine gun. But I could drive a car blindfolded, and Mark Hellinger must have known that when he signed me for the picture They Drive by Night, which we made in 1938 and 1939. There are some who say I got nothing from Owney Madden but a bad reputation, but the driving skill I acquired with his gang undoubtedly saved my life in the Hellinger picture.

I played a tough truck driver in the story, and in one scene Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan and I were highballing down a long hill in an old beat-up truck. Halfway down, the brakes went out, and Bogart began to cuss. "Son," he said, "we're going to get killed, and that's a hell of a finish for a promising young man." Ann screamed once and turned her eyes away from the road as I fought the wheel, and I couldn't have been more scared if Machine Gun Jack McGurn himself had been on my tail. The speedometer needle was touching "80" when I saw a slash on the right bank of the road where a bulldozer had started a new road. I pulled hard on the wheel and the truck went bouncing up the embankment and finally stopped.

"Thanks, pal," Bogart said dryly.

"Don't thank me," I said. "Write a letter to Owney Madden and Feets Edson."

I wonder if he knew what I meant.

The rumor boys around Hollywood still persist in saying that I fingered gang victims for Madden, worked as a part-time executioner, slugged people who got in his way, collected payoffs and so on. I got in many a fist fight, to be sure, but I never killed or shot anyone, nor pointed a finger that might put a man on the spot. To the best of my recollection, I was an underworld money collector only once. Owney had backed a Broadway show called Diamond Lil, and I went to the theater every Saturday night to collect his share of the investment from the star and her managers. Her name was Mae West, and I admired her unique talents. Eventually, when I was starred in a picture called Night After Night, and was allowed to choose my own leading lady, I sent for Mae West. It was her first screen appearance, and her cleverness on stage was a new kind of thievery to me. She stole everything but the cameras, and I never made another picture with her: I knew she had me licked.

I do not pretend that I would have sidestepped the more violent chores while working for Madden. I liked Madden and I owed him far more than I could repay, as you will see. If he asked me to do certain things, I'm sure I would not have refused. I wanted to be in the inner council, and I wanted to be a big shot. But Madden had other plans.

As it was, I was an armed guard when he needed one for Sherman Billingsley, of the Stork Club, as I wrote earlier, or anyone else. I was the convoy man for his beer trucks, and when Owney went to Atlantic City occasionally, I helped Mike Duffy's men bring in liquor from boats off the Jersey shore. My job was to have a gun handy and keep the hoods from stealing liquor for their own use.

There was one other job I did, though I hesitate to mention it because I don't wish to disillusion boxing fans around the country. On second thought, they may not have any illusions, and so this won't be news. Toward the end of the Prohibition period Charles (Good-Time Charley) Friedman, one of Owney's friends, discovered a giant boxer in Italy named Primo Carnera.

Friedman saw great commercial possibilities in this lumbering freak of a man, and brought him to the United States. Madden, Frenchie DeMange and others put up the money for the advance ballyhoo. In due time, with the right build-up and the help of some sports writers who had no conscience, Carnera was ready for his first American fight with another oversized gladiator named Big Boy Peterson. Owney wanted no slip-ups. If Peterson got lucky, the whole proposition would go down the sink.

A couple of hours before the fight on January 24, 1930, I called on Big Boy Peterson at the Claridge Hotel. I had a bottle of champagne, and I suggested that a few slugs of it would be good for his nerves. I don't recall how much he drank. All I know is that he seemed to be feeling no pain when he went to Madison Square Garden.

Big Boy Peterson didn't get lucky that night, as you know if you have the record book handy. Primo Carnera knocked him out in the first round and began his climb to the heavyweight championship of the world.

I've often wondered how it would have come out without the champagne. Even the bubbly stuff was phony—white wine charged up with carbon dioxide, the same stuff that goes into soft drinks. Why waste good champagne on a fighter who was going nowhere?

Editors' Note: This is the third of five articles by George Raft and Dean Jennings. The fourth will appear next week.

An old-timer is a fellow who has just made the last payment on his home.

CY N. PEACE

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Sweet Enemy (Continued from Page 30)

plunging from one pool to the other; hence the faulty simile of the Hourglass.

It was here that salmon lay. Michael knew every rock and boulder on the river bed, the pale glimmer in the black, the shafts of evening sun. He counted three small fish, ten-pounders more or less. "I can't see you, Leviathan," he said, and focused his glasses on Leviathan's own lie behind a granite rock. "I don't believe you've gone," he said. "Not without rain." He meant rain to bring the river into ploy; a rise of rain-fresh water that would make Leviathan attack a fly here in the Hourglass Pool; that would call him on and up to higher pools. "To strike the moment," said Michael Crombie to himself, and to the unseen fish he loved and longed to kill, "when the itch is on, but you haven't gone. There's the rub, Leviathan."

He knew there was no chance of catching the big fish in this lifeless water. But it might be worth trying for a smaller one. He would go down now in a minute. There were clouds in the south, a damp whiff of rain. "Rain, rain, stay in Spain until tomorrow night," he said. This was Tuesday, his fishing day; Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, McCracken had the water; Colonel Giles McCracken, rattlesnake.

He looked across to the McCracken side, to the park beyond the riverbank. A Hereford bullock, stirk or steer, stood watching him at the fence. "Pale-faced brute," he said. "I hate you."

But a beast of an inferior cattle breed was not the only sign of McCracken life, for a human now descended a zigzag path, skirted the upper pool, and strolled as casual as you please, and yet with purpose, to a point opposite Michael Crombie.

He opened his mouth to shout, but no sound emerged. He knew this person. He had met her at a cocktail party not a week ago; or he had seen her in a mill of people, had caught her eye, and being a man of action, had crossed the room to talk. They talked. Her looks were startling, her mind alive, her outlandish speech appealing. "I like you," he said after a while, with a blunt honesty which sometimes startled girls. "Who are you?"

This girl was not startled. She laughed, and said, "I'm Polly McCracken, from Canada. I'm staying with my Uncle Giles, such a sweet old darling. Do you know him?"

Know that sweet old —— Know my late father's mortal enemy, and mine? Michael Crombie boggled, gulped down his whisky, sought to escape for more.

"I like you too," she said, with a frankness that matched his own. "But why do you look so funny suddenly? What's eating you? Who are you?"

He glowered at a member of the hated breed. He bowed. "Michael Crombie is my name," he said. "By no means at your service, ma'am."

Her eyes, blue as the tropic sea, turned blue as ice. "Crombie," she said. "I guess I can remember that. It rhymes with zombie, doesn't it?" They had parted like magnets of similar polarity, instinctive violent repulsion.

There was nothing to stop a McCracken from walking the McCracken bank on a Crombie fishing day. Indeed, such would be a typical fish-scaring trick. But Polly McCracken carried salmon rod and gaff, and that told quite a different story.

He tried to shout once more, in vain. His ears were singing, and his heart beat fast; and then his wits returned. "Only a damn female," Crombie muttered. "Won't be able to fish for toffee. Even I couldn't make Leviathan take a fly today. But is Leviathan there? She'll thrash the water, might just stir him up. Then I'll give her a shock she won't forget."

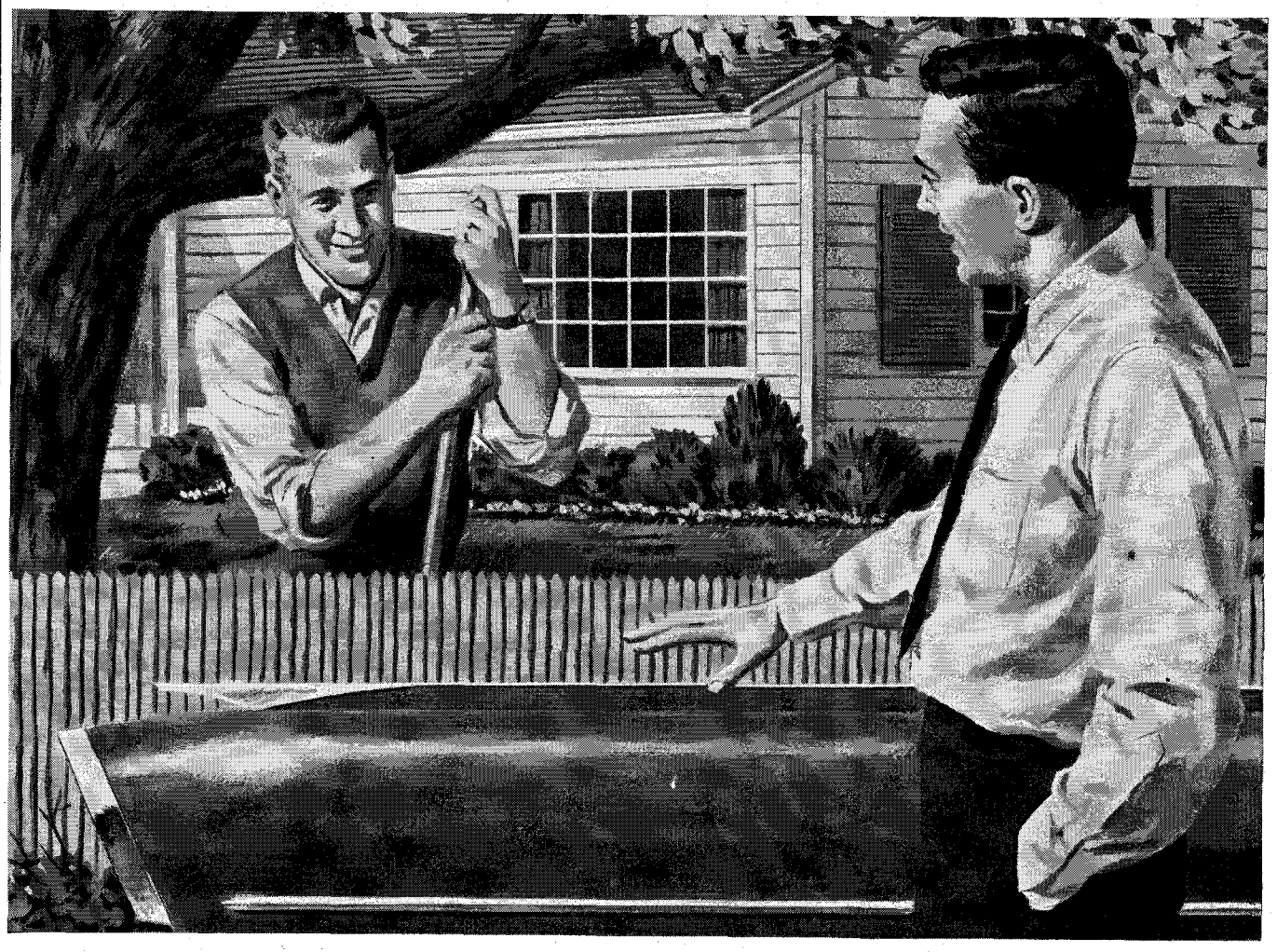
Michael Crombie was not a Scotsman of the canny kind, but he was blessed with cunning. He watched the McCracken draw out line. Her first short cast told him that Miss McCracken was no stranger to a salmon rod.

A twinge of apprehension. He watched her lengthen line until the fly dropped at his side of the stream. She fished it carefully round, right round to the McCracken bank. She stepped down, took in slack, cast again, and shot line expertly. Two more casts, and the fly would pass the rock below which Leviathan was wont to lie. It had been the big salmon's resting place since the morning after that cocktail party. You could see him in sunshine earlier in the day. But now, if he still lay there, he lay invisible in shadow.

Michael looked from his vantage point. He could see what a man or a woman at the water's edge could not. This time! He put the glasses to his eyes. Sure enough, there was a movement in the deep, a dim torpedo, rising, turning.

Crombie hissed. He thought that the mighty fish was going to do the thing he had deemed impossible—take the McCracken fly. But no! The substance vanished in the shadow, four feet at least of fish, fifty inches possibly, a pound an inch.

Had she seen? If so, she would repeat that cast. In any case she must be stopped at once.



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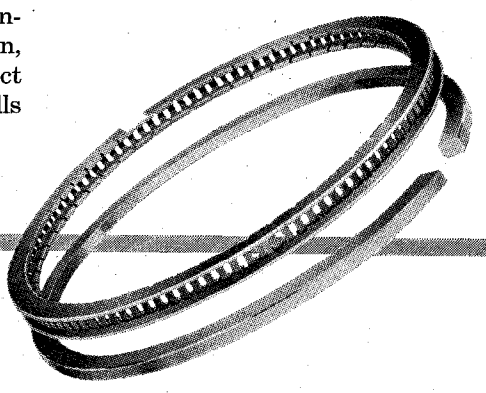

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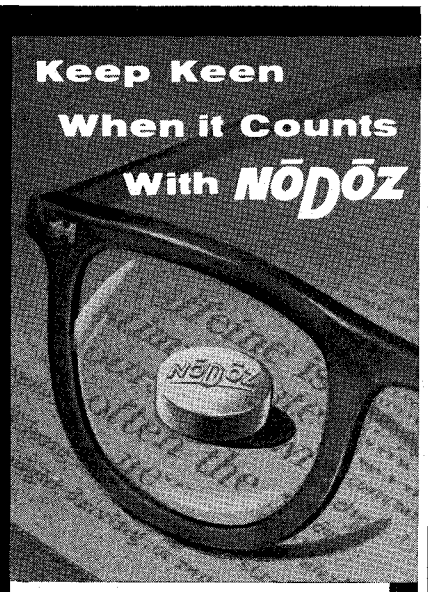

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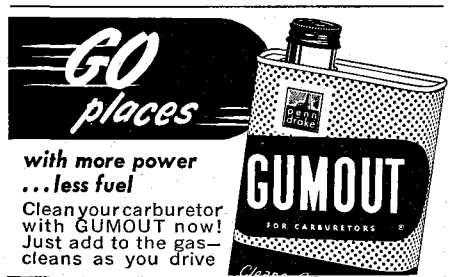
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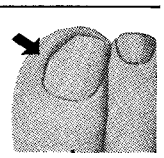

Miss McCracken had not seen Leviathan—one step on, a glance at the bank too close behind her, a dexterous half Speycast, and a downward punch; the line rolled straight and the fly plopped in.

"Hey!" he shouted, high above and across the Durler. "What do you think you're doing?"

The rod point jerked, but Miss McCracken fished her fly meticulously round. Then she looked up and said, "I think I'm fishing," took another pace down, and drew in slack.

"Stop! Stop, do you hear me?" If she was not halted immediately, she would be fishing over three small salmon, eager striplings, not dour monsters. "Don't you know it's Tuesday? Stop, I say!"

But Miss McCracken paid no heed. He dropped his rod, and bounded angrily from ledge to ledge and into the Durler gorge. "Are you deaf?" His voice boomed and echoed. She cast again.

"Deafened," she said absently. "Not deaf." Just then the line stopped swinging. It checked for a long second; then it moved slowly, even sedately, back across the stream. "I'm into a fish," she cried.

A glow, a blush of perfect happiness spread over Miss McCracken's face. She set her hook, not harshly, but with a firm, neat stroke of butt.

For one bad moment Michael Crombie feared. Then a big black fin cut up the fast water and was gone. Disturbed, but mildly; well out of the way in the upper pool; Leviathan would be back.

The small fish jumped, and the line came out. "Point down!" he screamed. But the point of the rod was already down, and the salmon splashed in again, a twisting arch of silver. She recovered line, lost it, got a little back.

Crombie was a true fisherman. He forgot that this was Tuesday and this the niece of his McCracken enemy. He gave instructions: "Be firm! . . . Gently does it! . . . Keep him out of those rocks! . . ." And so on.

"Stop teaching your granny," the girl panted. "Let me play my fish."

He was silent then; it came back to him that a Tuesday fish was not granny's fish, but his. The gaff was still slung across his back. He unslung it, and waited on his rock above deep water. A fish hooked from the other bank tried, naturally, to keep as far away as possible. Here it came, tiring a little, but not played out. He leaned far over, and deftly and swiftly gaffed the salmon. He killed it. He tossed the fly, a Blue Charm, back into the water and Miss McCracken reeled it in.

"That was unsporting," she accused him. "It wasn't nearly ready for the gaff. Oh, well; thank you."

"Not at all," he said, and held up the salmon by the gills. "Between nine and ten; nine and a half would be my guess."

"Are they all small fish?" she asked. She was breathing fast, and her hair was awry, and her cheeks were a sun-touched pink. He had to admit that this McCracken was a bonny fisherwoman.

"Pretty small," he said disingenuously. "We get an occasional bigger one in the August run." And he added, muttering thoughts as was his wont of late: "But never ever have we ever had a whopper like Leviathan, not ever, no. I'm going to get you, big boy, somehow."

"First you bellow, then you mumble. What did you say? Did you say you're getting to be a big boy now?"

"No," he said, displeased. He looked across the river. "Well-formed," he thought aloud, "but tarred with the same McCracken brush." He frowned at her. "You're poaching," he said sharply. "Surely you know that by long-standing convention the riparian rights on the River Durler alternate each weekday."

"Golly!" she said, with a giggle. "Now you sound like a little legal man."

The little legal-sounding man was six-foot-three. He had a thought, or memory, from the cocktail party. He put his glasses on her, focusing them for the shorter range. "I was afraid of it," he said. "The exact shade of Rhododendron aquamarinus. That takes the gilt off my rhododendron."

Miss McCracken stared back at him through the circle of his glasses. Her blue eyes gleamed. Every visible eight-times-magnified inch of her was stormy. "I hate rhododendrons," she snarled at him. "And you're plumb crazy."

He suspected that very thing about himself. He lowered his glasses. "You're poaching," he repeated in a reasonable tone.

"There was nobody here an hour ago, so I took one of Uncle Giles' rods, and here I am!" Miss McCracken's hands were on her hips. She breathed defiance. "Where I learned to fish we don't have any silly rules. First come, first served. So there!" She stooped to pick up the rod. She wore an old tweed skirt and an exceptionally well-knit sweater.

"Where did you learn to fish for salmon?" Michael Crombie asked. Sometimes she made him feel uncomfortable. He resented it.

"In British Columbia," she said. "Our salmon are the biggest and the best in all the world."

"Indeed?" he said. Just then the Hereford mooed from the McCracken fence above her. It gave him the comparison he needed. "Not genuine salmon, of course," he said. "No more real salmon than that ugly brute is a real cattle beast."

"Ugly? Why, Uncle Giles has the best Herefords this side of the Rocky Mountains. I ought to know. Half his breeding stock came from daddy's ranch."

"So you're a Hereford rancher's daughter?" He knew this already. Old McCracken's younger brother had emigrated twenty years ago. The question was rhetorical.

"I am," she said.

"I suppose your ranch is the biggest and the best in all the world?"

"Half a million acres," Miss McCracken said. "Fourteen thousand Herefords." She saw the disagreeable madman wince. "Do you raise cattle?"

"I do," he said. "I raise a little tiny teensy-weensy herd, to wit—the best eighty of the best breed in the world. Aberdeen Angus, I need hardly say." He saw his baby bull again. He was a little anxious about his overdraft, but very happy about his baby bull, and pleased with himself because he was making Miss McCracken, with her daddy's fourteen thousand Herefords, look foolish.

"Oh," she said, shuddering. "Those loathsome fat black sausages, I simply cannot bear them."

His hot temper stirred. But there was an interruption now.

"Polly!" A stentorian voice from beyond the river. "Polly! Oh, dear, where is that gel? Lost her for hours. My only niece, my heir, the apple of my eye. She might even be drowned or something, and her dark hair floating dankly on the stream. How does that ghastly poem go? 'Take her up tenderly, Lift 'er with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young and so fair.' Polly!"

"I'm here, Uncle Giles!" she called. "What is all the fuss about?"

"Old idiot," the voice continued, now modified by relief. "My wretched imagination, always seeing horrors. What are you up to, child?"

"I'm fishing—I caught a salmon."

"Caught a salmon? But didn't I tell you Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays were his?" Colonel McCracken appeared now at the fence, face ruddy beside his white-faced bullock. He stared down at his niece, monocle in eye, Roman-nosed old scoundrel. "My God, gel, come away at once. If that young hooligan should find you! Yes, he'd shoot to kill, just as his mad father, may his bones decay, tried once to murder me."

"He's here," she said. "And mad; but he hasn't shot, so far. In fact, he gaffed my salmon for me."

The archenemy of all Crombies saw young Crombie now. He glared from between white thatch of brows and bristle of mustaches.

"You'll like the neighbors. They're very friendly."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Not your salmon," Michael Crombie said. "Mine. I'm going to eat a pound or two for dinner." He held the salmon up. "The next time," he remarked, "I shall not only take the fish; I shall take you into court." He turned to climb the bank.

"You're the most horrible meanest hateful stinking man I've ever met," her voice pursued him. "Give back my salmon!"

"I told you the feller was an outright cad. Now do you believe me, Polly child?"

"Shut up, Uncle Giles! Listen, you ——"

Michael Crombie collected his rod at the top of the bank. He ignored Miss McCracken, but could not but be impressed by her most unladylike flow of vituperation. So was Col. Giles McCracken. "Marvelous vocabulary. I do congratulate you. Child, you're a never-failing source of wonder to me."

Crombie heard the old rascal prattling on. He passed his favorite rhododendron with averted eyes.

He ate a mouthful of boiled salmon. It was good; he had little appetite. "Fat black sausages, indeed!" he muttered.

"What was yon you said?" asked Cally, hovering. She was Nanny from infancy, and now cook, housekeeper and general martinet to Sir Michael Crombie in bachelor quarters in a lone corner of Durler castle. She had been christened Caledonia in the kirk long years ago.

"Oh, nothing," he said, and toyed with more salmon. "By the way, Cally, I bought a wee beauty of a yearling bull today."

Cally sniffed.

"What's the sniff about?"

"It's no bulls you should be spending siller on, I'm thinking; it's the other sex."

"But I have the most perfect lot of heifers coming up."

"Heifers, cows! It's not cattle beasts I'm meaning. Here's you daft on trees and bulls and rhododendrons, and talkin' to yersel all day, a real old bachelor at thirty-five. A leddyship in the bed and a son 'n' heir, that's what we're needin'. It's not healthy. And anither thing—you've a pinched look about ye since yon cocktails. I'll set some castor oil beside yer bed, with a wee thing orange juice to take away the shivers."

"Women and salmon and castor oil!" He pushed away his plate. He certainly was going off his rocker.

The castor oil awaited him at bedtime. He took it next door and poured it down the most suitable receptacle. Sleep came to him, and troubled dreams. Rhododendron aquamarinus. It towered over him, that mass of lovely blue; then narrowing and angry, twin gimlets boring into him. *I love you. I hate Rhododendrons.* And *You're plumb crazy.* And then his baby bull, short of leg, and flat of back, square and sleek and shining—oh, perfection! But changing now, changing horribly: *Loathsome fat black sausage.*

He tossed in the wilder lands of sleep. He turned and groaned and turned again. And now he was climbing from the sound of water. *You're the meanest hateful stinking man I've ever met.*

He was wide awake. He sat up straight and lit a cigarette and soon his night-mares faded. But black despondency re-mained, a dark shroud in the darkness. Then the rain began. It was a quiet rain, dripping from the eaves of Durler Castle.

"Leviathan!" he cried loudly in the lonely night. He began to plot and plan. "Yes, that's what I'll do," he said. "I'll show them." He chuckled to himself, first good chuckle for a week. Michael Crombie lay again. He slept like a child till morning.

He drove twenty miles to an awkward interview. Mr. Anderson, at the bank, was stern and firm. "I am sorry, Sir Michael, but the time has come. We cannot meet this check."

"Mr. Anderson," he said, "I know you think I've overstepped myself. It's true that a run of bad luck could wreck my gamble. But listen now!"

Mr. Anderson listened with interest to the importance of male blood lines. He knew that Crombie was no gentleman-farmer dilettante, but one of the ablest cattle breeders in the country. The trouble about him was that he wanted to gamble too much too quickly. Anderson shook his head.

"I tell you what," said Michael. "Talking's no good. Why not cast dull care and the office aside, and come and have lunch with me—my own cold salmon caught yesterday—and then if the weather clears, I'll show you the herd. See them and say No, by all means. I won't influence you. Come on!"

Mr. Anderson longed for a day in the country. His mouth watered at the thought of salmon. He hesitated and was lost. *Got you,* Michael Crombie thought, but did not speak that thought aloud. Sure enough, he had him. Growing peculiar in his private life, but no fool in business, Michael Crombie.

It was a perfect rain. It stopped in the afternoon. The river rose three inches. Crombie sent out spies. Report: "They fished all day. Killed two in the lower pools."

The evenings were long in May. He waited until sunset. He parked the car discreetly. He came by devious ways, and crawled the last fifty yards to his vantage point above the Hourglass Pool. Nothing moved across the river. The river spoke with a different voice tonight, but quietly; and in the breeze there was another sound, a jangling creak upstream, from rusty members of the old footbridge that once, in piping days of peace, had spanned the Durler. In those old days, you fished both banks when you had the water. And then the troubles came and grew, and grew until Maj. Giles McCracken, arrogant devil, home on leave from the Royal Engineers, set charges and blew the bridge. Old Sir Michael Crombie sued him and won damages to the tune of half a bridge. Since then, undying enmity. Michael never saw that derelict of war, drooping from both ends, without a growling rancor.

He put that from him this Wednesday evening, still McCracken water. It was warm for the time of year. The breeze was dying with the day. He had half an hour of light, no more. The McCracken coast was clear. He stole down the bank. He removed all his clothes except tennis shoes and shorts of khaki drill that he had worn as a boy of twenty in the fighting desert. He stowed his clothes behind a rock. Fly box, the lightest rod he dared, a gaff. Still safe. He went to the top of the upper pool, waded in, and gasped in cold water from the hill. He swam as quietly as an otter. He clambered out. He had learned something yesterday—that a fly could be presented properly to Leviathan only from the McCracken bank.

"Are you still here?" he asked Leviathan in a whisper. "The itch must be on, I know. But have you gone?"

He tried the Hairy Mary. He fished the Hourglass carefully, to perfection, as only he could fish this stream. Nothing doing. He listened for danger up and over the bank behind him. Nothing.

He rummaged in the fly box. He was none too warm, bare to the waist and dripping wet. He thought he heard a splash upriver, perhaps a salmon on the run; not Leviathan, he hoped. He chose

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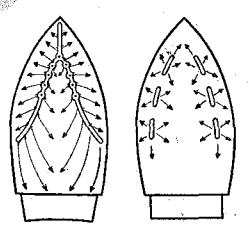

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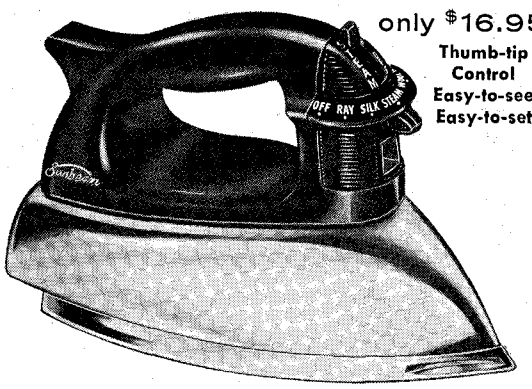

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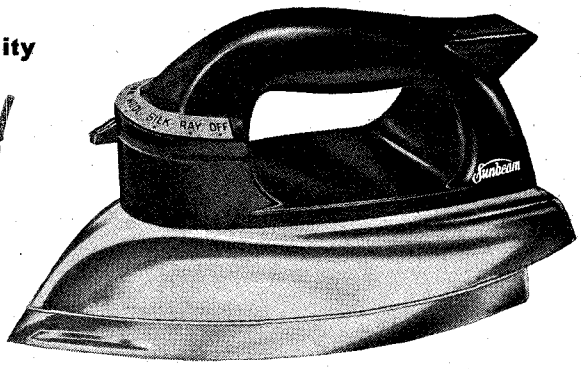

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the Crombie Special—white hairs from a billy goat, orange body, green feathers of the mallard drake, a bit of jungle fowl for luck, a proper dog's dinner of a salmon lure, a killer in the gloaming.

His teeth chattered, and he fished again. He was not far, perhaps two casts above the place, when he glimpsed a small movement on the Durler side. He finished it out. He turned to look across. A stealthy figure flitted from rock to rock. The shades were gathering, but he recognized Miss Polly McCracken in a bathing suit.

"What do you think you're doing?" he demanded, repeating himself from yesterday, with less rectitude on this occasion.

"I'll teach you to steal my salmon." She faced him, arms akimbo like a graceful washerwoman or voluptuous fishwife. She stooped lithely, gathered his clothes—shirt, trousers, jacket. "I hope you die of pneumonia."

"Don't bother me," he said. "And don't be such a silly little boob." He cast again. Not this time; next time, the chance.

"Talk about poaching," Miss McCracken cried. "You're double-poaching."

"True," he said. "Now please, Leviathan! Oblige!"

Something obliged. Something tautened his line. Something gave one tentative tug, a small fish or a wary monster, and tugged again, and he set the hook. Then there was pandemonium in the Hourglass Pool. "It's him," he croaked. "It's really him."

That first rush into the lower pool took all the line, now into the backing, and Crombie followed from rock to rock. He recovered the backing, then some line, fighting Leviathan, gentling him.

"You've got to stop him! Oh, easy now." Advice.

"Stop teaching your granny. Let me play my fish."

"Our fish, not yours." But Polly McCracken watched, enthralled, and then the great salmon changed its tune, and made a second run, upstream, and jumped below the Hourglass, clean out and up and in again with a mighty broadside splash.

"Jimminy Cricket!" cried the girl. "Barking Beelzebub, what a fish!"

Now most of the line was on the reel, but the battle was only just begun. His teeth no longer chattered, chills worked out of him.

"I'm frozen. I'm absolutely gooseflesh everywhere."

It was nearly dark, a dying glow in the west, a rising glimmer in the eastern sky. Leviathan rested, immovable.

"What?"

"I said: Could I please put on your clothes to keep me warm?"

"Do anything you like. Keep quiet!" He could just see the furrow of stream cutting line. He watched it, sharp rocks in there, danger of a snag. "Come on, Leviathan," he said. "Get weaving."

Leviathan got weaving. This time he ran right through the lower pool and on, and on. Michael clambered, waded, slipped, fell in up to his neck, swam a few strokes, climbed, jumped, floundered, and somehow followed. Would he never stop? At last everything went slack—too slack. Lost him.

Michael reeled in. He gasped and ached. But his breath was coming back. Then mercy, miracle and magic, live tension on the line again; not lost. But once more the fish lay deep. And the

Mysterious Circumstance

By Richard Wheeler

The private eye of fiction is,
To say the very least, a whiz;
In lore concerning crime
he's fully versed.
But this is strange: whatever
plan
The guy employs to find
his man,
He somehow finds a host of
women first.

fisherman said: "Sorry, Leviathan, old boy," and meant that, too, respecting his quarry. But now the first of the battle was done, and now, given luck, he was going to kill his quarry. Now fish and fisherman were resting.

Scuffles and sulphurous contralto oaths, Polly McCracken. "They're absolutely huge. I can't darn well stand up in these blasted pants."

"Take a reef in the blasted pants," he said.

"I have, you silly man." Miss McCracken sighed, shapeless huddle in a pale moonbeam. "They smell a bit," she said. "Of pipes and tar and cigarettes and hooch and cattle beasts. Of you, I guess, too," she added, frank as ever.

"Take them off, then. Got better things to think about."

"Take them off and catch my death of cold! Why are you always so mean and beastly?"

"Me, mean and beastly?" Had he asked her to pinch his clothes? But a plaintive note, quite new. "Strange creature," he remarked, and then Leviathan was on the run again.

That battle went on, through fast water and through slow, by cliff and grassy bank, through woods and fields. Two hours, it must have been. Now midnight, the full moon in the south, the salmon spent at last, the man spent too—an audience of one across the River Durler, a scion of the enemy, and yet a watching comrade in this battle.

"Hey, you!" she called.

The butt was anchored in the top of his shorts. He ached from fingers to shoulders and down his back. His lungs sought painful breath. He must gain strength to gaff the fish. "Unnggh?"

"You're crazy and rude and everything. But you sure are mighty tough."

"Ditto you," he grunted. "Admit got bags guts."

He felt much stronger of a sudden. He drew poor Leviathan into the shallows now, rolling sluggishly—the battle over, the triumph coming, and yet to be lost forever at achievement. He took the gaff. He leaned to make the wicked stroke, and then desisted. Through all the pantings, drummings, wheezings, beatings of fatigue, came outer sounds.

"Polly! Oh, damn you, bloody root! Oh, Polly child, where are you?"

Caught here by McCracken? Shot out of hand. What, though? What the hell? Michael Crombie dithered.

"Swim over!" she hissed. "Swim over, dopey! Bring rod 'n' gaff."

Dopey swam over. Leviathan's ice-cold element revived him. "Gimmitme, quick!" He gave the rod to Miss McCracken.

"Thought I heard voices, but not a sound! I've lost her; yes, I've lost her. I knew it all along, those dreams, that ghastly poem haunting me: 'One more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death.'" The voice was near; the beam of an electric torch came bob-bob-bobbing on the other bank.

"Now gaff him!" He gaffed the giant fish.

"What do I find? A pathetic heap of silk, a little crumpled dress beside the river. Lost my niece, my heir, the apple of my eye. And the sounds, the voices that brought me running. All nothing, figments of imagination, silence of the watery grave. I'll try one last time. Polly!"

"I'm here, Uncle Giles," his heiress called tartly. "What *is* all the fuss about?"

"Thank God!" The beam weaved about, augmenting moonlight, settled first on Leviathan. "Jumping Jehoshaphat, what a fish!" Moved to Michael Crombie. "That scoundrel! Explain yourself, sir! What has he done to you, dear child, in sacks and tatters?"

"This is what happened, Uncle Giles. You see, after dinner I got a bit fed up, and I thought of a way we often fish for salmon in B.C., and so I took my clothes off and before I knew what had happened, the fish was hooked, and then I had to climb and stumble and flounder and swim and follow the big beast all the way down here, just terribly exciting and more dangerous than I counted on in a little bit of a tinpot river like this Durler, and then I was absolutely tuckered out and fit for drowning, and this Crombie came from nowhere out of the blue and stripped and absolutely saved my life, he dived right in and saved me, then I caught the fish, and he gave me his clothes and everything. He's crazy, Uncle Giles, I know, but tough as moose hide and quite a hero."

"Thank you," said Michael Crombie. "Your niece, sir," he added, "she shoots a very pretty line."

"Yes, yes, a bonny fisherman for a gel. But swimming after salmon! Outlandish notion! Never heard of it in all my life." Then Colonel McCracken's musings ceased, and his voice cracked high: "No clothes, dear child, what a dreadful thought! Rescued by this feller in your birthday suit! Oh, mercy on us!"

"In my swim suit!" cried his niece. "What do you take me for? Here, look!"

"Yes, yes, I apologize. Tut-tut, though; the merest sheath. Really, what is the world coming to? As for you, sir, I offer my thanks. But no more of this nocturnal swimming. I will not have it, Polly. But how —— Why did I ever blow that blasted bridge? A mile down to the next. How will the child get home?"

"Don't worry, sir. My car is near. I will deliver Miss McCracken safe and sound."

"Thank you. Thank you, dear boy. Good gracious, what did I call the feller then?" Light turned away. Footsteps receded, stopped. "Crombie!"

"Colonel?"

"See you bring the salmon with the gel."

"Don't worry, Uncle Giles, he will." The footsteps of the colonel plodded off.

"Who says I will?"

"I say so, me! Sauce for the gander, Michael!"

"Michael! Like music," he grumbled. Peace and music come, but where was freedom going? "Say it again," he grumbled.

"Michael!"

Time and the river flowed by them in the night. And Polly McCracken said to him: "I know we don't quite hit it off, not yet, about cattle and shrubs and so on, darling."

"True," he said.

"So it's nice that there's one thing we really share."

"True," he said again, prosaic word.

"I meant salmon fishing, silly," said his ladylove.

The champion beast; the blue-riband shrub; the record fish: How eloquent a man must wax about the lesser loves; how true his silence about the great.

Walk to the Dance (Continued from Page 34)

stood up. "It is unfortunate that the Rose Ball occurs the same night. Your mother and I do not intend to ride the thirty miles on the train so that you may drive the car a half mile to the country club, park it a few hours, then drive the half mile back. A cab will be quite ——"

"But everybody else ——" Nardy wailed.

"Stuff and nonsense!" Mr. Harper started for the doorway. "It's a wonder you kids don't try changing the color of your eyes—all the same shade." And he went out of the room.

Mrs. Harper rose and caressed Nardy's flat-top. "Come on, boy. You're getting yourself into a dither over nothing." She gave his head a pat and went into the kitchen.

Over nothing! Nardy pushed back his chair and glowered down at Liz, who tugged at her pony-tail. "Don't you dare say a word," he snapped, and stalked out of the room and down the hall and out the front door.

"Going for a walk?" his father called, over the evening paper from the porch swing.

"Over to the pool for a while," Nardy muttered, striding down the flagstones. Going for a walk! Just like that! Heart of stone, that's what.

The pool—five minutes away—was more or less in the center of town, cradled in a flowery park. The town was suburban, and Nardy liked everything about it, including the terra-cotta high school and eighty per cent of his classmates.

He liked everything in his life except, perhaps, a few old-fashioned ideas of his parents—their attitude about the car, for instance. His needs, potential or imperative, were quite definitely of secondary importance and not until his senior year could he have his own car, if he earned the money to buy it.

Well, after all, he respected his parents, so what could he do? What he did do was work summers and keep a little green bankbook in a Japanese puzzle box on his bedside table. Following a blushing summer behind the drugstore soda fountain, he had—miraculously, so it seemed—become the daytime lifeguard at the municipal pool. He was

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there again this summer and in three more months all this aggravating frustration would cease, once and for all. He'd finally have enough loot to buy some kind of a heap, and then he could go somewhere. As it was, he couldn't do a dang thing, only when he was permitted to have the car. Sure, there weren't many places to go to, but you couldn't walk. Nobody walked!

He turned into the park, trying not to think of the coming fiasco. Maybe he just wouldn't go; quietly disappear; become suddenly sick. But the Rose Ball! That was something every guy in town looked forward to, when he was seventeen and eligible. A man!

As he sank dejectedly onto a bench beside a heaven-scented syringa, he could hear the muted splash and babble from the pool, leaf-hidden beyond a curve in the path. Beyond the treetops, blinking over the darkening roofs, the air beacon on Sawyer's Rise pulsated redly. Sawyer's Rise, where he had munched peanut-butter sandwiches on hikes when he was a kid. But he was a man now.

A wrench of anguish settled with sick throbbing in his solar plexus. Here he had copped the loveliest flower in the town's garden of luscious blossoms—unanimous male opinion—would be looked upon with envy, if not with awe, would be fulfilling a lifelong desire, figuratively speaking, and with what result? Stuck with a taxi! Granted, the date with Kathleen had just sort of dropped in his lap. He never would have dared ask her, cold turkey. Kathleen meant something. His eyes would water from the very thought of her. His stomach ballooned into his throat, and his feet and hands became five-pound bags of ground-round when he passed her in the school hallways or encountered her at Burgerhaven.

Kathleen was gorgeous and popular and dream-making. You didn't see her camping around like a freak, embarrassing the guys by showing too much skin; nor did she try to look like one of those nutty Riviera-type movie dames with all those goofy haircuts and squashy lips and whatnot. And she didn't wear pants! She was a real girl—a living doll.

And then, a month ago, in the space of forty seconds, he'd become the possessor of the most cherished Rose Ball date—unanimous male opinion. Her father had driven over to his father for a bag of peat moss. He had taken the bag out to the car and she was sitting in the front seat.

"Hi, Nardy," she'd said. "Going to the Rose Ball?"

He fumbled with the peat moss.

"I don't know if I'm going, yet," she murmured.

"Will you go with me?" It had been his voice!

"I'd love to, Bernard."

"Swell. I'll contact you"—and he'd fled blindly. In time, he accepted the blissful fact as his due, and soared through the days with Cloud-Seven anticipation. But now ——

His left eyelid twitched and he felt his brow hopefully for fever. Then, shatteringly, the approaching tinkle of soprano laughter panicked him to his feet. He cat-stepped his way home and up to his room, cloaked in a chill shroud of tragedy. Just before he turned out the light he looked long at his face in the mirror. It looked about the same. "I guess suffering doesn't show," he whispered, "until you're maybe eighty."

A sound sleep preceding a golden morning did nothing to dispel Nardy's foreboding gloom. All day, upon his high perch of responsibility beneath the orange umbrella, he alternately glared at his carefree charges and oozed self-pity and righteous indignation from every pore of his toasting skin.

After he'd donned his slacks and T-shirt late that afternoon, he wandered morosely down by the shady stream that skirted the town, wishing it was the Pacific—the other side. He dropped down on some cool grass and leaned against a sprawling box elder.

"Well, young man."

Surprise snapped Nardy's stomach and he whipped around to meet the contemplative gaze of a pair of bright blue eyes, all but hidden by bristling white brows. Pop King, the town's junkman, was stretched out on the other side of the tree! Pop King, of the gaily painted, rubber-tired wagon, propelled by the dainty-stepping, proud little mule, and flaunting the string of Hindu temple bells that proclaimed his approach and convenience. The town character, in short, though respected and appreciated. Small boys listened open-mouthed to Pop's adventuresome yarns, and people hailed him in passing. A good citizen who, other citizens said, had a past—of the better sort. He sat up. "You look like the last three steps of doom."

Nardy gave him a look. Then he sighed; a long, deep, tragic sigh, and, unaccountably, began talking; lamenting, explaining, forcing a veneer of amused cynicism on his words. Pop King didn't say anything for a while; they both just watched the quiet water. Finally the old man hunched his knees and wrapped his thin arms around them.

"I read a lot," he said. "It follows I have plenty of time to think. Which I do. Reason things out. Now, as I understand it, your—uh—problem has its roots in a female ——"

"No," Nardy said. "It's the car. I can't have the car."

"Why do you want the car?"

"To go to the Rose Ball—I told you."

"Alone?"

"Look!" Exasperation flushed Nardy's face. "You don't understand."

"Young man, you'd be surprised."

Nardy's face smoothed to patient politeness.

"What would you say all females have in common?"

Nardy raised his eyebrows.

"Romance! That's what. Romance."

Nardy quirked a corner of his mouth.

"That's the sugar and spice. That's what the girls are made of. I know; you'll say it's old-fashioned. But think about it!"

"So?" Nardy wasn't much interested. The old coot had missed the whole point.

"And what do they get?" Pop King jabbed a finger at the world. "A walk down the aisle of a movie theater and cheeseburgers."

"We don't seem to hear any gripes," Nardy retorted.

"Of course not. They can't miss what they never had."

Nardy sneaked a look at his wrist watch.

Pop King lowered his voice. "Did you ever walk with a girl on a summer's evening with green things growing all around, and take her hand and swing it and look at the moon and stars, and know she was looking too? And hear the twitter of a sleepy bird and smell a honeysuckle vine, and stop and pull those little yellow trumpets out and let her sip the sweetness from their hearts, and then she'd laugh and do the same for you?"

Nardy forgot the time.

"That's a mere example, and any girl worthy of the name would ask for more. If she knew about such things." The old man spread his hands behind him on the

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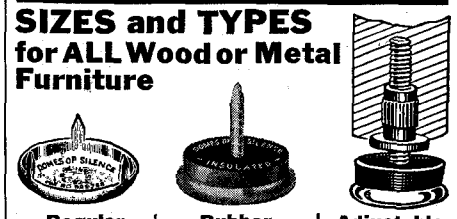

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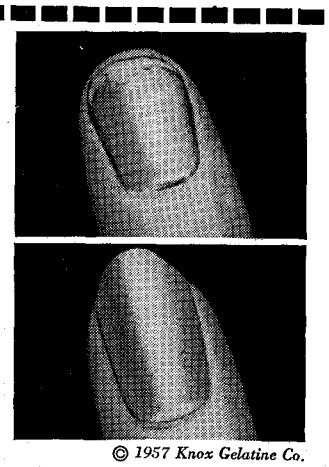

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grass. "Now I ask you, how can a girl feel romantic racing about from pillar to post in a glass-and-metal coop, with glaring lights and roaring motor, with the smell of oil to give her an appetite for the fried-meat patty she'll be offered when she gets to the same old place!"

Nardy didn't answer. There was something ticking in his head, like a little old key fumbling at a lock.

"I suppose I'm crotchety," Pop King continued, "but crotchety with reason. There's nothing wrong with cars and hamburgers, but there are other things, all there and ready for young folks to enjoy, on their own two feet! Now, you're all sick and sad because you can't take a lovely girl to your first grown-up dance. Right?"

"Yes, but ——" The key kept ticking.

"Who says you can't? False pride, public opinion! That's a fine how d'you do. Use some logic! Are you just another sheep in the herd or are you an individual? Thunderation! Sheep are pretty stupid critters. Right?"

Nardy began to feel a little as he had that day when the fog of algebra had suddenly and amazingly cleared. And what was this about sheep? Now just a minute! Nobody was going to tell him how he would or would not take his date out.

"Now look here." Pop King's voice dropped to a conspiratory level. "Why don't you step out of line and see what's cooking without a car? Why not invest some of your capital in this Katy girl's stock? See if she returns dividends—to be crass about it. In this case it would be the initial cost and not the upkeep."

"How d'you mean?" Nardy squirmed a little, thinking of his precious car money.

"Spend, for once! Make this princess feel she's really royal tomorrow night. Fall in love with her."

"How?"

"Fall in love?"

"No, no. I already—I mean ——" Nardy gulped with confusion. Then a spark of revelation glowed in his mind. Or was it in his heart?

"Food, flowers and fresh air," Pop King whispered.

Nardy thought of the inn—Rock Springs Inn—an ultra-super restaurant on the other side of town from the country club. You couldn't touch a dinner there for less than —— So what? He was a veritable Rockefeller!

"Mr. King," he said, "do you think I'm too—uh—young to take Kathleen to the inn?"

"Balderdash and bravo! Buy her a dinner she can brag about to her girl friends. Now, the flowers. Let's see. Tell you what. Send her five small orchids. And make taxi arrangements."

Nardy swallowed a large dusty walnut, so to speak.

"If you like," Pop King said softly, "I'll open negotiations in that department. I have what you might call connections."

Nardy got to his feet, remembering that the junkman's son operated one of the town's six taxis. Uncertain excitement tugged at his nerves, but he managed a smile.

"And right now"—Pop King rose also—"phone this queen and give her some anticipation." He poked Nardy in the ribs. "There's a regular mass of honeysuckle out near where Willow Drive meets the highway."

"But how come?" Nardy pulled an ear.

Pop King brushed the seat of his pants. "I know what you mean. I've seen better days, you might say, and I still look at them, in a manner of speaking. Yes, indeed! When I was your age I had the sweetest little buggy you ever laid eyes on, and knew all the woodland paths. The girls were the same then as now. Only thing is, girls today aren't given a chance to find it out. Their romance dies aborning."

They shook hands and Nardy lumbered up the bank, then turned and looked down at the old man. Pop King waved him on. "Don't forget, small orchids!"

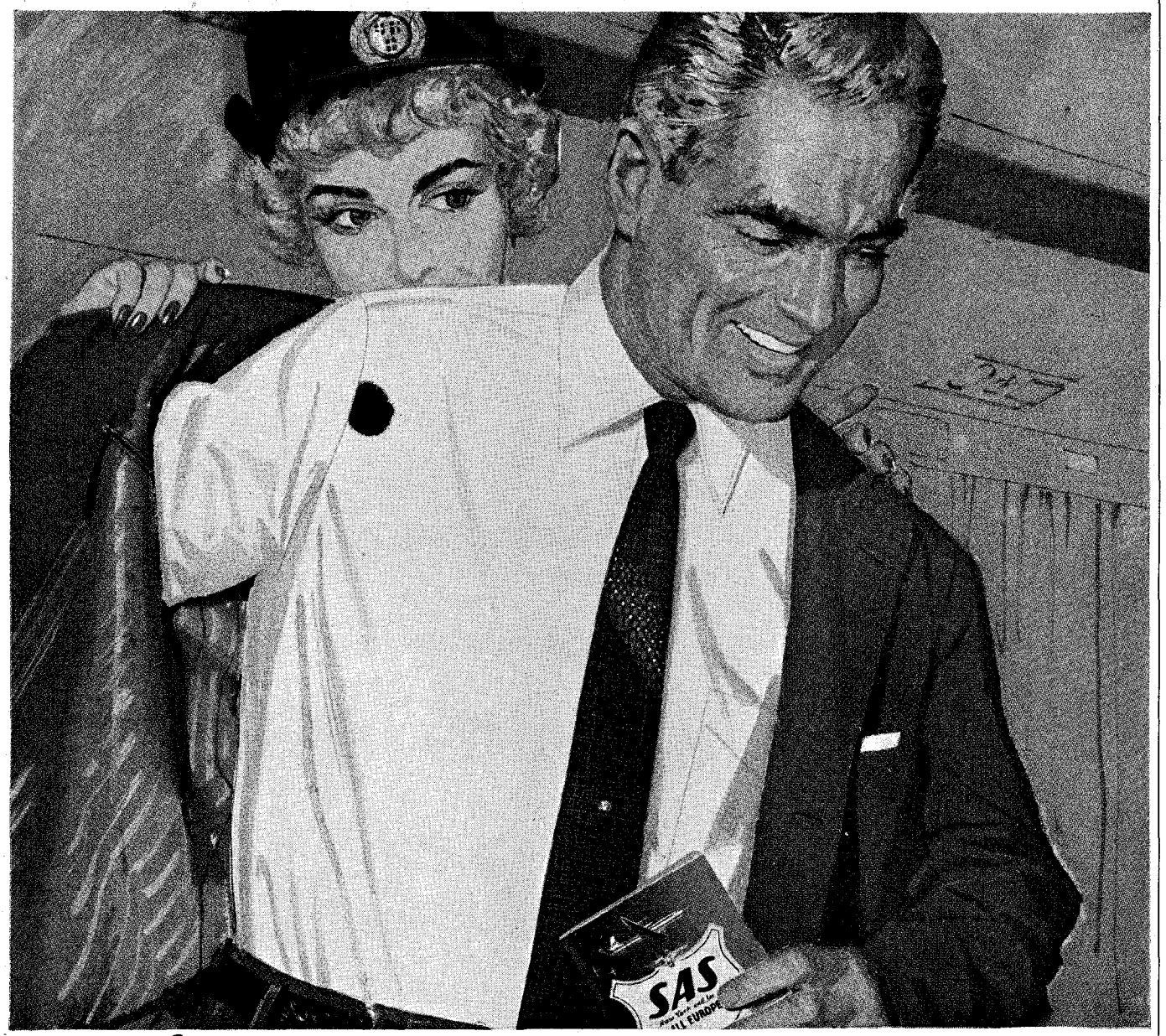
But why small orchids? Nardy wondered, as he headed for the depot and the phone booth therein. *Why not one great big whopper?* He felt mildly insane as he dialed Kathleen's number. "I thought we might have a bite at the inn—around eight, maybe?" His lips were numb, but the words came out O.K. When he hung up he felt almost good, with Kathleen's delight still singing in his ears. The florist across the street was not yet closed. Nardy asked the man about small orchids and at once sensed he was really being seen, serious-like, not merely glanced at, like a kid buying a gardenia.

"Small orchids have a fragrance—lovely—and discerning people prefer them. Orchids can be quite ostentatious, you know."

Nardy said, yes, of course, and that he had in mind a spray of four or five.

"Five," the florist said. "Perhaps you'd care to pick them out?" and led the way into the dusky heat of the greenhouse. He pointed to a white-and-purple blossom as big as a double order of French fries. "Forty dollars. Smell."

Nardy did. Nothing—nothing at all. The florist then indicated a massed cluster of four-bit-sized fairylike flowers,



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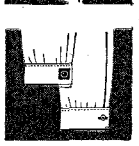

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white, lilac and apple green with golden freckles. Nardy ducked his nose; sweet peas and peonies and pungent nutmeg! He chose three of the white and two of the greenish-gold ones.

"To you, thirty dollars," the florist smiled.

Nardy nodded and his eyes began to water. One tenth of his September car! Well, better to be hanged for a lion than a sheep. When he mentioned the details of delivery and payment, the florist shrugged and pooh-poohed. "That's what bills are for. Perhaps you'll open an account later."

Nardy swung out to the pavement feeling not at all like himself. And the dinner? Sixty dollars? Coo! He dodged traffic over to the depot again and got the inn on the wire.

"Certainly, sir," a voice purred in his ear. "Would there be any little extra touch—detail?"

"Candles." Nardy felt his face grow fiery. "And no steak or chicken."

"Excellent!" The voice became a richer purr. "May I suggest *noisettes d'agneau* with wild rice and the local asparagus as the focal point?"

"Excellent!" rasped Nardy. "And—uh—crepes suzette?"

"Excellent," the voice whispered again, and the deed was done. Cheeseburgers! He snorted as he strode out into the six-o'clock sunlight. *Nwah-zette dahn-yoh. Crepes suzette. Oo-la-la. Open an account. Yes, sir.*

About noon the next day—the day!—a small, pleasant fellow in a chauffeur's cap ambled over to Nardy's throne at the pool. He was Melvin King, he said, and understood there was some business to talk over. Nardy explained the schedule—not forgetting to mention Willow Drive—and that was that.

When his mother and dad left that evening, their "good-bys" were a trifle hurried—and worried, too, Nardy was pleased to note. He had a vague feeling that he should have been told the story of the honeysuckle and sheep under his own roof. Well, serve them good and right; teach them a lesson—only that wasn't quite what he meant. There was something screwy somewhere. He'd learned a lesson because he couldn't have the car, so they'd actually done him a good turn. Nuts! Everything got all mixed up if you started thinking; but there you go—Pop King said to think. It was all most confusing.

At last, with an exciting amount of money in his wallet, his hair showing just the right amount of glitter, and his dinner coat and tie looking exactly right—old Liz was baby-sitting, thank the saints!—he went out to meet Melvin, full of jittery doubt and a strong taste of mouth wash. His throat was lumpy as he escorted Kathleen into the cab—remembering to sit "on the lady's left"—and sweet sadness engulfed him as he inhaled the fragrance from the thirty dollars' worth of orchids on the golden shoulder now so close to him. *Daisies*, he thought, *next time, if—— And pizza and salted nuts.*

"These blossoms are but truly of angels," were Kathleen's first words. "How could you know?" As for the taxi—she seemed strangely pleased.

Everything was very fine right from the start, and when they walked into the foyer of the inn and the headwaiter hurried over—well, that was the greatest! Their table was out in one of the garden loggias, snug with clipped boxwood, and when the tall candles were lit, the rest of the world disappeared. The food was mad; fabulous—cold, hot, cold; and then the *nwah-zette dahn-yoh*, which turned out to be tiny filets mignon, from lamb instead of beef.

And the crepes suzette! Nardy's heart thumped as he peeked into the admiring eyes across the table, lighted from below by the flickering flames. They sipped their wee gold-rimmed cups of heavy coffee at the meal's end and continued their probing conversation; much had been said, though few words spoken. It was all very fine.

They floated inside to the foyer, and when the bill was discreetly paid, Nardy was pleasantly shocked—only eighteen dollars? A little more than half the price of five small flowers! The taxi was waiting, and as they passed efficiently through the quiet streets, Nardy gleaned another ray of light from the little key that was still ticking in his head; even though they were being carried about on wheels, he could forget that fact as being anything of his concern. He could, instead, turn his entire attention placidly where it belonged.

Maybe there was something to be said for horses, after all. You didn't have to use practically your whole body and brain making a horse go from one place to another. And a horse had eyes, too, come to think of it, and wouldn't go crashing into things head on if you wanted to take a long look at a beautiful girl beside you.

And Nardy did just that, and scarcely took his eyes away the rest of the evening. The ball was even better than expected, except when he became sulky and a little—well, brusque, for a time; there was altogether too much cutting in. Kathleen said, "Yes, I know. But what can you do? I just wish there was no one here but us."

After that, he remained stern with the swains, and was so happy his eyes were constantly aswim.

Midnight, and Melvin stood by the open door of the taxi. It was wonderful. Nardy had never felt so old! A niggling imp of doubt hovered in his thoughts as they turned into Willow Drive, but he stiffened his spine.

"It's a swell night," he said, with just the hint of a quaver. "Would you like to walk a little?"

"You mind reader," Kathleen answered. "It's a shame to waste such a beautiful night cooped up in a dopey old car."

The cab crept to a stop—could Melvin have been listening?—and suddenly Nardy was alone beneath the stars with Kathleen. They started off slowly, looking up at the full, golden moon. Somewhere a drowsy bird murmured, its notes falling like liquid opals. Their hands touched, then touched again, then clasped with fingers linking.

"Oh-h!" sniffed Kathleen, and sure enough, there ahead the honeysuckle sprawled, trailing head-high along the walk. "M'm'm'm!" Kathleen buried her face in the flowered fronds. She reached out her free hand; then brought it up to Nardy's lips. "Taste," she said.

Nardy sucked the sweetness from the few little trumpets and kissed a finger tip. "You taste," he said, and carefully detached a half dozen more blossoms. Kathleen sipped the nectar like an angel and bit his forefinger, and "woofed" to make it seem not too serious.

They walked on, hands clasped, arms swinging; unspoken thoughts flickering about their heads like summer lightning; feeling, seeing, hearing, smelling—a moonlight merger.

Much too soon, the hall light of Kathleen's house glimmered beyond the shrubbery, and at last they halted in a pearly cloud at the bottom of her porch steps.

"Let's sit a minute," Kathleen said. "This is all so wonderful."

"Wait!" Nardy held out a restraining hand. He doffed his jacket, folded it and placed it tenderly on the concrete, thinking of Sir Walter Somebody with humorless understanding. When Kathleen didn't protest in simpering hypocrisy, he felt a flash of longing for hordes of savages to appear; to threaten, to challenge his devotion. He clenched his teeth and frowned at a distant, slinking, moon-struck cat. Over the roofs across the street, the red eye of the air beacon blinked rhythmically on Sawyer's Rise.

"You know something?" Kathleen whispered. "When I was young I always wanted to go up there. I still do. In the daytime, of course"—demurely.

Nardy regarded the flashing beacon. Woodland paths? In the Jet Age? He reached out a timorous finger till it rested on the warm back of Kathleen's hand.

"Would you maybe like to go for a—a walk—up there?" He managed to swallow.

"I would adore it. But truly!" Kathleen turned her hand over. "Oh, Nardy! I'm so glad we've finally—met! I had an idea you might be—well different, and not just a—a ——"

"Sheep?" Nardy now held the whole soft hand.

"M'm—I see what you mean." It was a question now who was holding whose hand. "The trouble is," Kathleen went on, "I like to walk, but everyone seems to think walking anywhere is just not done!"

"Public opinion!" Nardy snorted. "Sheep!" He raised the sweet hand to his lips.

Kathleen leaned against his shirt sleeve. "I'm so happy! These fabulous orchids; that absolutely mad dinner!"

"I'm sorry I couldn't get the car. You see ——"

"Don't be plebeian, Bernard. I felt proud and important and —— Why, we were the only couple there with a chauffeur! It was fun!"

They sat, glowing with mutual esteem, for some moments. Then Kathleen moved reluctantly upright. "But, Nardy, you mustn't ever again be so extravagant."

"Oh, well"—Nardy waved an indifferent hand! "it was a special occasion, you might say."

"Indeed it was!" Kathleen smiled, and her eyes and teeth flashed in the moonlight. "But I like peanut-butter sandwiches too!"

"Shall we take a lunch?" Nardy felt that he was almost through the Looking Glass.

"To Sawyer's Rise? When?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, Nardy. About eleven?"

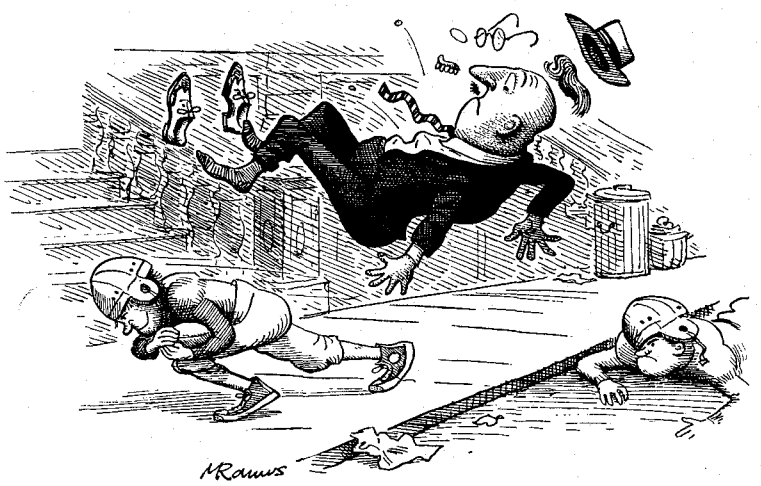
"Swell." Nardy stood up and helped Kathleen to rise. "And we'll go on from there."

"Yes," the girl said gravely. "I see what you mean."

Kathleen's mouth was a cool rose beneath Nardy's lips. He turned to go, then stopped and about-faced. "Kathleen," he said, in a faint, determined voice. "What will you wear—tomorrow?"

Kathleen looked wisely down upon him. "Oh, I've got any number of old skirts."

Nardy sighed with glad relief and his eyes watered happily as he cat-stepped his homeward way. THE END



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Ten-year-old Toughy Brown swung out on an end run in his gang's usual rough game of football on the street. He slipped past the tacklers, but rammed and hurt a passerby, Mr. Tompkins. Tompkins sued Toughy's parents.

"You should have exercised parental control over Toughy to keep him from playing football in the street," Tompkins contended. "My injuries were due to your failure to control this human projectile of yours."

"It's easy to see that you're not a parent," Toughy's mother replied. "Anyone who has children knows that you can't control them these days. Adults should tread carefully when around children."

If you were the judge, would you make Toughy's parents pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The parents did not have to pay. The court said that nowadays "strict control of children is so rare that its absence is no indication of a lack of reasonable care."

Based upon a 1953 New York case.

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They Befriend the Mentally Ill

(Continued from Page 21)

To these questions, Bath answers that patients would not have to play cards alone, or pretend to phone friends, or look for visitors with a pair of binoculars, if there were more volunteers; students like Larry and Michael Dohan, Peter Breggin and Peter Keese—the two Petes were cochairmen of the Harvard program last semester—Maeda Jurkowitz, Mimi Brown, Mary McIlvaine and their friends.

Hughie Bath's appraisal of the need for volunteers is heartily endorsed by Doctor Greenblatt, who meets with them frequently in his office at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, formerly the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Although the type of therapy in which the students are participating is simple and logical in principle, Doctor Greenblatt points out, it has received all too little emphasis in recent years. The neglect has been due in part to personnel shortages and partly to preoccupation with shock therapy, psycho-surgery and the new drugs. All of these treatments have been highly useful, but more patients could be returned to life outside the hospital if they were given more opportunity for "resocialization" inside the hospital.

"Moreover, in a great many patients," Doctor Greenblatt says, "the psychosis which originally brought them to the hospital years ago has long since 'burned out.' One can now ask, how much of their trouble is 'patient disease' and how much is 'hospital disease.' Their motivation has run down for lack of social stimulation in the hospital atmosphere. The students provide just such a social stimulation—and very effectively. It has been estimated that a third of the patients now in mental hospitals could be discharged if this kind of attention could be made available to them."

This is not to imply that the restoration of lost sociability is easy, whether attempted by doctor or volunteer. Weeks and months of skillful work are required to straighten out the twisted thinking and quiet the emotional turbulence that make mental patients act strangely. But the very challenge of the task has fired the Boston students, who, as Doctor Greenblatt comments, "have a zealous interest in displaying therapeutic power."

None has been more zealous than J. Lawrence Dohan, about whom doctors, volunteers and patients all speak with praise and affection. Larry was the volunteer to whom the woman patient referred in her grateful remarks about the shopping trip. It was Larry who, as a Harvard undergraduate, launched the present program in the fall of 1954 and steered it through its first year of operation.

The son of a Baltimore industrial chemist, Larry is a handsome, friendly youth with dark hair and straight black eyebrows. He speaks slowly, thoughtfully and with quiet persuasiveness. Many of the volunteers recall with a grin how "Larry talked me into this."

Larry himself was introduced to mental-hospital work in October, 1953, at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, where a few Harvard students were then working as volunteers. "My first visit was spent mainly with a patient whom I found interesting, not as a case, but as a person," Larry recalls. "He was a man who had done a great deal of traveling. As I left that afternoon he told me that no one ever came to see him and he hoped I would come again. So I did. I came every week, met many patients, and discovered a fascinating new world."

The Massachusetts Mental Health Center is a small state-operated hospital for the intensive treatment of patients in the acute early stages of their illness, and it is one of the most progressive in the country. Under the leadership of its superintendent, Dr. Harry Solomon, and its research director, Doctor Greenblatt, it had proved that apparently hopeless patients could make astonishing improvement if placed in a more permissive social atmosphere. It had unlocked doors, given patients more responsibility and had encouraged every employee to become a part of a "therapeutic team." Shortly after his first contact with this hospital, Larry Dohan was invited by the recreation director, Francis MacCumber, to join a group of nurses and attendants who were to try these principles at the Metropolitan State Hospital, a larger institution with a high proportion of chronic patients.

Young Dohan was thus exposed to a stimulating experiment in a state hospital where the needs were depressingly evident. "My first day at Metropolitan State was a shock," he said. "I worked with a group of children living in a ward originally designed for senile patients (although a new children's building has since been constructed). The only chairs were in the attendants' office. Preschool and high-school ages were locked up together most of the day, and were left to themselves to find amusement. There was filth on the floor. The children's shouts and screams echoed off dirty, undecorated walls. Most of the youngsters had bruises from the inevitable fights. No normal child could have maintained his equilibrium here."

It should be explained that the children's unit at Metropolitan State receives many mentally disturbed juvenile delinquents referred by the courts—"the kids too tough for the youth centers to handle," as one psychiatrist put it.

"The adult portion of the hospital posed a different sort of challenge," Larry observed. "Here were about eighteen hundred patients. The admission wards were relatively well staffed and active, and discharged about seventy per cent of the people referred to them. The 'parole' wards, occupied by men and women well on their way to recovery, were also relatively pleasant. But the remaining wards contained people who were so inert that, although the wards were overcrowded, one often felt that he was standing in an empty room. Wards constructed for fifty patients might house seventy-five, and one attendant might have to patrol three wards at once."

It seemed to Larry that here lay an opportunity for dozens of students like himself to come in and help—"to bring the community into the hospital," as he expressed it, "and to carry with them to the outside an understanding of the hospital and its patients."

"I felt the least we could do was to provide companionship," he said, "something that one doctor or one attendant could not give to scores of people at the same time."

Dohan thereupon set out to broaden the scope of the volunteer program, and with the co-operation of Phillips Brooks House, Harvard's social-service center, arranged for each Harvard student, when he registered for the fall term in 1954, to be given a card listing "mental-hospital volunteer work" as a choice among extracurricular activities. About 200 students checked this choice and turned out for a meeting at which Doctor Solomon, Doctor McLaughlin and Doctor Greenblatt explained the needs and aims of the program. Larry then began to escort groups of ten and twelve students, including Radcliffe girls, to the Metropolitan State Hospital—the "Met," as they were soon calling it. At the hospital they received additional briefing from Doctor McLaughlin and his assistants, and within a short time the volunteers were making friends with patients and were up to their ears in projects.

"At first the students couldn't see enough of us," said Doctor McLaughlin, referring to the briefing sessions. "They were full of questions. But pretty soon they were ready to fly on their own."

Other volunteers, adults from various churches and business organizations, had been helping the hospital for some time, giving parties, contributing money and clothing. But the students wanted to retain a separate identity and plan their own programs, and they have done so to this day.

One of their first steps was to "adopt" a ward whose female occupants had been in the hospital twenty years or more. However, when Larry Dohan and Maeda Jurkowitz, then a Radcliffe junior, unlocked the doors of this ward and walked in, they were dismayed. They found a few patients pacing back and forth, others asleep on the floor, others just sitting. Larry and Maeda tried to draw the women into conversation and were ignored. They began to doubt they could do anything at all for these women when one of them, in a terrifying voice, screamed: "Get the hell out of here!"

As Larry commented later, this kind of greeting in ordinary surroundings would have been anything but encouraging. "But here it was a good sign," he said. "At last, even though profanely, someone had recognized our presence."

Larry neither ignored the greeting nor left the ward. He spoke to the woman quietly, told her he and Maeda wanted to be friends with her and visit her again. "Finally she smiled, and I smiled," Larry said. "We felt encouraged, and within two weeks Maeda and I had thirty student volunteers in that ward."

But breaking through the shell of suspicion and distrust which these distressed souls had built around themselves continued to be a slow process. Larry Dohan, in a report on the program, written for the Russell Sage Foundation, told how Anne, a nineteen-year-old Radcliffe sophomore, had stopped every Monday afternoon to speak to a woman who sat on the floor in a corner, her dress pulled up over her head and her chin resting on her knees. But there was no response to Anne's greeting. Finally, after several weeks, came Anne's long-awaited reward. The woman spoke to her.

"I haven't talked to anybody for a long time," she said. "I've pulled my dress over my head because I can't stand all the noise and the things people do. But I like you, Anne."

"The fact that this patient was at last attempting to communicate with someone was evidence of an awakening within her," Larry commented. "Someone more stimulating than anyone who had approached her in a long time had accepted her as a human being worthy of courtesy and attention."

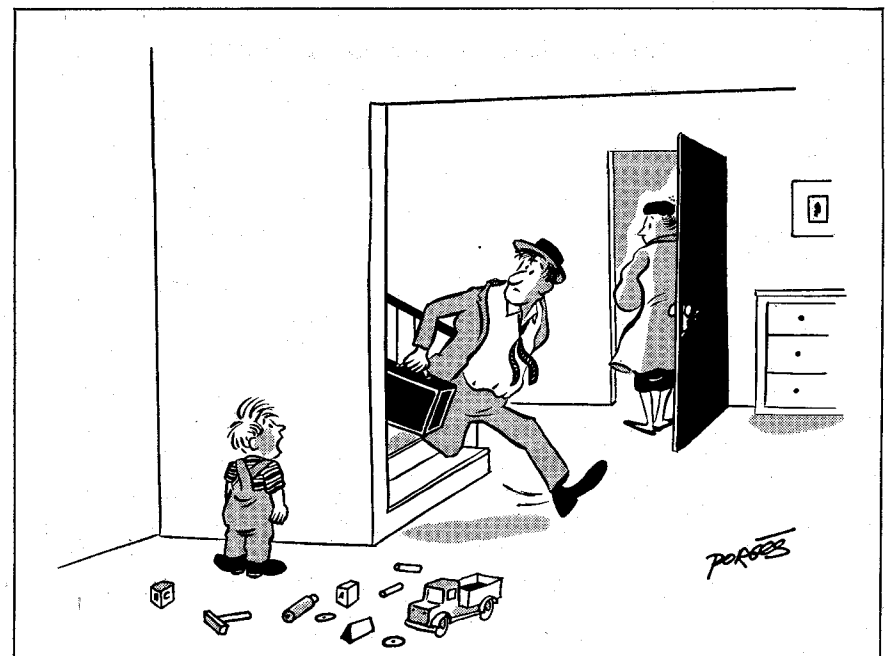
Larry graduated from Harvard College in June, 1955, worked for a year in a medical-research laboratory at Johns Hopkins University and is now in his second year at the University of Florida School of Medicine. One of the most active leaders in the volunteer program, since Larry left, has been his younger brother, Michael, who resembles him in his quiet manner and keen perceptiveness. Mike, too, plans to enter medical school after his graduation from Harvard next June.

Among Mike Dohan's duties, when he began the volunteer work in his freshman year, was helping conduct the parties, with music and dancing and bingo, which featured the "resocialization" efforts in the locked wards.

"During the first of those affairs," he recalled, "the patients just sat and watched the volunteers have fun, not realizing this was all for them. It was a long time before we could get the patients to enter into things, but I'll never forget the party at which we finally persuaded them to sing. Previous to that time, when we would leave the ward, it would lapse back into silence, a discouraging thing to volunteers who had tried so hard to brighten it up. But on this afternoon, as we closed the doors behind us, we could hear the patients still singing."

Inspired by this kind of heart-warming response, the volunteers let nothing keep them from their task. When there weren't enough cars to go around, some students bicycled the seven miles to the "Met." Later, the Grant Foundation of Boston donated a new station wagon to the cause.

The original group at Harvard and Radcliffe was soon swelled by recruits from other campuses. At Brandeis University, in Waltham, Toby Klayman



"Can't the stork bring it here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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signed up more than 100. She also talked the student council into voting $100 a year for children's parties and other volunteer expenses at the hospital. In addition to those already mentioned, Regis, Northeastern, Simmons, Sargent, Wheelock, Tufts and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have participated in the program.

Within a short time the volunteers were taking patients on expeditions outside the hospital. This has continued to be one of the most appreciated aspects of the program. They have gone to ball games, to the circus, to ice shows and concerts at the Boston Garden, and to plays and movies. They have taken boat rides on the Charles River and had clambakes on the North Shore. One afternoon when the weather was nice a group just drove around the country while one patient played his harmonica and the rest sang. Mary McIlvaine, chairman of the Radcliffe volunteers in her sophomore year, recalls how one man, during a shopping tour, was fascinated by traffic lights. He had been in the hospital so long he had never seen one before.

Most of the patients taken on these trips were accustomed to some degree of activity in the hospital. But on an expedition to an amusement park a mute and catatonic woman from a "back" ward was induced to come along. Mike Dohan, who with Pete Breggin conducted the summer program in 1956, said that during most of the trip she "sat like a statue, completely expressionless and seemingly impervious to her environment."

"However, toward the end of the day," Mike said, "when we were all getting some snacks, this woman was given a quarter to buy popcorn for the group. Much to our surprise, she went over to the stand herself, bought a bag and very courteously passed it around to all of us with a big smile on her face. This case was no miracle. It was simply a demonstration of the possibilities of the program."

As a matter of fact, the volunteers were invariably impressed by how well the mental patients conducted themselves on all of these excursions to the outside world. No matter how bizarre or antisocial their actions may have been inside the hospital, they seemed to realize that normal behavior was expected of them outside, and the very expectation served as a potent influence in the right direction.

At one of the functions given by the students in a big, sunny dayroom of the hospital, I saw patients representing all degrees of sociability, from complete muteness to ceaseless garrulity. Yet with each one the volunteers exhibited a dignified and friendly approach, and I was properly introduced around, as though at a cocktail party.

Late in the afternoon, a short, rather plump woman appeared at the door with an attendant, and Mike Dohan went over and spoke to her. After a brief and rather halting conversation, she walked on into her ward. Mike then told me of the strange way she had responded when he first greeted her, months before. "She simply held out a doll she was carrying. I took the doll, made a friendly comment and handed it back. Still she said nothing. This happened many times on successive visits. But one day she came up to me as I entered the ward, and said, 'Hello.' I noticed that this time she wasn't carrying her doll, and I never saw it again. I think she had been using the doll as a means of communication until she finally got up courage to speak to me in words."

"Then there is the matter of gifts," Pete Breggin remarked. "You often have to make up some excuse when you offer something to a patient, or belittle its value, because many patients are quite sensitive about accepting things. They don't want to be under obligation. So you say, 'Oh, this is just a little thing. It didn't cost very much,' or 'Here is a book I've finished which I thought you might like.'"

One method of unlocking a socially reluctant personality is to appeal to the individual's pride in some accomplishment, no matter how minor. "For instance, if a group is on a picnic and one of the men knows how to start a charcoal fire, I get him to show me how it is done," said Ann Jeffrey, a pretty, dark-haired Radcliffe graduate. "And when people are doing things they like to do, they don't have time for their delusions." Ann, whose student-volunteer work deflected her from a law career into social service, is now recreation director at Metropolitan State.

Over in the new children's unit, about a half mile down the road from the adult section of the hospital, the student volunteers have found the going a bit rougher. This unit houses 110 boys and girls from six to sixteen, many of them not only psychotic but also tough behavior problems. Here, too, however, practical psychology is often effective, and one of the most successful in this approach is the Wellesley volunteer chairman, Mimi Brown, a girl of warm and lively personality.

"Because so many of the patients are almost our own age," Mimi said, "they have to show us they are independent and don't really need our help. For example, they feel insulted if we offer to take them for a walk. But I get around it by asking an older girl if she'll help me with the younger children. Then she is glad to go. It makes a sympathetic contact if both of us are doing the same things to help the little kids. In other ways our closeness in age is a great advantage. If we say we'd like to play ball, the girls at the hospital know we really mean it. We're still at the age where such things are fun."

During one of our visits we watched the baseball team work out under the coaching of Ted Fleming, nineteen-year-old freshman who heads the Harvard volunteers at the children's unit, and his fellow students, Pete Tobin and Pete Rayel. Behavior on the high-fenced playground was fairly normal. It was difficult to believe that the blond lad who got off a solid base hit had been committed to the hospital for setting fires that cost two lives.

In the girls' department, a slender, fair-haired Radcliffe junior named Cornelia Dunning was teaching a class in first aid. To round up her pupils she had first to unlock and relock a series of steel doors leading to a large, bare ward. The only furnishings were a few benches and a television set mounted high in the wall out of reach of destructive hands. About fifteen teen-age girls, many in blue jeans and rumpled jerseys, sprawled on the benches or the floor, or tussled with one another and giggled.

From this unpromising lot, Cornelia recruited four girls, who accompanied her into another bare room, again with much unlocking and relocking of doors. Here the girls sat on a bench and Cornelia settled on the floor in front of them, her long blond bob swinging over her shoulder. The lesson began with a discussion of tourniquets. One girl chewed gum and paid little attention, one sat withdrawn and troubled, but the other two listened eagerly, asking many questions. Some were about tourniquets, but more were about Cornelia herself. Where does she go to school? What does she study? Did she ever use a tourniquet?

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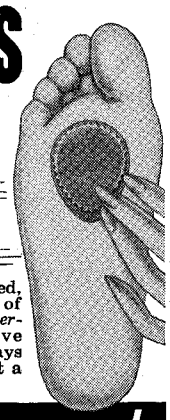

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"No," said Cornelia, "but you might need to if you were on a hike and were bitten by a snake." Then still more questions were directed at Cornelia: Does she hike much or climb mountains? Has she ever been to the shore? Does she have a boat and does she sail? One of the two girls said she used to go often to the Cape.

For a few minutes all problems of mental disturbance and behavior difficulties were forgotten. This was just any group of girls talking about things that are interesting and fun.

It isn't all fun, of course. Many students are quite upset by their first experience with psychotic patients. The wild, misbehaving youngsters and the withdrawn or agitated men and women, shuffling around muttering meaningless phrases, can be distressing to any sensitive person. Some of the coeds have gone home in tears after a session at the hospital. But most of them have accepted the challenge and returned the next week.

Growing numbers of volunteers have chosen to concentrate their therapeutic zeal upon individual patients and have entered the "case-aide" aspect of the program. Here each volunteer is assigned to one patient—usually a man or woman who, after long hospitalization, is considered nearly well enough to leave, but who needs help in making the difficult transition. The student reassures the patient fearful of leaving the hospital's protective atmosphere. He interviews relatives hesitant to take the patient back into the family circle lest he harm or embarrass them. If the family still refuses to accept the patient or if all the relatives are dead, the student helps the patient locate a room or a rest home. In some instances he may even assist in lining up a job.

The case-aide program, in which the volunteers regularly consult a psychiatric social worker for guidance, was organized during the 1954–55 school year by Maeda Jurkowitz and Michael Dohan. Nineteen volunteers, working with nineteen patients that year, achieved successful discharge from the hospital for twelve of them.

The hospital administration was so pleased with these results that it requested the number of volunteer case aides be doubled the following year. During the current year, with James Dalsimer and Carter Umbarger as Harvard co-chairmen, casework is to be a major part of the volunteer program.

The subjects that give college men the most trouble live in sorority houses.

O. A. BATTISTA

Some of the patients visited by the case aides seemed, at first meeting, to be unlikely candidates for discharge. The sixty-year-old woman with whom Richard Budson worked every week during his junior and senior years at Harvard—he is now a first-year medical student—had been in mental hospitals for twenty-five years. Admitted as a paranoid schizophrenic, she was still talking in a rambling, incoherent manner. Nevertheless, a woman psychiatrist felt she could be helped, and requested that Budson be assigned to the patient, whom we shall call Alice.

Dick read books with her, took her into town for sodas, taught her about traffic lights and coin-box telephones. Soon the psychotic jargon disappeared from Alice's speech, and gradually, over a period of a year and a half, her self-confidence returned to the point where she could talk about taking a job. Dick obtained a place for her as a seamstress with a charitable group which repairs and distributes used clothing. For the first few weeks she commuted to work by bus and subway, returning at night to the hospital. Then Dick got her a room in a residence building operated by her employers. She fixed it up, put new curtains on the windows, and at last had her own home again.

Inevitably, as one sees these young people calmly unlocking doors to barred rooms and hears them tell of their experiences with disturbed men and women, one wonders if there is no hazard in this program.

I put that question to Doctor McLaughlin and Doctor Greenblatt. Both felt the risks are minimal.

For one thing, there has been far less agitated and assaultive behavior in the hospital in recent years, Doctor McLaughlin told us. "Our changed philosophy, with its greater permissiveness, has relaxed many of the tensions that used to lead to fights," he said. "And of course the tranquilizers have played an important part. Actually they have increased the patients' need for the very kind of attention the students give—the need for people to talk to and do things with."

As for the emotional hazards, Doctor Greenblatt admitted that some people do feel the volunteers may get in too deep, become objects of transference by the patient, as a psychiatrist does, or perhaps even fall in love with a young patient. "There are some risks in this work, to be sure," he said. "But the students in this program are quite mature, and I think they can handle most situations. In this connection the support they get from one another is highly important." The students also know they can rely on Doctor Greenblatt for help when they are really troubled. Regular meetings with a psychiatrist or a psychiatric social worker are, in fact, considered essential to the success of any volunteer program of this kind.

Reactions of the volunteers' parents are mixed. A few are opposed. Many heartily approve. Some are noncommittal. Peter Keese says a number of students have made converts in their own families. Talking about the volunteer work while home on vacation, they have inspired their mothers to go out and enroll with volunteer groups in local hospitals. Pete himself, who is planning to study for the ministry when he finishes at Harvard, has been asked by several community organizations in his home town of Chattanooga, Tennessee, to give talks about his experiences.

In the over-all appraisal of the program, its value to the students themselves must obviously be given a very high rating. Maeda Jurkowitz, who made the volunteers the subject of her honors thesis at Radcliffe, reflects the opinion of many when she says, "It was the most meaningful activity of my entire college career."

Certainly all of these students, in their close and sympathetic contact with the mentally sick, have acquired a depth of understanding they could have gained in no other way. They have come face to face with the illness that fills a half of the nation's hospital beds. They have encountered this challenge at that wonderful age when they are easily charged with a determination to do something about it, and with their rich firsthand knowledge, they can be depended upon, as citizens, to take intelligent and effective action.

Violent City (Continued from Page 43)

Dente's car was parked in the driveway. A uniformed patrolman and the armed special officer who worked for Gus were on guard by the open door. Dente gave the written release to the special officer.

"Move out, Jack," he said. The man read the release, stared insolently at Dente, turned and went into the building. Dente spoke to the patrolman, "Take the car to headquarters. Stay with it. Let no one near it—no one!—unless the chief's there or I'm there."

"Will do," the patrolman said.

Morgan and Dente drove a few blocks in Dente's car, found a quiet street and parked. "It's a hell of a thing," Dente said, "when a thug like Gus can hold a cop at gun point and get away with it."

"He was willing to shoot," Morgan said.

"That's why he got away with it," Dente said. "The wife wouldn't like it if I came home with a forty-five hole in my best shirt." He shook his head. "That man's got to go. I can't take much more. You ever hear about Willie Williams?"

"Wee Willie? Worked out of Kansas City?"

"That's the Willie," Dente said. "He came here about six months ago with a couple of strong-arm types. Figured he'd move in on Gus. The Barkleys took care of the musclemen, broke them up pretty bad. Gus took care of Willie." Dente's jaw muscles bunched. "Mind you, the world can get along without Willie. But this—it was a stamping. When I found him he looked like he'd been run over by a herd of elephants. Took Gus a long time."

"You know Gus did it?"

"Gus wanted everybody to know, so the next guy would know the kind of man he had to buck. But he sent it out as a rumble, a rumor. No evidence, and Gus had an alibi for his time. It near drove me crazy. A killer, vicious as they come, grinning at me, and I couldn't lay a hand on him!"

"We'll pull the string on him," Morgan said. "Now what about his car? And what about last night?"

"That's why I parked. I don't know how much of this you'll want in a written report." Dente shoved his cap to the back of his head. "I went after the Barkleys first. They've got a duplex at the end of Fifth, a woman apiece. Talked to the women, shook the place down—nothing. Left a couple of men to wait. Then I thought they might be at Gus' ranch. Gus runs a few head of cattle out there, a few sheep—a gentleman-farmer show. Nobody there but the caretakers. I shook the place down. There was a case of stumping powder in a feed shed under some burlap bags. A new case, six sticks gone."

Morgan came erect. "For the luvva Mike!"

"It gets better," Dente said. "On the way back to town, I got word the Barkleys had come home to roost. The boys I left have got them. So I stopped there. The Barkleys won't talk. I searched their car, and that car's a gold mine. Along with a lot of other junk in the trunk, there's blasting wire, side-cutters, gloves and one of those pointed sticks they use to set detonating caps in dynamite."

"Find any tape—black friction tape?"

"A part of a roll."

Softly, Morgan said, "I will be damned."

"Me too." Dente grinned. "I jailed the Barkleys and put their car in the station garage under guard, the evidence still in it. Then I went after Gus. Before I saw him, I had a look at his car. It's new and almost clean, but there was a little sawdust in the trunk. I may be wrong, but I'll bet a lab check will prove that sawdust is identical to the sawdust used for packing in a box of dynamite. What do you think?"

"I think you're right."

"Gus can account for his time. The women in his office say he was there all evening. But what can he say about the sawdust? Or the dynamite on his ranch? Or the Barkleys—his boys, with all the tools to build a bomb?"

"It's a tight package, Sam. We won't need much more to put them away for good."

"One night's work. Just one."

"I know what you mean," Morgan said. "But once in a while things break our way. Make a written report, Sam. Put everything down in detail. And don't worry about security."

"You want Gus to know?"

"Why not? No matter what the evidence, a jury can turn a man loose. We've both seen it happen. And we don't want Gus to get loose. When he hears what we've got, he'll go wild. He may make a break for it." Morgan looked at Dente. "Anything wrong with that?"

"Not a thing—as long as we're ready."

"We will be," Morgan said. "Let's talk to the Barkleys."

Morgan had left police headquarters to answer Sam Dente's call shortly after five A.M. The building had been quiet then. Except for a skeleton staff, all available men had been on duty elsewhere and there had been no outsiders. When Morgan returned, shortly after six A.M., he found there had been a change.

Fred Hatfield had been a widely known and much-liked man. He had been the head of a committee engaged in a clean-up campaign; his murder could logically be attributed to that conflict. His death was news. Word of it had gone out on the wires moments after the explosion and, only moments after that, newspapermen from a dozen major cities had set out by car and plane for Westbury. State, county and city officeholders had arrived with them to supply statements and to pose with the usual reluctance for the press photographers.

Morgan became the target for a hundred questions, a dozen flash cameras. He had to make a statement.

"You know what happened," he said. "It was a cold-blooded business. We're just as cold-blooded about wanting the killer or killers. We're doing everything we possibly can."

With Dente's help, he worked his way through the crowd to the stairway that led to the upper floor. He told Dente to clear his office and post a guard to keep it clear. "And get hold of Sheriff Bates," he said. "We (*Continued on Page 94*)

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(*Continued from Page 92*) won't have a lot of time with the Barkleys. We want to hit them hard and fast."

He went to the second floor. There were no outsiders here. This floor contained the cell blocks. Joe Van Auken, the head jailer, a powerful, round-faced, big-bellied man, was at his desk outside the steel inner door.

"Did that lawyer, Jameison, find you?"

"No," Morgan said. "And I don't want him to just yet."

"Jameison's trying to spring the Barkleys. They're not booked yet. I told him he'd have to wait for you."

"He's probably in my office," Morgan said. "Or trying to get a writ. Keep him at a distance as long as you can. Are you holding anyone in the women's block?"

"Cleared it last night."

"Good enough," Morgan said.

The phone on Van Auken's desk caught his eye; he felt a twinge of guilt. He dialed Sandy's number and got Mrs. Peterson, the neighbor who was standing by. He gave the woman his name and asked to speak to Sandy.

"I'm sorry," the woman said. "She doesn't want to talk to you."

"I'll call again," Morgan said.

A gold tooth in the front of Asa Barkley's mouth was almost the only means of telling one brother from the other. Both were big, past forty, with dark faces and lank, Indian-like hair. Their eyes were black, their mouths flat and hard. They were tough. Ugly tough. But their toughness, the arrogant confidence that went with it, were born of stupidity. They lacked the imagination needed to be afraid.

Van Auken brought Art Barkley to Morgan. The big man was wearing a sport shirt, dark slacks and sport shoes. A hank of black hair hung limply over one eye. He was furious. A shove was needed to force him into the cell where Morgan waited. He cursed the jailer; he showed Morgan a twisting mouth.

"You can't get away with this!"

Morgan was erect and balanced, his face calm. The only hardness about him was in his eyes.

"Sit down," he said.

"Who d'yuh think ——"

There was a smack of leather against a palm. Van Auken had his sap in his hand, his beefy face was red. He started toward Art Barkley. "You need some manners!"

Morgan moved in front of Van Auken, blocking the way. He hadn't taken his eyes off Art Barkley. "Sit down," he said again.

Barkley hesitated, then angrily sat down. "You're gonna hear about this!" he said. "You got no right to pinch me!"

"You're not under arrest. You're here for questioning. Give me the right answers and you'll go free. Start with this: Were you and your brother in the parking lot behind the Enterprise building between ten and eleven last night?"

"What would I be doin' there?"

"Wiring a bomb to Fred Hatfield's car."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"You don't know Fred Hatfield was killed?"

"This's the first I heard of it. If he was."

"He was," Morgan said.

Art Barkley stared at Morgan. "I don't now nothin' about it," he said. "Neither does Asa. We wasn't anywhere near the place. We came back to town about two. Your cops picked us up."

"We've evidence that says you two did the job."

"That's a lie!"

"Where were you?"

"None of your damn' business. I don't know what's goin' on here, but I don't like it. I ain't gonna say any more till I talk to Gus. And I want a lawyer."

"You don't need Gus or a lawyer to answer this question," Morgan said. "Did you or did you not make a bomb and plant it in Fred Hatfield's car?"

"I don't know nothin' about it."

"I have evidence that says you do."

"Like what kind of evidence?"

"Like wire, side-cutters, gloves, a stick to set the cap, friction tape to wrap the sticks in a bundle."

"Where'd you get it—that stuff?"

"Out of the trunk of your car." Morgan's hard brown eyes held Art Barkley's. "What went wrong? Did each of you think the other was going to get rid of it? And then neither of you did? That sounds about right. You're not smart enough to get away with a killing."

Hoarsely, Art Barkley said, "I didn't kill nobody!"

"We can prove you did."

A voice said, "Chief, see you a minute?"

The voice belonged to a patrolman who had come to say Sheriff Bates had arrived and wanted a word with Morgan. The cell door was locked on Art Barkley. Morgan followed the patrolman through a steel door to an outer corridor. He asked about Lieutenant Dente and was told the lieutenant was interrogating Asa Barkley in a storeroom in the men's block. "The only space in the building that hasn't got a reporter standing on it," the patrolman said, and moved away.

Morgan talked to the sheriff. "Any luck on witnesses, Clyde?"

"I'm afraid not. A man saw a green sedan with a rumpled left rear fender go into the parking lot at about the right time. He knew the car, knew the man who owns it. I talked to the owner, William Bowens. He says the car was parked in front of his house all night. He's got nobody to back him up—a bachelor, lives alone—but I can't tie him in. He had only a nodding acquaintance with Fred. I don't think he's your man."

"The one who saw the car?" Morgan asked. "Could there be a grudge? A crank making trouble for someone he doesn't like?"

"They had a property-line squabble a couple of years ago. A hot one, the way Bowens tells it."

Morgan lifted his shoulders. "So it goes. But we'd better hold Bowens' car for a lab check." He rubbed his forehead tiredly. "What about dynamite sales? I haven't done anything about that."

The sheriff dropped a big hand on Morgan's shoulder. "You don't need to do it all, Ed. You've got people helping. I talked the state patrol into that job. If the powder was sold anywhere in the state, they'll find out about it."

"You can't beat help." Morgan looked up at the sheriff. "Have you heard what we've got on Gus and the Barkleys?"

"Dente briefed me."

"What do you think?"

"How good can it get?"

"We'll play this break for all its worth. Like this: we'll give the state patrol a set of pictures—Gus, Asa and Art."

The sheriff turned to a deputy. "See to it, Norm. If they aren't on file, get them." He looked at Morgan. "Dente said you want Gus to know what you have and how you're using it. Does that go on the pictures?"

"On everything," Morgan said.

"Fine. Now what can I do?"

"We're talking to the Barkleys. Their lawyer's in the building; we won't have them long. While they're here, I want to hit them hard. I'm not holding anything back. They know what evidence we have. I want to pound the meaning of the evidence into their thick heads. They killed Fred Hatfield—that's what it means."

"Then you'll let them go?"

"Yes." Morgan's face was tight. "The man I want is Gus. Everything I do is slanted to make sure I get him. When the Barkleys tell him what we've got, he'll go wild. Get him wild enough and he'll jump our way. You're the sheriff. Add your weight to mine, and the Barkleys will know we've got them cold." . . .

Morgan had only an hour before the lawyer, Jameison, forced the Barkleys' release. An hour was enough. The brothers came to understand that Morgan was not lying—the wire, the side-cutters, the awl and the tape had been found in their car. Faces shining with sweat, they savagely denied their guilt.

"We was out at the old Basset place. Out Butte Road, five, maybe six miles and turn left. The trail ain't hardly a cow track through the sagebrush. We was out there from nine o'clock till one."

"Notice it has the same smooth, sleek fit in the back, also."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The sheriff said, "The Basset house burned down two years ago. All that's left is a corral and a feed shed. What business did you have out there?"

"Private business."

The sheriff said, "What did you do?"

"Sat and talked."

"You could do that at home."

"Maybe we like a change once in a while."

"Did you smoke or drink?" Morgan asked.

"What's it to you? You wanted to know where we was; I told you. What we did ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"It's got a lot to do with it," Morgan said. "Saying you were there isn't enough, you've got to prove it. We might be able to help you prove it. If you smoked, you left cigarette butts. If you drank, you left bottles or cans."

"Yeah." Art Barkley's face began to light up. "You got something there, all right. Sure! Sure, we smoked—these kind of cigarettes with the cork tips. Tossed the butts out. And we had a couple cartons of canned beer. There's part of a carton still in the car. How about that?"

"We'll check it," Morgan said. "And we'll check the tire tracks out there against the tires of your car."

"That'll clear us! We're out of it!"

"Not quite," Morgan said.

"You just said ——" His Indian-like face began to darken. "What're you tryin' to pull? You figurin' to go out there an' clean up the place? So we can't prove anything?"

"The sheriff will go out," Morgan said. "You can trust him, even if you can't trust me." Morgan's mouth moved in a thin smile. "I want to prove you were there. That means you can't buy an alibi from men who'll swear you were a hundred miles away. The Basset place is close enough—you could have planted the bomb."

"How could we, if we were out there?"

"When were you out there?" Morgan said, still smiling. "An hour before and an hour afterward. Unless you can set the time exactly, you boys are a pair of dead monkeys. And you can't set the time."

Art Barkley started up. "Why, you lousy son ——"

The sheriff put a big hand on Art Barkley's face and rapped the back of the man's head against the concrete wall. "Watch your tongue," he said mildly.

A patrolman came to the door of the cell. "Van says to tell you the legal-eagle has got what it takes. There's no holding him off."

"We're through," Morgan said. "Pass the word to Lieutenant Dente. The boys go out in fifteen minutes." He turned to Art Barkley. "Don't leave town. Fred Hatfield rated the same as a cop with us, and you know what happens to cop-killers when we have to run them down."

Art Barkley was on his feet. "Turn us loose now."

Morgan smiled. "So you can get to the Basset place? No, Art. We want the sheriff to get there first."

"Something else," the patrolman said. "That lab technician from Seattle showed up a while back. We set him up in business in the basement. Now we've got a character who wants to be locked up. His name is Si Broom. He says you want him."

"Broom?" Morgan stared at the patrolman. "Here?"

"He's talking to Van Auken now."

"Who came with him?"

"Came by himself. Jumpy guy, gives you the idea he's looking over his shoulder. But there's nobody behind him."

"I'll be right there," Morgan said. "Put this one back with his brother." He jerked a thumb at Art Barkley. "Out!"

"Si Broom?" the sheriff said. "He's the one you called (*Continued on Page 96*)

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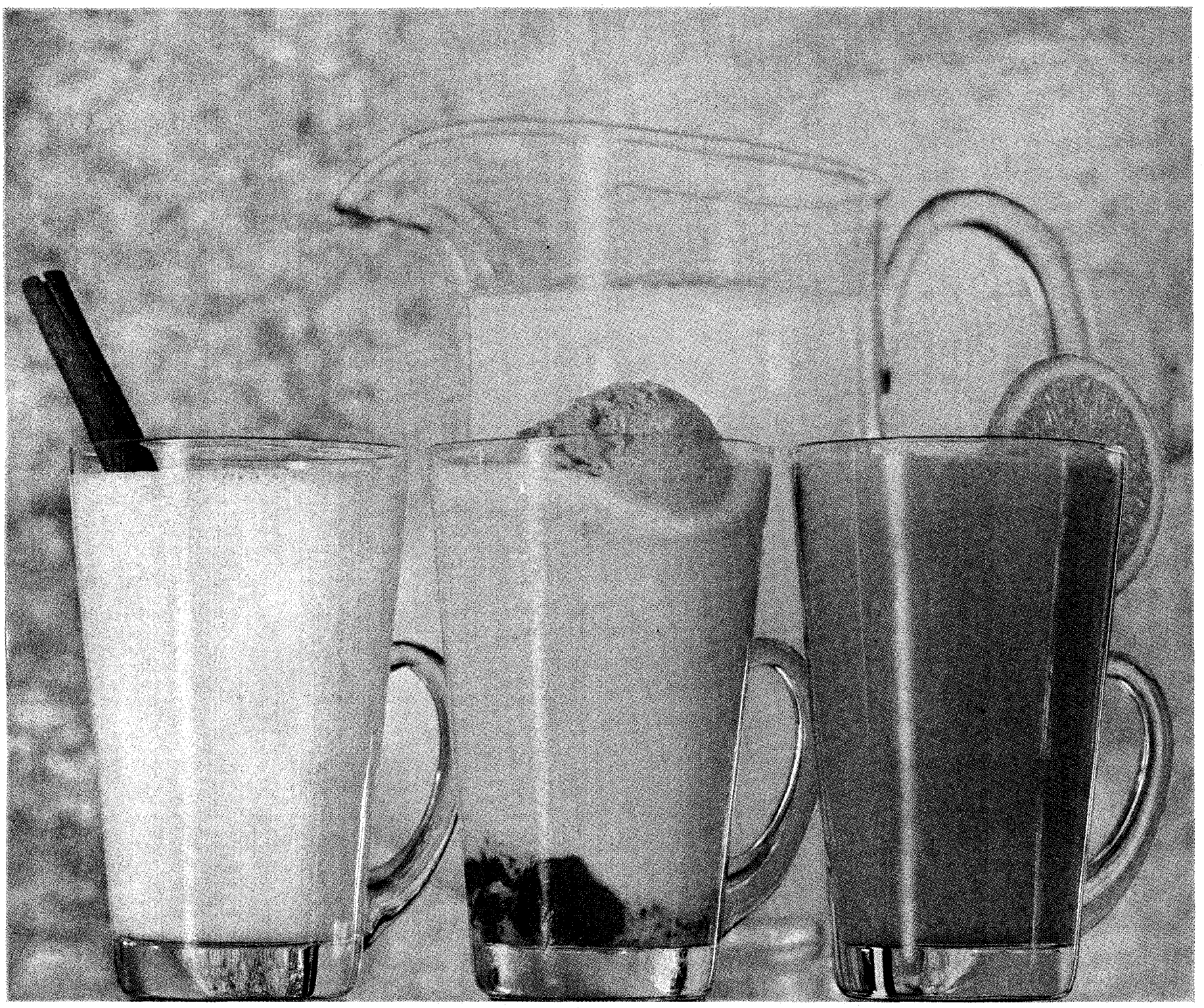

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(*Continued from Page 94*) us about a few days ago. Assault and armed robbery. You had him and he got away. Right?"

"That's Si," Morgan said. "I spotted him in the crowd during my father's funeral. Stopped the procession, chased him and got him. I gave him to Pete Groth so I could go to the cemetery. He got away from Pete." Morgan shook his head. "I couldn't get a line on him. Now he gives himself up."

"What's ahead of him?"

"Life." Morgan rubbed the back of his neck. "He's got a long record. The watchman he shot will never walk again. They'll close the book on him."

"It doesn't make sense."

"Or does it?" Morgan said. "He's a safe man, Clyde. Blowing things apart is the way he earned his living."

They went into the outer corridor, where Van Auken, the head jailer, had his desk. J. W. Jameison was there. The lawyer's stone-gray eyes were furious; he had a legal document in his hand.

"I demand the instant release of my clients!"

Morgan stared at the lawyer, his face cold. "Right away, counselor," he said. "They've got to wash their faces and comb their hair first. They just got up from their naps."

The sheriff grinned. "And you know how growing boys need their rest," he said. He gave Morgan's shoulder a grip and then went out to see what might be found at the Basset place.

Morgan went by the lawyer to Van Auken's desk. Van Auken was watching Si Broom empty his pockets.

"How about this guy?" he said to Morgan. "He fights his way in, and now he's shellin' out before he's asked."

Si Broom said, "I ain't givin' myself a chance to change my mind." He looked at Morgan with a weary discouragement in his eyes. "I'm throwin' in my hand."

"Fine," Morgan said. "Tell me why."

"My conscience is botherin' me."

Morgan shook his head. "You're a thief, Si. A rotten thief. You'd club a crippled widow for the price of a short beer. You've got a conscience?"

"D'you have to rub my face in it?"

"It's the truth."

"It's the truth I was a rotten thief. Never got more'n a dollar ahead, even clubbin' widows." He emptied the last of his pockets. "Keep what you want for souvenirs," he said to Van Auken. "I ain't goin' to need any of it again."

The jailer looked at Morgan.

"That's right," Morgan said. "He's seen the last of the outside. And he came in knowing it. . . . Tell us why, Si?"

Si Broom's eyes came up tiredly to meet Morgan's. "I've had altogether twenty-six years in one joint or another. Never liked even one day of it. Now what's it gonna take to make me step up and ask for the rest of the road?"

"A gun at your head?"

Si Broom lifted his shoulders. "I say it's my conscience. If I don't keep sayin' it, the gun'll go off."

"Where've you been staying?"

"I dunno. I'm a stranger in town."

"Who kept you?"

"They were strangers. Couldn't even describe 'em." He looked at Morgan. "Y' gotta believe it about that gun goin' off. Even in the joint, I could get a hole in my head."

"I believe it," Morgan said. He sat on a corner of Van Auken's desk; he chewed the knuckles of one fist, staring at Si Broom, thinking. "I don't care if they kill you, Si. You've been all your life proving you're not fit to live. I think Gus had you covered and I think Gus sent you in. If I can prove it, I will."

"I can't help you," Si Broom said. "I never heard of Gus Helm."

"Did you hear of the bomb killing we had last night?"

"Yeah, I heard."

"Was it a piece of your work?"

Si Broom took off his hat and looked at the lining. "I could put a bomb like that together," he said. "I could wire it to a car. And you can say I'm the kind of mug that'd do it, if the price was right, and a lot of people would believe you." He put his hat back on and looked at Morgan. "But if you try to pin it on me, you'll waste a lot of time."

"I'm going to pin it on the Barkleys," Morgan said, "and on Gus Helm. But I'd like to include you, Si. Four would make a nice round package."

Si Broom turned to Van Auken. "A room with a bath," he said. "And maybe something with a view."

Again Van Auken looked at Morgan. Morgan said, "Lock him up, Van."

Morgan stayed on the edge of the desk, face thoughtful, as Si Broom was put away. He was still there when Van Auken

Jane

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Plain Jane? If Jane is plain,
then so is moonlight
Whose muted silver fades to
brazen dawn;
So, violets who hide their
heads from noonlight;
So, too, the fleet and
velvet-dappled fawn.

If Jane is plain, how common
then are thrushes,
How dull the whispered
cadences of rain
Compared to any noisy
brook that rushes.
All shy and sweet and subtle
things, how plain!

came back with the Barkley brothers. They took their possessions from the envelopes that were given them and followed Jameison through the heavy steel door to freedom. Morgan sighed heavily and shook his head as if to clear it.

Van Auken said, "I've got a bottle of evidence in the desk, and I can order up coffee."

"I'll settle for sack time in a little while." He picked up the telephone on Van Auken's desk and dialed Sandy's number. Again, Mrs. Peterson answered.

"Ed Morgan," he said. "Will you tell Mrs. Hatfield I'd like to speak to her? Official business this time."

"I'll tell her," Mrs. Peterson said.

Sandy came on the line then. There was a thickness in her brief hello, as if her throat had somehow been bruised, but her voice was firm and cold.

"Sandy," Morgan said, "I lied. This is not official business. I said it was because I need to talk to you. Don't hang up. Listen to me."

"I'm going to hang up."

"Sandy, for the love of Mike!" Now Morgan's voice was thick. "This thing happened to both of us! Can't you understand that? I want to help you. I need you to help me. Why can't it be that way?"

"Is that all?" Sandy asked.

"All right!" Morgan's jaw muscles bunched. "That's all for now. But, listen! I'm coming to your house tonight. And I'll get in if I have to break the door down and I'll talk to you if I have to handcuff you to a chair! It's not going on another day like this."

"It's going on forever like this!"

The line clicked, Morgan looked at the dead instrument, then dropped it into its cradle. He looked at Van Auken. "Do you know her, Van?"

"Everybody knows Sandy."

"What can I do?"

"Like you said. Break down the door, handcuff her to a chair." The big man's beefy face was hurting. "You can't let her walk around in the dark, Ed."

Morgan came erect. "There's a sunny side left for her. There's got to be." He looked at the jailer. "Thanks, Van."

"I wish it was more."

Morgan went down the stairs and shouldered his way through the crowd that was waiting for him.

"Sorry, no statement," he said.

Patrolman Clem Usher, a young man, the biggest on the force, had been holding an area clear before Morgan's door.

"The lieutenant told me to keep your office clear," he said. "I didn't know if that went for high brass or not. I—well, I let that lawyer, George Kell, in."

Morgan looked up. "The chairman of the citizens' committee, the man who could have my job in ten minutes—that kind of brass is high enough."

"I figured that way, and hoped."

Morgan went into his office and closed the door. George Kell was sitting on the edge of a chair, an open magazine in his hands, a rumpled Kell, wearing yesterday's shirt, yesterday's beard. He looked at Morgan soberly.

"How is it going?"

"An inch at a time," Morgan said.

"The desk man said you were questioning the Barkleys," George Kell said. "A tough pair. I doubt that you could get anything out of them with an Iron Maiden." He closed the magazine and put it aside.

"We've found a few things that speak for them."

There was a washbowl behind a folding screen in a corner of the room. Morgan had a look at his face in the mirror as he ran cold water into the bowl: bloodshot eyes, a stubble of beard, the sooty thumbprints of fatigue. A stiff, unsmiling face. Well, most of Westbury had stopped smiling when the bomb went off.

"You need sleep," George Kell said.

"Yes." Morgan splashed cold water on his face.

"I've done something," George Kell said. He was putting a cigarette in a short holder. "I suppose I should have consulted you first, but you've been so busy. You know how hard it is to stand idly by. You go crazy wanting to help. But what can I do? I'm not a detective, I'm a lawyer. D'you know what I mean?"

Morgan dried his face. "I know."

"So I asked the county district attorney if I could be of some help to him. It seems I can be. He's in court now, today. It's an important case, sure to last out the week, and he'd rather not leave it. So, until matters here demand his presence, I'm to act as a special prosecutor, as his good right arm. I'm to help with the legal side: preparation of evidence for the grand jury, interrogation of witnesses—whatever seems indicated." He looked up at Morgan, his face sober. "Does this meet with your approval?"

Morgan tried a grin. "Would I disapprove of the boss?"

"I'm not the boss. You are."

Morgan did grin. "Have it your way."

"If I have your approval," George Kell said, "I can ask questions. The inch-by-inch progress doesn't sound promising. Is it going so slowly?"

"Judge for yourself," Morgan said. He listed the evidence he and Sam Dente had found. He watched George Kell's face light up.

"Man alive!" the lawyer said. "That's mile by mile! You've got enough for an indictment!"

"I learn my lessons the hard way," Morgan said, "but I learn them. I had a case—almost my first in plain clothes—that was ironbound and airtight. A smart defense lawyer kicked it apart in less than an hour. I got a reprimand; the accused, guilty as sin, walked free. With this case I'm going to be sure before I take Step One."

"But the wire, the dynamite ——"

"Does the wire I found at the explosion match the wire we took from the Barkley car? Suppose the defense can show the court they don't match? Then the only thing the evidence would prove is that I'm a jackass. What about the sawdust in Gus' car? Say it's white-pine sawdust, and say the dynamite was packed in fir sawdust—twice a jackass and they laugh us out of court. You're a lawyer, you know how it can go."

George Kell made a wry face. "An overeager lawyer," he said. "You're right, of course. Will tests be made?"

"They're being made," Morgan said. "Let's go look."

Johnny Crenshaw, lab man, bomb expert, had set up shop in a storeroom and a roped-off corner of the police garage. Fred Hatfield's bomb-wrecked car, Gus Helm's big sedan and the fire-engine-red convertible owned by Asa Barkley all were here, pinned in the glare of half a dozen big floodlights. Locked doors kept the curious away. The only sound in the big room was Crenshaw's thin and tuneless whistling. He was peering into the luggage compartment of Gus Helm's sedan, doing something with a small, soft brush and a sheet of clean white paper.

"Morgan," he said.

He was a lanky twenty-eight or -nine, crew-cut and bat-eared. His hands were big and his feet were big; his smile was quick and shy. More than one defense attorney had pegged him for a fumbling apprentice, only to learn there was a questing, incisive intelligence behind that freckled choir-boy face. He looked at Morgan now, looked at George Kell.

"George Kell," Morgan said. "Special prosecutor."

"Glad to know you, sir." Crenshaw smiled.

Morgan said, "Got something for us?"

"A beginning," Crenshaw said.

He led the way into the storeroom. "The bomb was made of dynamite, certainly. Not more than eight sticks, not less than six. The case of powder I have here is short six sticks."

"Did the missing sticks make the bomb?"

Crenshaw frowned. "Ed, you know ——"

"I know they made the bomb," Morgan said. "You know they made the bomb. And George knows it. You've got to find a way to prove it that will hold up in court."

"That won't be easy."

"You found a way in the Ledbetter case, Johnny. Scum, dirt, something you'd scraped off the walls had particles of powder in it. The slides you showed in court proved it came from the blast scene. You can do it again. You must."

Crenshaw looked steadily at Morgan. "I'll do my best."

"Good enough. What about the wire?"

"The two samples are identical. They could have come from the same roll. I may be able to find a pair of cut ends that will match under a microscope to prove they came from the same roll. I haven't got that far yet."

"What about the sawdust in Gus' car? It came from the case of powder, didn't it?"

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"Apparently. It's the same kind, a species of ——"

Patiently, Morgan said, "'Apparently' won't do, Johnny. 'Definitely' is what I've got to have. The Barkley brothers did the job for Gus Helm. We've got plenty on the Barkleys, but not enough on Gus. A threat he made, the powder on his ranch, the sawdust in his car—that's the size of it. And I've got to have Gus, Johnny. The sawdust has got to match."

"The arm of coincidence would be long indeed," Crenshaw said, "if it doesn't match." He frowned thoughtfully. "I'll find a way to prove it." As he turned back to the bench, the heel of his shoe came down on Morgan's instep, and Morgan swore softly at the pain. "Sorry!" Crenshaw was all apology. "Feet as big as mine ——"

"Forget it," Morgan said.

"These items came from the convertible," Crenshaw said. "A pair of side-cutters; interesting, but not definitive. A pair of pliers with plastic jaws; the kind used by powder men to crimp detonating caps on wire or fuse. More sawdust. A wooden awl, homemade. A partially used roll of friction tape and the foil wrapper it came in." He took an envelope from the bench. "And this substance."

Kell said, "Looks like brown sugar."

"Dynamite," Crenshaw said. "Taste it."

Morgan said, "What about the friction tape?"

"It's the same type as the fragments you found at the scene of the blast." The quick, shy smile lighted Crenshaw's face. "The biggest fragment was made up of five pieces of varying length, overlapping, held together by the adhesive of the tape. It's a reasonable guess that this was part of the bomb wrapping. The foil wrapper indicates a new roll of tape was used. So ——" He smiled at Morgan. "I got a new roll of tape, same size, same manufacture. I made a six-stick bomb, wrapped with five turns of tape. Then I measured the tape left on my roll and the tape left on the roll found in the convertible."

Morgan said, "How'd it check out?"

"There's a two-inch difference."

"Close enough!" George Kell's eyes were shining. "That's the stuff to feed a jury. They'll buy it like a shot!"

"It's persuasive," Crenshaw agreed.

"Now I've got an idea." The lawyer pushed his glasses up. "We'll buy an exact duplicate of Fred's car—there's money enough in the committee fund. We'll use Crenshaw's six-stick bomb to destroy it as Fred's car was destroyed. The two wrecks will look alike. Same materials, same cars; they're bound to look alike. We can make comparison photographs—better yet, we'll bring both cars into the courtroom. D'you see the significance? The sawdust in Gus' car proves he transported the dynamite, the case was found on his ranch, six sticks missing. Six sticks from the same case did identical damage to a test car. That's all a jury will need—good-by, Gus!"

"Not a bad idea," Morgan said. "I'd like a clean tie, like a pair of witnesses, but if we can't get it, this kind of thing might do."

"There might be a clean tie in this piece of knife blade," Crenshaw said. He shook a piece of rubber-stained steel from another envelope, held it in his palm. "According to the notation, it was found in the victim's car, apparently broken when the bomb was planted." He smiled. "Find the rest of the knife in Gus Helm's pocket—good-by, Gus."

"Well, now!" George Kell said. "That is evidence!"

"No lousy good against Gus," Morgan said, "unless Gus lent the Barkleys his knife. The Barkleys planted the bomb."

George Kell shrugged. "'So they did."

Morgan turned away. "Keep at it," he said. "If you can't tie Gus in with that Ledbetter gimmick, think of another."

"I'll do my best. Sorry about my big feet."

Morgan spent a half hour in his office with Lieutenant Dente, talking about the case. Build solidly and carefully—on this they agreed. Then a report on the desk caught Morgan's eye. Good news. Dave Trucks, officer in charge of Westbury's brand-new police academy, had brought in a batch of applications. "Five men," the report said. "Good material. The blast did it—they all signed up together." Morgan rubbed tired eyes with his finger tips. It was a start. If he could persuade Crenshaw to stay, they'd have a foundation, the nucleus of the force Fred Hatfield had wanted—but that was tomorrow's problem.

Morgan said, "Go home, Sam. Get some sleep."

"I'll flip you to see who takes the first break," Sam said. Morgan watched the spin of the coin, called and lost.

"I'll be back around nine," he said.

His housekeeper, Molly Patrick, wanted him to eat a full breakfast, but he hadn't the strength for it. "Give me a dinner around seven," he said. He took a quart of milk and half an apple pie and climbed the stairs. Using the bedside telephone, he called Seattle's chief of detectives.

"Skipper," he said, "I need more help."

"What now?"

"I want to borrow O'Dell. Send him to the hotel here. I'll contact him. He's not to come to the station. And tell him to

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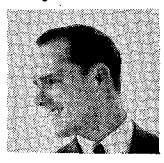

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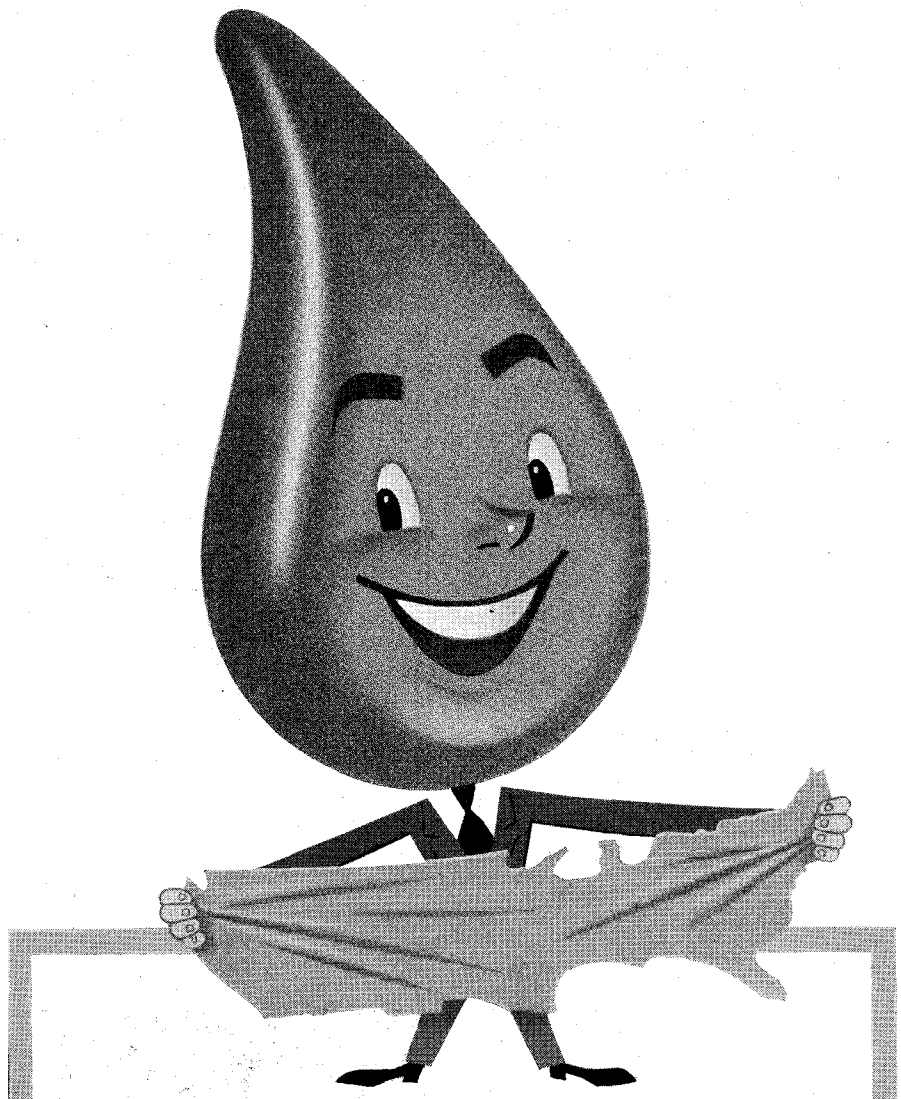
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bring his sidewalk-photographer's outfit."

"How about this?" The chief's voice held exasperation. "We'll move Seattle's city limits out to include your town. Then we can establish a precinct station there and man it with a full staff. Would that suit you?"

"All I want is O'Dell."

"My right leg," the chief said. "All right. I'll fly him up—your expense."

At a few minutes before eight that evening he climbed the stairs to the Hatfield front porch. He wore a light suit and hat, he was freshly shaved. The afternoon's rest had helped him a good deal. He pushed the doorbell and waited with his hat in his hand, aware of an inner trembling.

Sandy opened the door. The sight of her wrenched his heart. She was wearing black. There was no bit of color anywhere, no gleam of any ornament. But the full weight of her grief was defined by other things than her clothes. Her dark hair was brushed severely back. Her face, without make-up, was paper white. And her dark eyes were black with a bitter ache and dull with pain. She looked at Morgan without speaking.

Huskily, he said, "You're not going to send me away?"

The bruised quality was still in her voice, but it was firm. "I should, because you won't like the things I'll say to you. But if you want to hear them, come in."

Morgan went in. He followed her to the living room and stood a moment, feeling helpless, his hat in his hand. He dropped his hat on a chair. "The lad—Jimmy?" he asked.

"He's staying with Mrs. Peterson for a few days." Sandy sat on the edge of a chair, erect there. "Until I can make other arrangements. I'm not good company for a small boy. I'm going to find a school for him. I don't want him to grow up warped and embittered. And he surely would if he stayed with me."

Morgan stared at her. It was as if a stranger had moved into Sandy's body and was using Sandy's voice. "Sandy, you can't mean that."

"I do mean it," she said. "I'm black inside. As black as this dress I'm wearing. My heart's black and my mind's black. I don't want it to rub off on my son."

"You'll get better."

"Never," she said. "And now that we've discussed me, let's discuss you. You'll never believe how much I hate you. Or the way I hate you. I could watch you die and enjoy every minute of it."

"I killed Fred—is that the idea?"

"As surely as if you'd used a gun."

Muscles began to work in Morgan's face. "All right," he said. "We'll let that lie for the moment. Now tell me what's ahead of you. Jimmy's going to school—where do you go?"

"As far as I can, you may be sure. I've got to stay for the inquest and I will stay for the funeral. But when they're done, I'm going to leave Westbury. I don't want to ever think of this place again."

"This house?"

"It comes to me in the will. When the estate is settled, I'll dispose of it and put the money in trust for Jimmy."

"The Enterprise?"

"The Enterprise too. I don't want it."

Morgan, his face stiff and white, began to move toward the girl. "You don't want anything, do you? You don't want any more of life or living. You've got yourself wrapped in a shroud right now, haven't you?"

"I don't see how it can concern ——" Her eyes widened because he was standing before her and his hands were reaching out for her. "Don't you dare touch me!"

"I'll do more than that!" he said.

His hands caught her arms and he lifted her suddenly to her feet. He held her thus, his grip hurting, his face coldly furious. His voice was rough.

"Sandy Hatfield," he said, "you're a disgrace. You're bringing shame on two good names—your own and the name of Hatfield. Wherever your dead husband is, wherever Fred is, I swear they've turned their faces away from you. I can't guess how you're excusing yourself to yourself, but I know you can't excuse yourself to them. Or to me. You're quitting. You're quitting like a dirty, miserable coward!"

Her eyes were wide and furious. "Let me go!"

"Not till I pull you out of that black cave!" he said. "Now you listen to me. People die, and it was meant to be so. It's the job of the living to carry on. You're not going to run away. You're going to stay. You're going to keep this place. You're going to raise your son where his father was raised, in a way that will make the men who lived in this house proud of you. You can't sell the Enterprise. It's not yours to sell!"

"It is!" Her anger was becoming tears. "It is!"

"It belongs to the boy!" Morgan said. "It's not money. It's an institution built to serve and last. Fred would tell you that. You're the temporary custodian. Your job is to keep it, to make it bigger and better. And when the time comes, to give it into Jimmy's hands and say, 'Here. This is what your father and your grandfather built for you.' You can't run out on this, Sandy. This is why you're a woman. This is what you were born to do!"

"We were born to suffer while men kill each other?" Her face was distorted now, the blackness she'd held imprisoned was pouring out. She fought to free herself. "You dare preach to me! You dare tell me what to do! You murderer!"

Morgan held her. "Fred Hatfield died. I didn't kill him, but he was killed. And whether his death was for good or not depends on us. And what we can make of it. If we can make this town a decent place to live, his life and his death will have served as well as any man's can. He'd tell you that. Sure, it's a woman's lot to watch us kill ourselves. But it's a woman's duty to make what we do amount to something. You can do that, Sandy. You've got to do it. And you will."

"Stop it!" she said. "Stop it!"

But he did not stop. He had more to say, and he said it, brutally at first, and then in a softer voice. Finally, he put Fred Hatfield's dream in words for her. "You've forgotten," he said. "Fred wanted to make this town what it should be, for Jimmy and those like him. You can't turn your back on that."

She was limp in his hands. "I can."

He held her in his arms. She was shaking uncontrollably. He held her until that shaking stopped, until her hands came up against his chest and pushed.

"Let me go," she said. "I'm all right now."

He let her go. She stepped back and looked at him. The stranger had gone out of her body; the Sandy he knew was looking at him now, speaking to him.

"You're right," she said, "about Jimmy, the house, the paper. I—I suppose I should thank you for making me see it. But I can't. I don't like you. I like you even less, now that you know how I can disgrace myself. Will you leave me now?"

"I'll leave," Morgan said. He picked up his hat and went toward the door. "Be a good woman, Sandy."

"I'm going to fight you, Morgan."

He lifted his hand. "Fight hard."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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Prince Tom and Me (Continued from Page 36)

We named him Tom, not after me, but after the only other dog I had ever owned, an old mongrel hound that had followed me home from the town dump one day and never went away. I was afraid of Tom at first. The girl had made quite a point of the fact that Tom was a "registered pure-bred" and I was much impressed. I was also worried about him. He didn't look well. My mother, visiting me for my birthday, was more direct.

"Mercy! That poor scrawny beast will never amount to anything, even if he lives," she said. "What a looking dog!"

He looked, in fact, half-dead. He was unnaturally small and skinny, and his coat had the matted quality of a fright wig. The only thing about him that had the look of life was his tawny eyes, and those, happily, glowed with it. I took Tom in my arms and went down the block for advice.

"Worms!" a neighbor said. "Dog's got worms. Gotta get rid of them." I asked this expert how that might be done.

"One sure-fire remedy—" he said "—garlic. Take a big bud of garlic, chop it up and put it in his mash every meal. That'll drive them out."

It drove my mother out. She went to her home, in Jackson. From every pore the little dog reeked of the pungent bulb, and the stench of garlic hung heavy over the house. When it didn't work, someone touted me on sulphur. Put a block of sulphur in the dog's drinking water, I was told, and he would be purged.

The addition of the sulphur fumes to the garlic made a heady combination. Every time the poor dog burped—which on this diet was often—I expected to see a flash of flame. Tom got no better.

People told me I should feed him only raw eggs; that I must not give him any milk and that I should feed him only milk. They asked if I had tried cola laced with brandy—an infallible remedy. Then there was baby food.

I tried everything, and nothing worked. A neighbor suggested I quit torturing the poor thing and put him out of his misery. It never occurred to me to try a veterinarian until it was almost too late. The vet cured him in a week. The mystery to me is that Tom ever after would touch a piece of food I put before him. Everything he had eaten up to then had been booby-trapped. But he ate and, although he was destined to be always small, Tom grew like any other healthy dog. His hair began to get a sheen and glow to it and he gained weight. The pup that once could do nothing but sit on the couch and reek became a very lively little dog.

To me this was a real blessing. I make my living by supplying and fixing jukeboxes in and around Adrian. This means a lot of driving at odd hours, and it can be pretty lonely. Having Tom along as company helped relieve a lot of that. While waiting around for calls, I started to "train" Tom. I taught him to lie down and roll over and play dead, to sit up and beg and to shake hands. Tom got very good at smoking a pipe and blowing out matches. The big trick, though, the one that capped his performance, was learning to walk along on top of a rolling barrel. Tom finally got so good at this that he would walk on top of anything that rolled, and this made him quite a local hero. After that, the neighborhood kids insisted on adding "Prince" to his name. He became Prince Tom.

This sort of thing went on for about a year and a half, until I went down to Jackson to visit my mother over Easter. In Jackson, Tom's life took a turn for the better. A neighborhood grocer, Russ Davis, said that Prince Tom looked to him like a very intelligent dog. Cocker spaniels are not noted for their intelligence, and Mr. Davis was pretty flattering.

"Smartest-looking cocker I ever saw," Davis said flatly. "Look at those eyes. Smart. Alive. If you don't enter that dog in obedience school, boy, you'll be doing it and yourself a great disservice."

I had never heard of obedience school, but Mr. Davis put me to rights. This is where young dogs are taught strict, tight discipline, so that the owner, by simple voice and hand signals, can control his dog in any place at any time.

I thought the idea was a little silly. Tom was doing all right as a lap dog and, since the nearest school was in Jackson, it would mean driving seventy-five miles once a week for classes. But Mr. Davis was adamant, and the words, "a great disservice," kept echoing in my head. The next week Prince Tom and I were in the gymnasium of East Intermediate School, attending obedience classes.

We were a complete bust. Because of the peculiar hours of my work, we missed half of the classes and were late to others. That wasn't the real problem, however. By obedience standards, Tom's career as a lap dog had spoiled him. At graduation day Tom and I were at the bottom of the class. Jim Norris, head of the Jackson Dog Training Club, intimated that we were passed simply so we wouldn't be tempted to come back.

About few things in the world am I stubborn, but about this I was. I had felt like a fool in the school, so I bought a book about dog obedience and set out on a do-it-yourself project. Whenever I was on a jukebox call, on the way home if I saw a likely spot I'd stop, and Tom and I would go to work. I don't remember exactly when it happened, but one afternoon, as if we were both touched with some magic wand, we began doing things right, just the way the book said they should be done.

A few weeks later I got a call from some dog club in Jackson, inviting me to enter Tom in a novice obedience competition they were holding. They had got my name from the school. By our record they knew we were no good, but they wanted more dogs—or a bit of comic relief. The woman was very persuasive. The team of Clute and Prince Tom accepted.

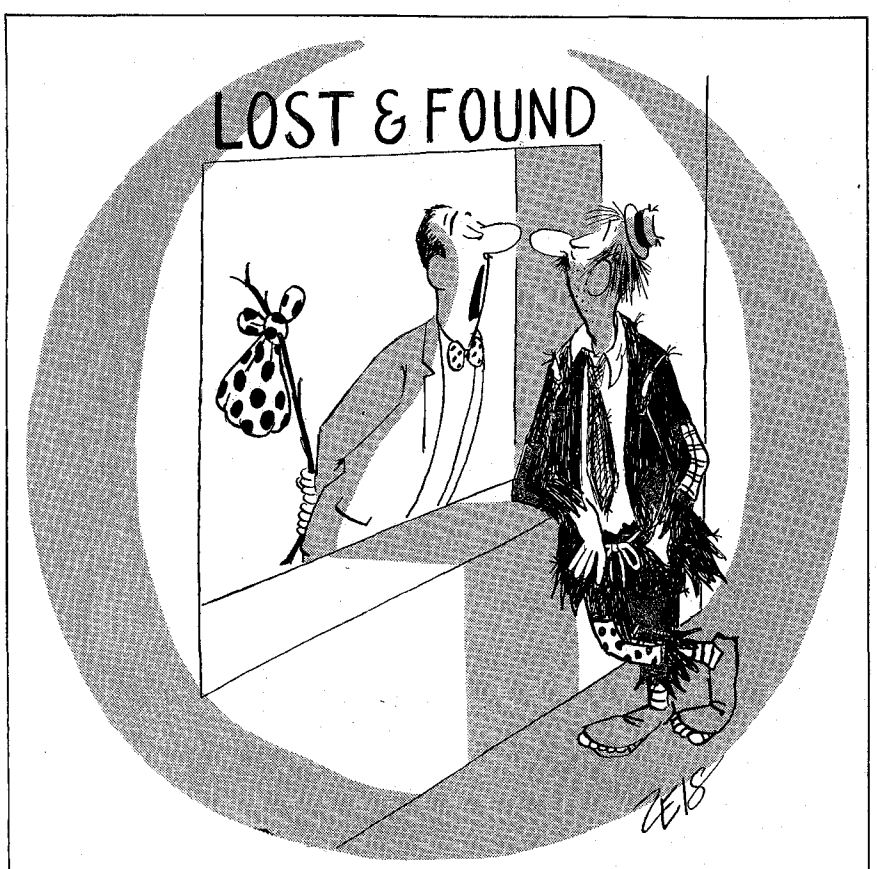
The night before the competition I was rolling around in bed, regretting the whole business, when a terrible thought struck me. Chapter Twelve! We had never quite reached Chapter Twelve, which was all about how to stand nobly for the judge's final inspection.

"Get up!" I shouted at Tom, asleep on the end of the bed. "We have work to do."

At five o'clock in the morning, after reading the chapter through several times, I began drilling Prince Tom in the art of standing. We were a bleary-eyed twosome that morning in Jackson, but when it came time to stand, Tom stood. Amazingly enough, Tom got third place. This much encouraged, I dared to enter another novice competition the next week. We won it. The week after that we won another. When Jim Norris heard about these results he refused to believe them.

By placing in three novice competitions Prince Tom was now eligible to compete in open competition and take on dogs of all ages, training and breeds. Open competition is considerably tougher. Only a few novices out of every 100 go on to open, but I didn't know that then.

In open competition, the dog has to retrieve a thrown object on the flat and over a hurdle, take a broad jump and work without a leash to control him. I bought another book, took cram courses at a kennel club and with all the confidence in the world entered the first big open I read about—to be held at Grand Rapids. When I arrived there I was a little stunned. The winning dogs in open are usually German shepherds, French poodles, Doberman pinschers—big, intelligent, muscular, showy dogs. Beside them, Prince Tom looked like a midget trying to make the varsity football squad. But he won third place. The judge took me aside.



"Can you describe it?"

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"I don't know how you've managed it so far, Clute," he said. "It's plain you don't know a thing about all this. Do you know your dog would have won if it weren't for your sloppy handling?"

I was abashed. I hadn't known that the judges were watching me. I got out the book and began learning again.

The next week, at another competition, we were doing very well when the same judge, halfway through the competition, whispered to me, "Would it make you feel any better if I told you you have a perfect score so far?" The thought of perfection so unnerved me that I froze in my tracks. Tom tried to help, as he knew the routines by heart, but it was no use. They laughed us out of the arena that day. After that fiasco, however, we calmed down, and before the late-summer-and-fall season was over we had won or placed in most of the big Midwestern opens.

I never had established Tom's pedigree, and when I wrote to the American Kennel Club I gave his name as Prince Tom III, at my mother's prompting. There was no I or II, but mom thought "III" gave Tom a little more dignity and heritage. We found that five generations before, one of Tom's ancestors had won a local Michigan bench—or beauty—contest. That was the high point in his blood line. He didn't have much heritage, but he did now have some credentials. By winning so many novice and open competitions he was now Prince Tom III, CD (companion dog) and CDX (companion dog excellent). The next rung up the ladder, the top, is UD (utility dog). Out of hundreds of companion dogs, only a handful go on to become utility dogs. I hadn't really studied what being a utility dog was all about, but I, of course, had no doubt that Tom could become one if he wanted to.

In utility competition a dog needs all the tight discipline needed by a companion dog, but he also needs a lot more ingenuity. Most of the tests don't allow oral signals; the dog must be controlled by little flicks of the hand or arms. There are hurdles and bar jumps, and then there is the scent test. Five wooden, five leather and five metal objects are placed forty to fifty feet in front of the dog, and he must go out and locate the last object touched by the handler and bring it back with speed and style.

I set up a little practice course out near my house, began taking cram courses from local experts and bought a new book. Most of Tom's real training, however, was done on juke-box calls. At two o'clock in the morning, right on the street outside some beer-and-wine emporium where I might have been working, I used to set up piles of beer cases to act as hurdles, and Tom and I would go to work. Of course, every passer-by had to get in the act, and Tom got plenty of action. He seemed to thrive on it, although I have since learned that I might easily have run the poor dog into the ground.

Looking back on it now, the only thing I think I might have done right is that I made everything harder and harder for Tom. My idea was that if I didn't make things a perpetual challenge he would get bored. On a retrieve over a hurdle, for instance, most handlers will try to throw the object in the same way and same place each time, so that the dog can finally make the maneuver blindfolded if he has to. In my case, if Tom made a fine retrieve at forty feet, I'd pitch the rubber dumbbell—I used that because it would bounce around a lot and give Tom a hard time—sixty or 100 feet.

Sometimes, late at night, when the wild bunch was around, someone with a good arm would throw it several hundred feet and bounce that dumbbell halfway across Adrian. One thing—Prince Tom never got bored.

His first big utility trial was held by the Western Reserve Kennel Club at Cleveland. There were 135 dogs entered, many handled by professionals, and 10,000 people watching. When it came our turn I wasn't nervous, as it was obvious that we were hopelessly outclassed. I figured we'd go through the paces for the experience.

Tom was doing surprisingly well when it came time for the scent test. He went charging out to the pile of objects scattered on the floor, skidded to a stop and snared the right object. The crowd applauded his speed, but in another second they were roaring.

The hurdles and bar jumps, set up for other tests, were about twenty feet away, one on the left and the other on the right side of the ring. If there is one thing Tom loves to do, it is to take a hurdle, and as he started back toward me I thought I saw that look in his eye.

"Oh, no. Oh, lord, stop that wild little dog," I mumbled.

Prince Tom, coming at top speed, suddenly veered to his right and leaped with a wild abandon over one hurdle, cut back across the arena and skimmed over the bar jump, and finally came at me as if the devil were hot on his heels. When he slammed to a stop in a cloud of dust at my feet, the big crowd roared with one spontaneous shout of laughter at Prince Tom's reckless zest. I thought it was sort of funny myself, but the judge looked appropriately grim. I was sure that Tom's flair for fun had disqualified us.

> The annoying thing about teen-agers is not their age, but the fact that they're enjoying it.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

After bawling Tom out I took him outside and put him in the car and then went back to watch the finish, since I never had had the chance to watch many good utility dogs at work.

After the show, I left at once and I was halfway across the arena's lobby, heading for the door, when I heard Prince Tom's name come over the loud-speaker. Despite everything, his performance had been so sensational that he had placed among the winners. I knew then I had some sort of dog genius on my hands. No matter what I did, I couldn't seem to ruin him.

The next spring Prince Tom was faced with a completely new challenge. He had just won the Toledo Kennel Club trial, and both of us were feeling right pleased with ourselves when a man named Al Mauder walked up and said something like, "That's a very peppy dog you have there. Too bad you had to ruin him with obedience training. He just might have made a real dog."

I was stunned. I had been laboring all those years under the theory that Prince Tom was a real dog.

"I mean a hunting dog. One that can track and retrieve and go out in the field and be a help to a man. All this"—he waved his arm about—"is artificial. This amounts to nothing."

The idea that spaniels might hunt had never occurred to me. I had never hunted in my life, with or without dogs; in fact, I had never seen any dog actually at work in the field.

I was deflated. Just when I thought my dog had got to the top of the heap, I discovered there was a whole field I had never heard about. Mauder was nice about it, however. He invited us down to the Maumee Valley Springer Club to see some "real" dogs at work.

The next day Prince Tom and I stood on the edge of a pond and watched some husky springers leap in after some ducks that had been placed in the water. Tom seemed very nervous. He whimpered and shuddered and pulled against his leash.

"What's the matter with that dog?" Mauder asked. "I thought he was a champion obedience dog."

"So did I," I said. "I can't seem to control him."

"Why, I think he wants to go after one of those ducks," Mauder said. "Here. I'll put one a few feet away and we'll see if he'll go after it."

I looked at Prince Tom—his eyes were ablaze with excitement.

"Oh, hell," I said. "If Tom wants the duck he'll go after it."

I picked up the duck and threw it as far out over the water as I could. The leash whipped out of my hand and Tom was gone. Ordinarily a cocker has to be coaxed into water, but Tom flew off the bank. He made his mark, swam straight to the duck, came back and dropped him at my feet with hardly a feather ruffled.

"Quick," Mauder shouted. "Throw that duck in again." Tom was already back in the water. "Never let a dog like that go to water and not find anything."

As we watched Prince Tom swim out for another retrieve, Mauder put his arm around my shoulder and said, "You know something, Clute? I think you have a real dog there."

So we became hunters.

The business of training a dog for the field takes time and patience and money—lots of each. I am not famous for the possession of any of these things. I bought another book, Elementary Spaniel Field Training, by Ralph C. Craig, and then I made a friend of Bub Knodle, a really expert field-dog trainer from Toledo. I nearly drove poor Bub mad with questions, and together Tom and I began to learn.

The basic work of the field or bird dog is simple. He trails and then flushes game, and then he retrieves it when it is shot over land or water. Within that simple area, however, there is a wide latitude for the style and quality of the performance. The great field dog will sweep the ground from left to right, weaving and shifting across the terrain with an almost devilish cunning, and his flush of the bird will give the hunter a clear, clean shot. The great dog will hold on the shot and watch the fall instead of charging after it and getting himself and the bird lost in the tall grass somewhere. A great field dog, in short, is an imaginative, resourceful, instinctive hunter and is at the same time under tight control. He is a joy to man.

By the accepted rules, obedience training is supposed to beat down those instincts desired for the great field dog. By the book, Tom's years in top obedience competition should have ruined him, but as far as I could see they never destroyed his wild joy in life. Obedience was, in fact, the only way I could ever have trained him. I never had the time, money, equipment or place to give Tom the training he deserved. I used to carry a basket of pigeons around in the back of my car and, whenever we passed a likely-looking field on the way back from a job, I would plant a pigeon out there and send Tom on the prowl. Whenever I passed a patch that looked as if it might have a pheasant or a quail hiding in it, I would park the car and send Tom scurrying around in the brush till he scared up a wild one. Here's where obedience came in. If Tom made what the book said was an error, I could stop him on a dime. Then I would lecture him on what he did wrong, and somehow he would seem to understand.

After a few months of this I decided to enter a field trial so I could learn from the others. Almost all these trials are held in late summer and fall and, for all I know, we might have done all right except for the fact that I am one of the world's worst sufferers from hay fever, especially from ragweed and goldenrod. The pollen from these deals me such a blow that I take to bed, handkerchiefs in hand, fully prepared to sneeze my last. The barrages of sneezes I let loose in the field completely confused Tom. I would sneeze and here would come Tom, racing back from a retrieve with no bird, thinking I had called him. For two years, because of sneezing and inexperience, we didn't do too well, but then, as we had with obedience, we suddenly seemed to catch on, and Prince Tom took a first place in a big field trial at Ravenna, Ohio. This meant that Prince Tom was eligible to enter the National Cocker Spaniel Field Trial championship.

The real spaniel field-dog country in the United States is in the New York-Connecticut area, the Bucks County region north of Philadelphia, and New Jersey. I knew that it was a very social sport there on which a lot of people spent a good amount of time and money. Many people there have large kennels where they breed for championship stock, and many have their dogs trained and handled by full-time professionals. The eastern dogs also have a heavy competitive schedule, and all the top dogs were bound to have seen ten times the amount of action Tom ever saw. What was the sense, my friends argued—and I agreed—to spend all that money going to Ringoes, New Jersey, to come home humiliated? Everyone agreed, except my mother. Mother didn't know these things.

"You pack up that car, Tom, throw Prince Tom in the back and go ahead," she said. "You'll win. No reason I can see why not."

"Ma," I tried to begin, "Tom's a good dog and all that, mom, but there's certain things you don't ——"

"What's wrong, son? Afraid of losing?"

On November tenth of last year I packed up the car, put Tom in the back and prepared to head east. Mom came up from Jackson to see us off, and the next thing I knew she was in the front seat and we were all going.

I don't think in all my life I ever felt so much alone as that day when we arrived. Headquarters for the trial was the Bucks County Playhouse Inn, just across the Delaware from the Amwell Game Preserve, at Ringoes. After applying I hadn't bothered to write. No one, as far as I could find, had ever heard of us. And those few who had, undoubtedly never expected to again. There, in the American Field, the top field-dog magazine, was a list of those qualified. There we were, listed, all right. It was nice to see our names in print, except for one little item. After my name was the little notation, "(deceased)." I had been sick all that fall from some mysterious stomach ailment, but the announcement of my demise was premature.

There were no rooms at the inn, so we went up the road until we found a small motel. In a way, I was just as glad. Rooms and meals at the inn would have cost something like twenty-six dollars a day for us, and that would have sent us packing before the trial began.

(*Continued on Page 102*)

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(*Continued from Page 100*) Down at the inn everyone else seemed to know everyone else. They also seemed to know everything about the course, the dogs in it, the bloodlines, who the judges were, how they judged and who was going to win. I felt the way I had years before at obedience school—out of place and idiotic. I was sorry I had ever come.

I even looked sorry. As I have said, this is a pretty social sort of affair. Social I am not. I had neglected to bring a suit or a tweedy sports jacket and, worst of all, even a necktie. Everyone wore those Tyrolean hats with the badger brushes and trophy pins stuck all over them, and I began to feel like an impostor without one. What was I doing here anyway? This was the big leagues and these were the pros. If my mother hadn't been along, I feel certain I would have sneaked back home before the sun came up that next morning.

The night before the championship was a bad one. My mysterious stomach ailment came back in full force, and I spent most of the night reading Ralph Craig's book to see if I might have missed something. Then early in the morning I fell asleep, and woke up having dreamed that we had won and I was home in Adrian. It was depressing to look out and see the rain washing down on New Jersey.

That was my first fright—rain. By chance Tom had never run a trial in rain and, of course, it had never occurred to me to train him in rain. Some dogs, I had heard, lost all sense of scent in the rain. The second was the gradual awareness that the Ralph Craig who was to judge the trial was none other than the fabled Ralph C. Craig who wrote the dog bible I daily devoured. I could feel his cold, critical eye piercing through to our inadequacies and his thumb turning down, like the judges in ancient Rome.

The three great favorites to win were Greatford Meadowcourt Pin, an English-bred spaniel owned by Albert Winslow, of Goshen, New York, and the title defender; Greatford Exton Joe, an English import; and Berol Lodge Glen Garry, owned by America's top breeder, Henry Berol, and handled by Blair Crowell, a top professional handler. All the dogs entered except Tom were descended from famous field-dog bloodlines, and almost all were trained and handled by professionals.

The trial itself was to consist of five land series for trailing, flushing and retrieving pheasants, and two water series for retrieving fallen ducks. While my legs were still shaking and wobbly from fear and excitement, in the first few minutes of the trial disaster nearly overtook us before Tom ever had a chance to begin.

In the first series Tom was braced with the great Glen Garry, which by comparison was not calculated to make Tom look any better than he was. On Garry's first retrieve, so keyed-up was the dog that he smacked into a sapling, dazing himself. The downed bird, meanwhile, had come to rest not more than five feet from where Tom was holding. Only wounded, the pheasant kicked and flopped at Tom's feet until Tom's ancient hunting instincts must have been driven close to the breaking point. While the stunned Garry staggered around the bird, unable to grasp it, Tom shuddered and trembled and whined—but he held fast. If he had made one move, we would have been out of the trial.

It was a supreme test of control winning out over desire. I was wondering on the second series how much more of this I could demand of Tom when the same thing happened once more—with one added difficulty. When Garry's second bird was dropped, again perilously close to Tom, Tom had just found his own bird which, in fright, froze in the grass only feet away. Now Tom had to hold while two birds enticed him, one of which was legitimately his. Then, while Garry staggered around, still hurt, he flushed Tom's bird. I have never seen such a look of despair as when Tom saw his bird fly freely away. But once more he held.

Field judge Ralph Craig said, "Glen Garry flushed your bird. Maybe Prince Tom can hunt up a wild one."

He did, and it was wild and alive and what they call a runner. Instead of taking to the air, a runner zigzags toward safety in the tall grass. Tom took after it with a drive that finally forced it to go to the air, where it was shot. His retrieve was especially good. The bird was only winged and, once down and far away, continued running. Somehow Tom ran him down and brought him back, gently and unhurt, in his mouth. This was a bird that would fly again and it was a good mark for Tom.

At the water test—a duck retrieve—all the dogs, sopping and chilled from a day in the cold rain, appeared reluctant at first to enter the frosty-looking pond. And at its conclusion, no decisive results were apparent.

That night at a reception in the inn, Ruffie Eakin, a top-flight professional handler who in the days before the trial had gone out of his way to help me, advised me, as did several others, to play it safe from there in. Almost half the dogs entered had been disqualified in the day's series and, of the several amateurs entered, Prince and I were the only ones still in the trial. If I played it safe and kept Tom under tight control the next day I would be certain to have the great honor of taking the amateur title. It was an inviting idea and I spoke to my mother about it. She eyed me with disgust.

"Are you crazy, Tom?" she asked. "Prince Tom is the best dog here, and anyone who can't see that can't see anything. We didn't come here all the way from Michigan to go home second best. You go out there to win it all."

That night I decided to give Tom his head. Again I didn't sleep, but Tom did, right at the foot of the bed.

The morning broke cold and clear. The field, as they say, was fast. In the first series, Tom did all right, but the other dogs, when I could bear to watch, seemed to do better. These dogs all looked so much bigger and sleeker and prouder. The only thing Tom seemed to have was a sort of sense of fun and life, and I couldn't see any judges making plus marks about that on their scoring pads.

Then came real trouble. In the second series Tom was one of the last to be cast off after pheasant. Tom was doing a good, fast job of covering the ground, sweeping left and right, but could find no bird until we reached a thick, dark patch of pine trees. Just as the judge was about to call us back, Tom flushed a wild pheasant at the edge of the trees. It went up and over and out of sight, except that somehow the gunner, standing at a distance, saw and shot it. We never saw it hit or drop.

I wasn't sure what to do in a case like this. I could decline to go after the bird, and no harm would be done, or I could send Tom after it and perhaps make a spectacular retrieve—or come back birdless. The risk was too great. I was confused and the judge said, "If you want this retrieve, send your dog." In my old habit of talking to Tom, I said, "Well, Tom ——" and he took off. In the field, the word "Tom" is, with my dog, the signal to go.

I was sick and mortified. The judge looked at me, knowing I had done a rash thing. He didn't know I had done it by mistake. I couldn't bear to watch Tom's hopeless quest. I learned later how he found the bird—buried deep in a brier patch—by working carefully and surely, using the wind and his acute sense of smell. I only know that when I saw him trotting back through the tall grass with that pheasant in his mouth, tears of pride and shame ran down my face, and I didn't care if they counted against me. Once again Tom had saved himself despite his master.

Late that second afternoon, while the sun was beginning to set and a deep quiet chill had settled over the preserve, the last series—another water test—was called. The word was now out that the contest had narrowed down to two dogs, between Greatford Meadowcourt Pin and Tom, and a large, tense crowd had come to the edge of the pond, which lay as calm and unruffled as a child asleep.

The first duck belonged to Pin, and in the hush of that large crowd the shot was eerily loud. The bird plummeted into the water, and Pin was ordered to go get it. He ran to the edge of the water, looked back at Jasper Briggs, his handler, and then ran back and forth along the edge as if summoning up some inner courage to brave the chill. Briggs had to order him to go again.

Someone tapped me on the back—it was Ruffie Eakin—and whispered hoarsely in my ear, "You've got it, Tom. By heaven, you've got it." At that moment Pin leaped well into the water.

"No, I don't," I said. "Pin's in, and look at him."

Pin was beautiful to watch in a way small Tom could never be. I knew that the unnatural quiet of the crowd and of the late afternoon had made Pin wary. But it was having the opposite effect on Prince Tom.

Our duck was in the air. I could feel the tenseness of young Tom as he sat on line. He was like a compressed spring, quivering under pressure and seeking a release from it. But if that spring were released by one breach in his obedience, and Tom broke—if only one step—the trial and we were lost.

The shot rang out and there was the plunk of bird in water. A tremor of remorse went through me. The duck was merely wounded and was flopping in the water. I could see the shaking of Tom's frame as he fought to hold his natural instincts in check. I know now he was set to break—he could not have held for another two seconds—when a second shot was fired. The nearly-breaking Tom, true to discipline, stopped dead. For the moment, we were saved. *Now,* I thought, *his momentum is broken. He'll freeze just as Pin did.*

At the judge's sign I said, "Go, Tom," in a voice that wasn't really mine. Tom hesitated and then churned his legs under him, picking up traction on the slippery earth like those dogs in animated cartoons, and then he was gone.

I am biased, but I feel sure Prince Tom sensed what this meant, because never before had he made such a leap. He flung his body fifteen feet across the water before splashing in and cutting out for his duck. The crowd on shore let out an unrestrained roar, that sort of joyous laugh of seeing something so full of life and so happy doing it that there is nothing one can do but laugh at the joy of it all.

The rest you know. Prince Tom was the first American spaniel ever to win the national title, the first to win with an amateur handler, the first to approach the title after undergoing obedience training, the first Midwestern dog even to challenge the Eastern and English dominance, the first to have no field-trial blood in his veins. He certainly was the first that cost only twenty-five dollars, began his life as a house pet, and knows how to smoke a pipe.

We didn't stay for the closing ceremonies that night. For a few miles we kept Tom in the back seat. He was still sopping from the water trial, but after a while we let him climb up front. He was wet, all right, but we didn't mind. Soon the heat lulled him and he went fast asleep between us. By the sounds of things, he was dreaming of home and his place on the couch and his beloved barrel.

He is, after all, a lap dog, and for a lap dog Prince Tom had come a long, long way.

THE END

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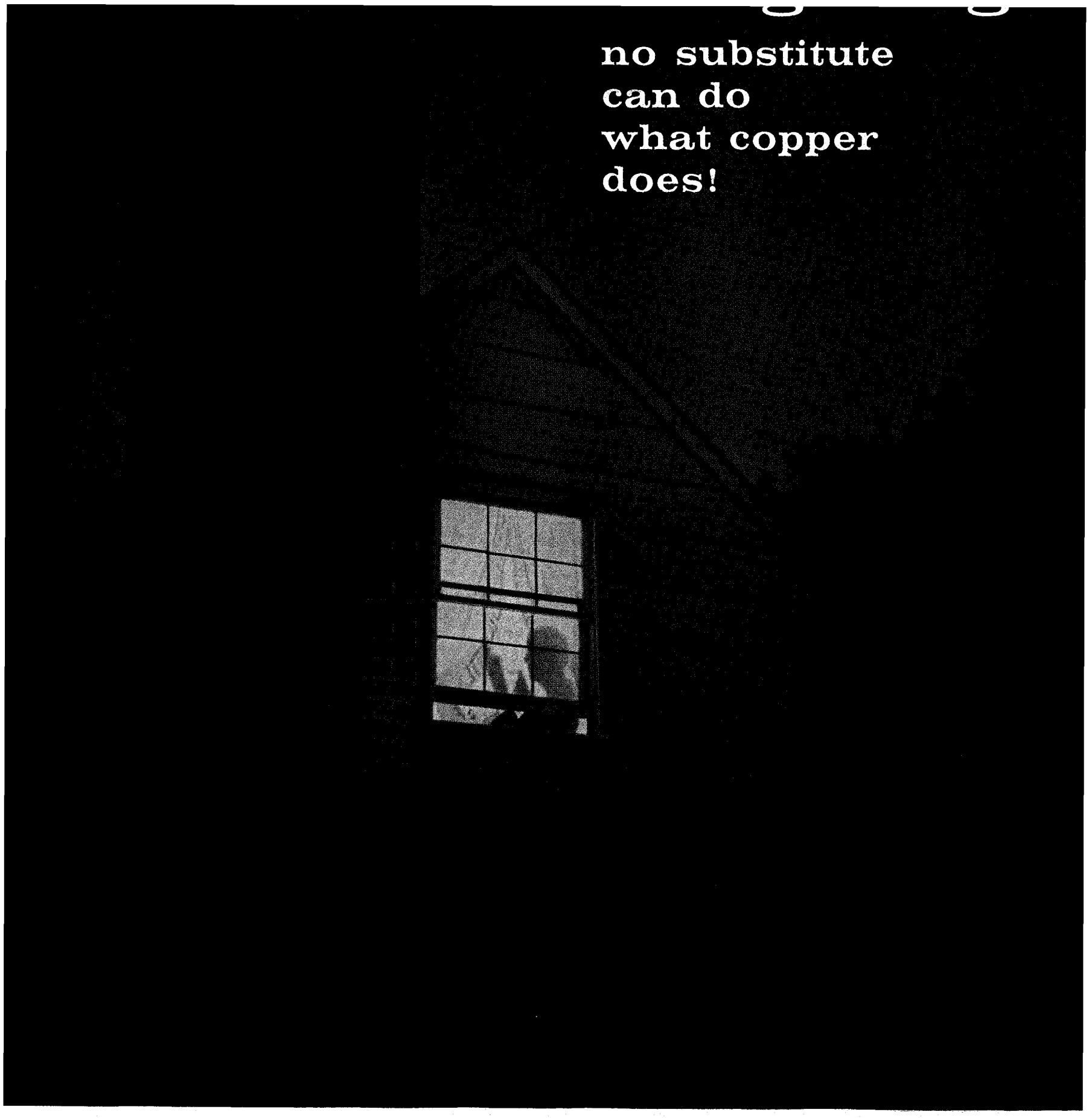

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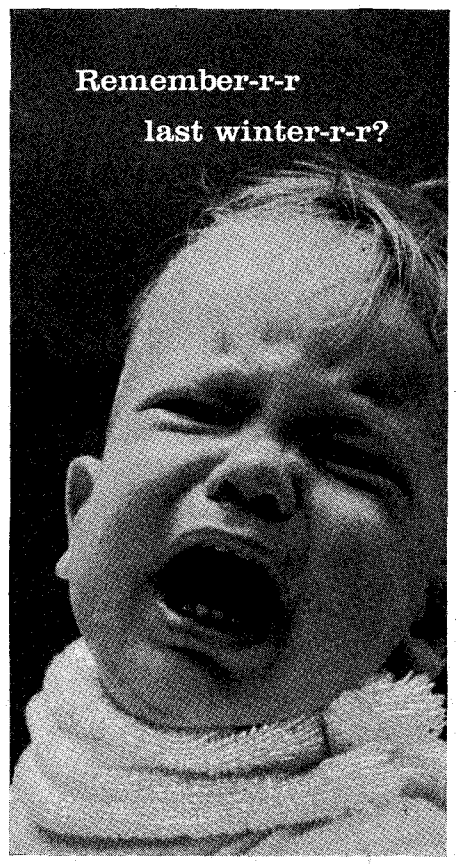

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Keeping Posted

Experts on the Girard Case

Marvin Stone, Far Eastern director of International News Service since 1952, and **Kenneth Ishii,** of the I.N.S. Tokyo bureau, wrote their page 32 analysis of the Girard case in a big thatched house belonging to Ishii's father on Lake Yamanaka below lovely Mt. Fuji. "I'm a Vermonter," says Stone, "and the lake reminded me of Lake Champlain." So, later, he and Mrs. Stone, and daughters Jamie, 4, and Stacey, 3, went there for a somewhat Vermontlike vacation. The girls speak Japanese fluently, but they have been in America twice and—"with the aid of the Mickey Mouse Club"—are quite at home speaking American. Papa Stone, who first saw Japan as a naval officer (amphibs) during World War II and who has served I.N.S. in many places, including various parts of Europe, explains that in Japan his family lives American-style basically, but blends that with many pleasant Japanese customs and friendships. "We're lucky to have the best of two civilizations to choose from."

Marv and Jamie Stone in Japan.

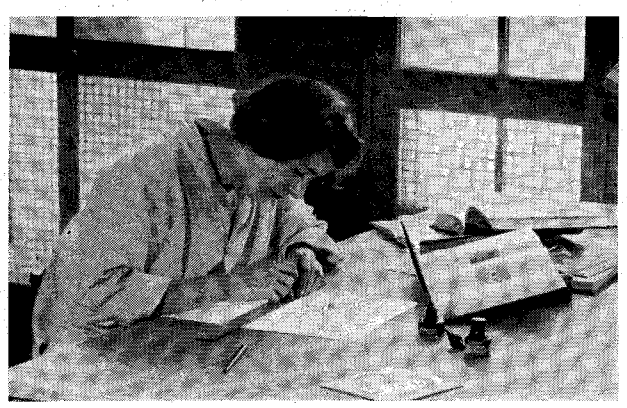
Ken Ishii.

Ken Ishii, 33-year-old son of a Japanese father and an English mother, has had quite a life so far. His father was secretly against Japan's making war on the U.S. So young Ishii, who had spent four of his earlier years in England, endeavored to avoid military service by getting a job as English-language announcer on Radio Tokyo. He did news broadcasts on the Tokyo Rose program beamed to American troops, and he got a kick out of being permitted to listen to broadcasts from U.S. stations on Radio Tokyo's closely guarded short-wave set. But eventually he was drafted into the infantry, was luckily assigned to mess duty, and thus was able to steal enough food to fend off hunger. After some postwar newspaper work, he came to America as a U. S. Government witness in the Tokyo Rose trial, then worked his way through the University of California, then was assigned to Tokyo by I.N.S. and made a big hit with his brilliant coverage of the Girard case. Ishii means "stone wall," so the Girard article is by Stone and Stonewall.

Wunderbar

The story of Alice in Wonderland isn't told quite normally in a new book (Rinehart) entitled Alice in Wunderbarland and Further Tales and Poems Mein Grossfader Told, by **Dave Morrah.** Nor is the story of Hiawatha—"Hierwasser, das Reddenskinner, ist stayen mit Nokomisch, der Grossmama, besiden ein ripplen wasserlake genamen Gitchel Gloomisch." Most of the funnyspouten in this happy volume is from our Post Scripts page, und the illustrations are by der Morrah.

Tales of the Authors



Vicki Catalani: artist in a hospital.

In spare time **Vicki Catalani** composed the story on page 37; in nonspare time she is technical artist-photographer at Chicago's Wesley Memorial Hospital. That photo, she claims, isn't normal; usually she is standing up, one foot propped on a chair, her hair rumpled and an ink bottle upset. Born in Holland, she came to the U.S. at 18, "and I can still see so clearly the beautifully bearded judge giving me the citizenship oath in a sort of aura of glory and omnipotence."

Richard Markhus has done all sorts of work, from being a seaman on a South Pacific pearl-lugger to cooking professionally "for posh families in New York." He likes chess, cats, caviar, Garbo and Bankhead, opera, symphonies, L. Armstrong and G. Lombardo; and dislikes women when they are wearing trousers. Birthplace, Boise, Idaho; age, 46; wife, none; first magazine story, page 34.

An interviewing reporter tries to place his subjects at ease. **Bill Heinz,** a Connecticut Yankee, visited boxer Roy Harris in the heart of Texas (page 31), and was cautiously warming up the conversation when he realized that Roy's older brother, Tobe, was looking him straight in the eye. After a slight pause, Tobe stated, "We got a fella down the road with a bigger nose than you." Heinz, being under wraps, just thanked him for the information.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Negro in the North"

The real desegregation showdown will come in the great cities of the North, says an expert observer. And he gives you documented predictions of the social upheaval to come.

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